MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
VOLUME 10

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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
HE'S HERE! THE WORLD'S FIRST AND GREATEST CANADIAN SUPER-HERO!
AND NOW... the WOLVERINE!
AND THE SURVIVOR OF THEIR EPIC BATTLE MUST FACE-- the WENDIGO!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 171-183

LEN WEIN & HERB TRIMPE

WITH ROY THOMAS & GERRY CONWAY

MARVEL

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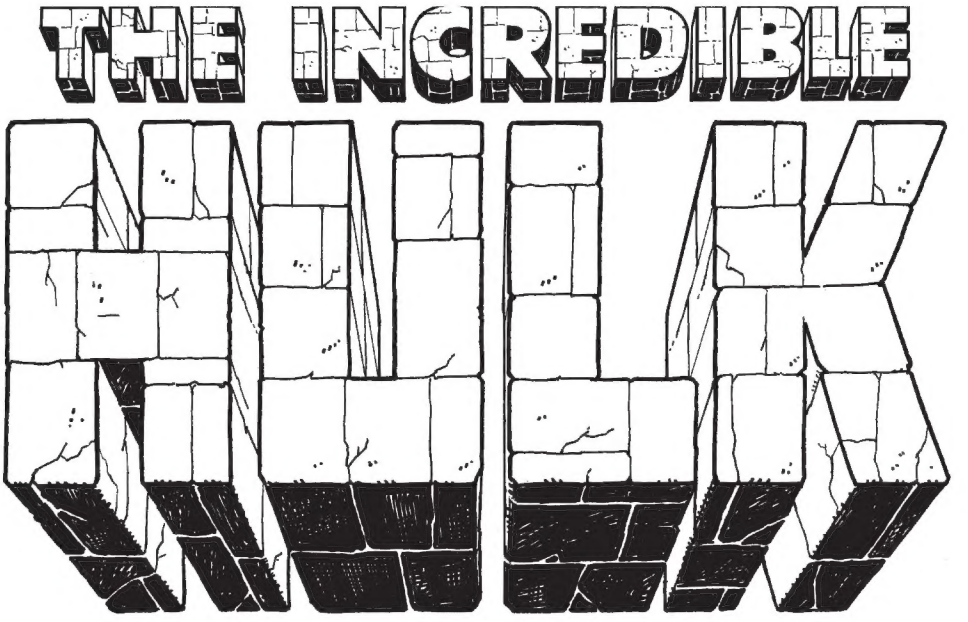
PRESENTS



VOLUME 10

COLLECTING

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 171-183

LEN WEIN • HERB TRIMPE

WITH ROY THOMAS & GERRY CONWAY

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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THE
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NOS. 171-183

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Special Thanks: **Rich and Steve Donnelley, Michael Kelleher, Ralph Macchio, James Pascoe**

HULK CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

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INTRODUCTION
BY ROY THOMAS

When Steve Englehart turned in his final two plots for *The Incredible Hulk* (#170-171) after doing an exemplary job for a year or so, I took time off from being Marvel's editor-in-chief to plot issue #172, which brought Professor X's step-brother the Juggernaut into the picture. I hashed out the storyline with Herb Trimpe, as we'd done when we were *Hulk*'s regular team. Herb was an ultra-competent storyteller, as all who worked with him could attest—and this was a good place for dialoguer Tony Isabella, a promising young writer I'd recruited from comics fanzines, to practice his new craft. I wanted to keep the X-Men on readers' minds, since they then had no title of their own.

Issue #173 I wrote in full. Herb and I refurbished Cobalt Man, an *X-Men* villain Werner Roth and I'd co-created. When #173 arrived in the office all lettered-and-inked, I learned that a couple of my fellow writers had said disparagingly that I'd just "hacked this one out," or words to that effect. Actually, I'd thoroughly enjoyed writing it, particularly page 2, about how, "If you or I were caught flat-footed amid the detonation of [a Gamma Bomb], we would doubtless be transformed instantly into a substance with roughly the consistency of rancid tapioca," but how something quite different had happened to Bruce Banner, as shown over two or three panels. Thus, those caustic words stung, just a little.

So you can imagine my surprise when publisher/mentor Stan Lee called me into his office later that day and raved about how great that issue was. I said I was glad to hear that, since "a couple of the guys" were saying the writing was sub-par.

I'll never forget Stan's precise response:

"They're idiots!"

They weren't, of course… Still, I'd like to think Stan and I were right and they were wrong.

As editor, I had to come into the office five days a week, so for #174 I merely plotted the second half of that tale with Herb and got Gerry Conway to do the dialogue. I knew that any assignment I gave to Gerry would be handled well.

For #175, I bounced back to being full writer/editor, on a story co-starring the Inhumans. Like many others, I'd been enamored of them ever since they'd started wandering around the *Fantastic Four* landscape in 1965.

As for #176-178: Two years before, artist Gil Kane and I had launched *Warlock*, set on Counter-Earth, a duplicate of our world on the far side of the sun. That comic was no more, but I wanted to keep Warlock and Counter-Earth around. *Warlock* had been my response to a favorite record album, *Jesus Christ Superstar,* and to certain aspects of Jack Kirby's "Fourth World" comics at DC (about which I had and still have ambivalent feelings). I'd intended, after three years of Warlock's career, to have him symbolically "crucified" in some super-scientific way and basically die… to be resurrected (three issues later) when several of his teenage "disciples" pooled their mentalities. A trio of *Hulk* issues seemed a good place to realize that plan… so I gave scripter Gerry Conway the gist of the story and turned him and Herb loose. At the end of #178 (SPOILER ALERT!), although a resurrected Adam Warlock ascended into the heavens, few could've doubted he'd soon be back. I "knew" how that would be done (through the teenagers)… although things would soon take a quite different direction, when a guy named Jim Starlin convinced me to let him revive Warlock in a new series, and I gave him carte blanche with it.

At this point, I happily handed the regular *Hulk* assignment to Len Wein, who'd scripted one earlier issue. Gerry (of late, Len's roommate) and I were pursuing our plan to gradually replace Len's various DC assignments with Marvel ones, until one day he'd wake up and find himself working full-time for Marvel. I had nothing to do with Len's use of the Missing Link in #179 or the Wendigo in #180. But I did have a lot to do with a new character who made his debut in the final panel of #180.

His name was… the Wolverine.

For some time, I'd been musing on the fact that 5 to 10 percent of Marvel's readers lived in Canada, yet we didn't have a single Canadian character. I'd always had an interest in "internationalizing" Marvel, as witness the Banshee and Sunfire in *X-Men*.

As a name for the newcomer, I was briefly torn between "Wolverine" and "Badger"—both fierce beasts native to Canada. I settled on "Wolverine" because that word had a "wolfish" feel, while to "badger" someone just means to annoy him. Both animals were fierce and ill-tempered, a quality I wanted in the new character. Also, because a wolverine is a small carnivore, noted for its willingness to attack creatures far larger than itself, I wanted our guy to be relatively diminutive.

So I told Len I'd like him, in *Hulk*, to introduce ASAP a Canadian "villain" (who'd also have heroic qualities—I didn't intend to offend north-of-the-49th readers by making the first Canuck in U.S. comics a *true* bad guy!)… that he be called the Wolverine… and that he be short of stature and fierce as hell.

Len may or may not remember my mentioning those last two attributes to him. No matter. As soon as he looked up "wolverine" in an encyclopedia, those qualities would again stare him in the face.

After that, I bowed out of active participation. I had a good writer (Len) and a good artist (Herb) working on a good concept (Wolverine). Art Director John Romita, who would design the character's look, has said that, before he looked it up, he thought a wolverine was a female wolf.

The Wolverine debuted at the end of #180 and took over #181. Len and Herb and soon others did the heavy lifting, making him a mutant, and giving him claws and an entire skeleton composed of Adamantium, a metal I'd concocted in *Avengers*. Those additions made the Wolverine a far better character than I'd ever dare hope he'd be.

After covering Wolverine's origins, anything I could say about *Hulk* #182-183 would be anti-climactic, since I merely help come up with (and wrote text for) their covers. When I was lucky enough to get great writers like Englehart, Conway, or Wein doing a comic, I figured the best thing to do was make a suggestion or two and stand back.

Well, actually, I did ask Len, around that time, to use one other notion of mine in a near-future *Hulk*. I wanted him to explore what would happen if a court ruled that the Hulk and Banner were two totally different entities (as indeed they were!)—so that, when the Hulk was captured by "Thunderbolt" Ross, calmed down, and reverted back to Banner, he *had to release him*—because he only had the right to hold the Hulk, not Banner! An interesting dilemma! However, I soon stepped down as editor-in-chief, and I doubt Len followed through on that mandate… but I know he'd have done as good a job with that concept as with the Wolverine!

2016

Roy Thomas has written and often edited comics since 1965, far more often for Marvel than for anyone else. He is the author of 75 Years of Marvel: From the Golden Age to the Silver Screen; *he still writes the occasional comic book and edits his comics-history magazine* Alter Ego.

INTRODUCTION
BY LEN WEIN

Someone far wiser than I once said, "Every failure is an orphan; every success has a thousand fathers." Rarely has that old adage ever been more true than it is in the case of everybody's favorite Canadian berserker, Wolverine. In the previous intro, my dear friend Roy Thomas told his version of Wolverine's creation and I am certain every word of what he said was true.

That's the wonderful thing about memory. We all remember the exact same event in entirely different ways. Here's how I remember the story.

It was a typical day at Mighty Marvel, deadlines looming, staff scrambling, nothing unusual. I was up at the office, dropping off pages of whatever my then-current script assignment was, when I walked past Roy's office, and he beckoned me in. I tossed down my bag, grabbed Roy's guest chair, and said, "Hey. What's up?"

"Nothing special," replied Roy. "I just wanted to tell you I hate you."
"Gee, thanks," I think I said, "I really appreciate--say what?"
I stared at the man. "Wh-what did I do?" I stammered.
"Oh, nothing in particular. It's just that I've been reading your Brother Voodoo stories in *Strange Tales*, and I love the way you write Caribbean accents. I can't write a foreign accent to save my life."
"Well, thank you, I…I think," I said.
Before I could say anything more, Roy added, "I would love to hear how you write a Canadian accent."
"Probably not well," I said.
"Nevertheless, I want you to try," said Roy, adding, "I've got a name in mind…Wolverine."
"You mean, a little wolf?" I asked stupidly.
"Nope. Different creature, entirely," sighed Roy, adding, "I want him short, tough, and Canadian, and I want to see him in print soon."
"Got it," I said, picking up my bag and heading for the door, "I'll see what I can come up with."

What I did next is what I've always done when creating a new character, either hero or villain. I did research.

Back in those halcyon days before *Google* or Siri or *Bing!* or even the home personal computer, for that matter, research meant a lot of time at your local library or poring over your personal set of encyclopedias. What I learned about wolverines was that they were small, fierce, fearless mammals with razor-sharp claws and nasty dispositions, who would not hesitate to tackle creatures ten times their size.

There it was, all laid out right in front of me. Easiest job of creating a character I ever had.

The more I thought about Wolverine, the more it seemed reasonable to make him a mutant. There had been a lot of talk around the office at that time about reviving the then-defunct *X-Men* title, but with a new team of international heroes as the leads. I figured making Wolverine a mutant would not only give me an easy origin, but would provide whoever wrote the new X-Men with a Canadian mutant to use if they chose to do so (unaware at the time that the new *X-Men* writer would eventually be me). I then decided to use him in the next issue of *The Incredible Hulk*. The idea of pitting Marvel's biggest protagonist against one of its smallest makes me giggle to this day.

Next thing to do, obviously, was to design Wolverine's visual and, for that, I turned, as I often did, to Marvel's master Art Director, John Romita. Previously, together, John and I had visualized such diverse characters as the Constrictor, Will-O'-the-Wisp, and Brother Voodoo. This was going to be a no-brainer.

First, we discussed Wolverine's height. "He's five foot three," I said.
"Ridiculous," replied John. "No super hero is that short."
"But wolverines are small animals," I said. "I want this character to reflect that."
"Forget it," protested John. "Never gonna happen. No way. No how."
"But that's the way Roy wants it," I argued.
"Oh," said John, always a company guy. (Remind me to recount the now-legendary "Iron Man's nose" story to you some day.) "So how do you envision the character?"

For the next several minutes, John and I discussed the basic visual concepts of the Wolverine. We decided to leave him bare-armed so the reader could see how hairy he was. We added the stripes to the sides of his tunic to reflect a true wolverine's coloring. The costume's basic color scheme reflected my preference for heroes being dressed in primary colors; hence yellow as the dominant hue, with blue and red trim. Then John designed what I thought was a terrific mask evoking a wolverine's short, pointed ears and whiskers. But more on that later.

Then there were the claws.

In recent interviews, John remembers having come up with Wolvie's razor-sharp Adamantium talons. That is one of the few times I'll have to disagree. The claws were my idea right from the get-go. My concept was that the claws were made of Adamantium, an indestructible metal, so that they could telescope out of the housings on the backs of Wolverine's gloves, each segment no more than a molecule thick. To explain why the claws didn't just rip off the gloves the first time they were used, I decided the gloves were made of jointed Adamantium as well, covered in blue fabric. That the blades actually extended out of Wolverine's own forearms was a later addition made to the character by my successor on the new X-Men, Chris Claremont, and the much-missed original illustrator on the X-Men title, Dave Cockrum.

Speaking of Dave, when he and I were first assigned the X-Men book, he said he would do it on two conditions: first, he wanted to redesign Cyclops's eyepiece, a concept to which I readily agreed. The second was that Dave be allowed to redesign Wolverine's mask.

"But why?" I wondered . "I think the mask is perfect."
"Well, I think it's stupid-looking," replied Dave.
"Oh, really?" said I. "You have a better idea?"
"As a matter of fact, I do," said Dave, quickly whipping out a sketch of the large-eared mask we've all since come to know and love.
"Okay, I surrendered, "We can do that."

But I digress.

We're here to talk about my run on the Hulk, aren't we? It is, after all, one of my longest runs on any title I've ever written. There's something about the version of the Jade Giant that I inherited that I've always loved. The concept of the most powerful creature on Earth having the emotional maturity of a five-year-old appealed to me as being unique.

There have been literally dozens of versions of the Incredible Hulk over the years, including ones where he had the intelligence of Bruce Banner, which always seemed to me like a version of a certain Kryptonian, except without the cool powers.

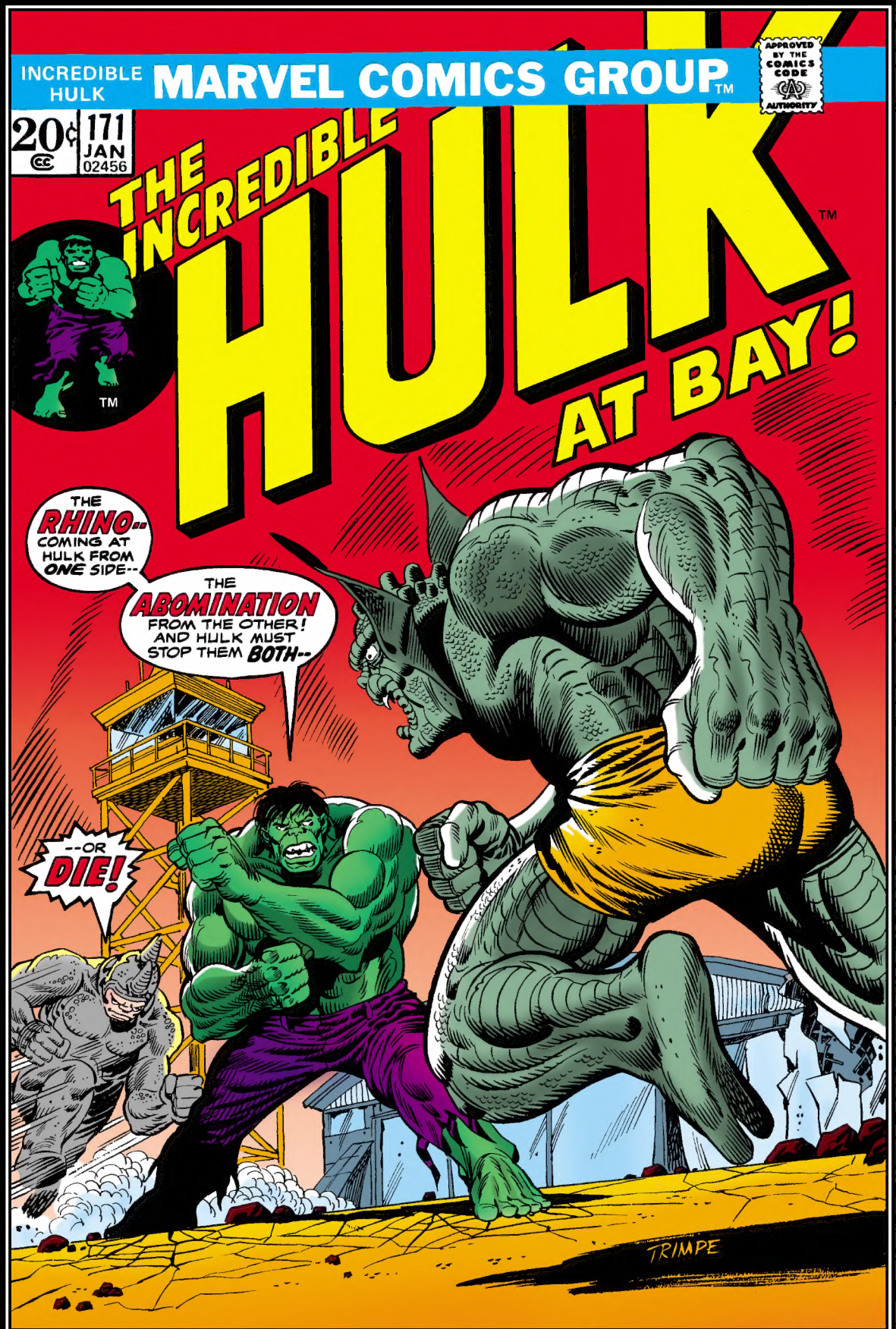
To me, there is a certain wonderful tragedy to a creature who, as he constantly reminds everyone just before he smashes them, just wants to be left alone. The irony, of course, being that, if they do leave him alone, he calms down and ceases to exist.

Fortunately, thanks to volumes like the one you're now holding, these stories will continue to exist for generations to come.

So sit back, relax, and enjoy what follows.

Oh, and, for Pete's sake, please try not to make him angry. Trust me, you wouldn't like him when he's angry.

Len Wein
January 17, 2016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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
AT BAY!
THE RHINO-- COMING AT HULK FROM ONE SIDE--
THE ABOMINATION FROM THE OTHER! AND HULK MUST STOP THEM BOTH--
--OR DIE!
TRIMPE

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM

REVENGE!

IT'S NOT A NICE WORD, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY A FAMILIAR ONE. COME WITH US NOW, AS OUR GREAT GREEN GIANT FINDS HIMSELF EMBROILED IN A FORMER FOE'S PLAN FOR VENGEANCE AGAINST THE HULK--AND PERHAPS ALL MANKIND AS WELL--IN A STORY ILLUMINATED BY THESE WORTHY TALENTS:

GERRY CONWAY * HERB TRIMPE * JACK ABEL * S. ENGLEHART
AUTHOR ARTIST INKER PLOTTER

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER * G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

HOW MUCH LONGER IS HULK GOING TO HAVE TO SIT IN DARK?

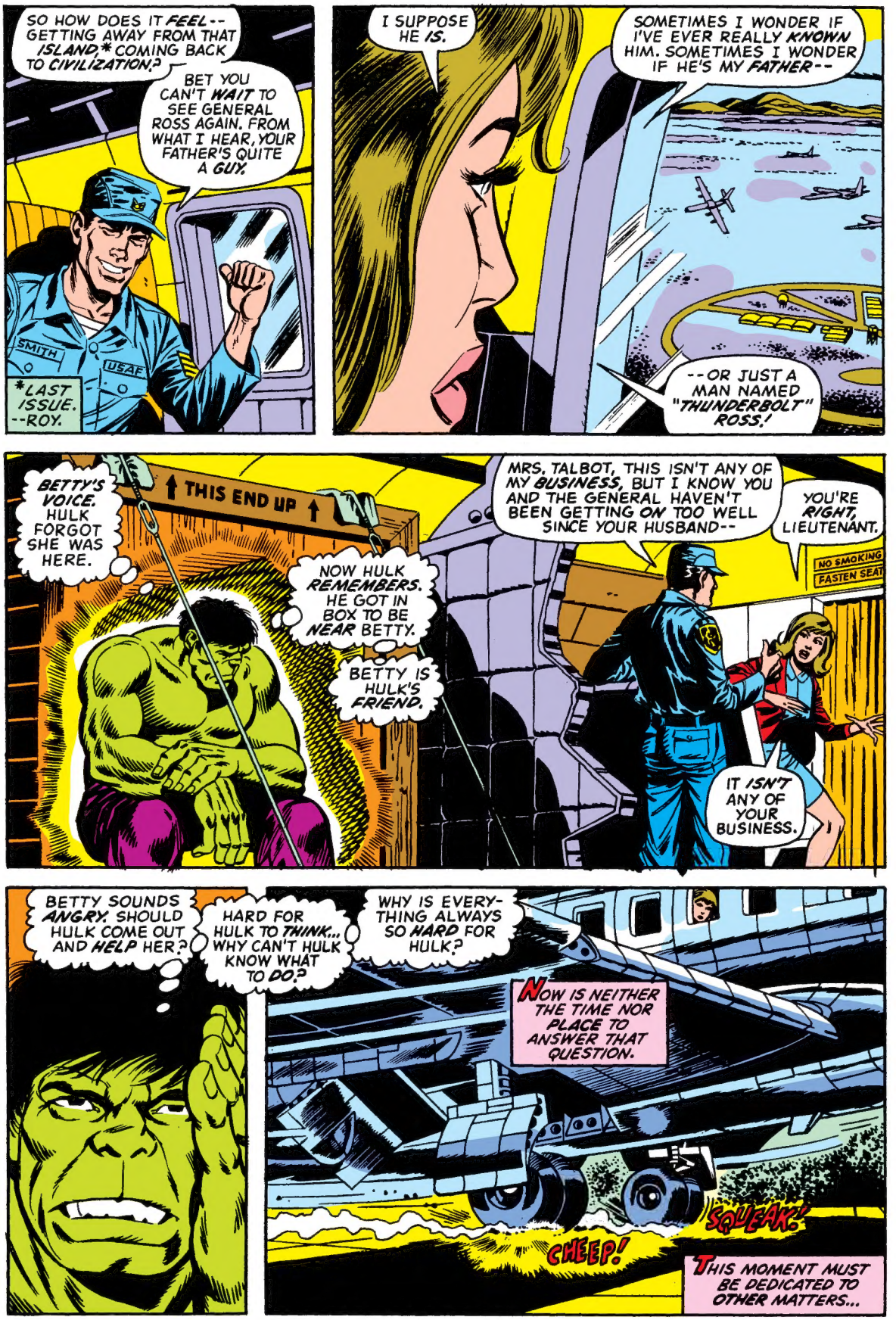
WHY DOESN'T PLANE LAND--SO HULK CAN GET OUT?

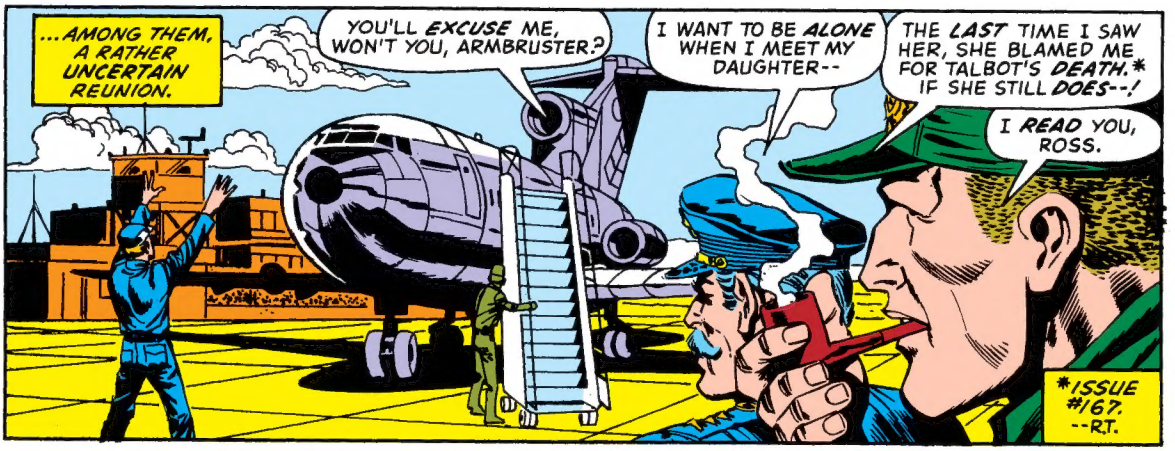
HULK DOESN'T LIKE SITTING STILL. MAKES HULK ANGRY.

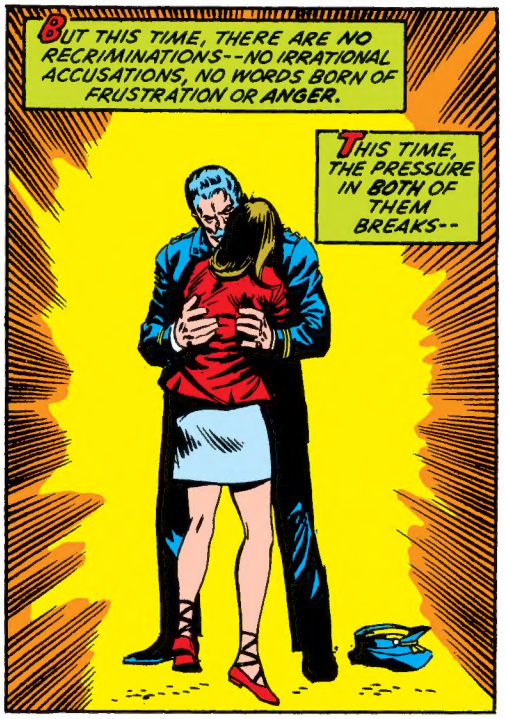
HULK WANTS TO GET OUT OF BIG BOX NOW!

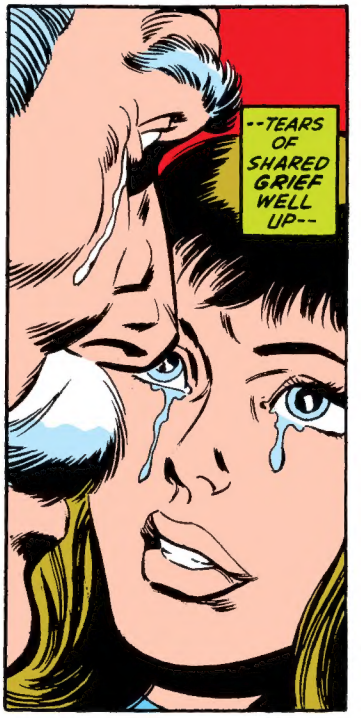
THERE IT IS, MRS. TALBOT... HULKBUSTER BASE # 1.!

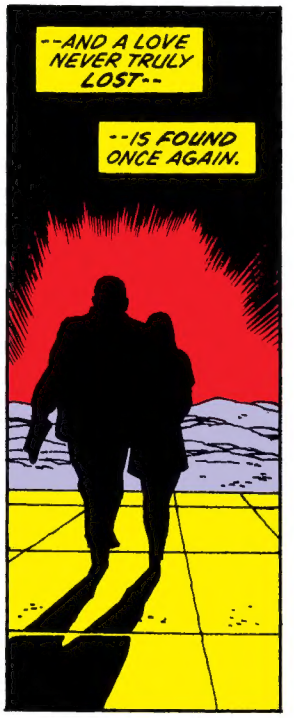
AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN--ONE OF THOSE PLANES LANDING AHEAD OF US IS CARRYING YOUR FATHER! MRS. TALBOT--YOU'RE ALMOST HOME.


SO HOW DOES IT FEEL -- GETTING AWAY FROM THAT ISLAND,* COMING BACK TO CIVILIZATION?
BET YOU CAN'T WAIT TO SEE GENERAL ROSS AGAIN. FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOUR FATHER'S QUITE A GUY.
SMITH
USAF
*LAST ISSUE. --ROY.
I SUPPOSE HE IS.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I'VE EVER REALLY KNOWN HIM. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF HE'S MY FATHER --
--OR JUST A MAN NAMED "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS.!
BETTY'S VOICE. HULK FORGOT SHE WAS HERE.
THIS END UP
NOW HULK REMEMBERS. HE GOT IN BOX TO BE NEAR BETTY.
BETTY IS HULK'S FRIEND.
MRS. TALBOT, THIS ISN'T ANY OF MY BUSINESS, BUT I KNOW YOU AND THE GENERAL HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ON TOO WELL SINCE YOUR HUSBAND --
YOU'RE RIGHT, LIEUTENANT.
NO SMOKING
FASTEN SEAT
IT ISN'T ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS.
BETTY SOUNDS ANGRY. SHOULD HULK COME OUT AND HELP HER?
HARD FOR HULK TO THINK... WHY CAN'T HULK KNOW WHAT TO DO?
WHY IS EVERY-THING ALWAYS SO HARD FOR HULK?
NOW IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR PLACE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION.
SQUEAK!
CHEEP!
THIS MOMENT MUST BE DEDICATED TO OTHER MATTERS...


...AMONG THEM, A RATHER UNCERTAIN REUNION.
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU, ARMBRUSTER?
I WANT TO BE ALONE WHEN I MEET MY DAUGHTER--
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE BLAMED ME FOR TALBOT'S DEATH.* IF SHE STILL DOES--!
I READ YOU, ROSS.
*ISSUE #167. --R.T.

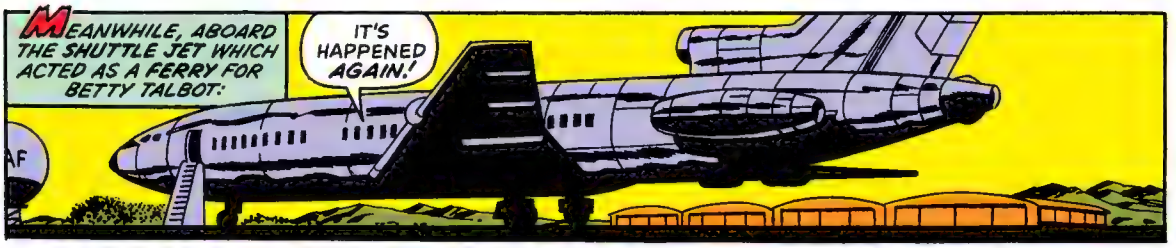

BUT THIS TIME, THERE ARE NO RECRIMINATIONS--NO IRRATIONAL ACCUSATIONS, NO WORDS BORN OF FRUSTRATION OR ANGER.
THIS TIME, THE PRESSURE IN BOTH OF THEM BREAKS--


--TEARS OF SHARED GRIEF WELL UP--

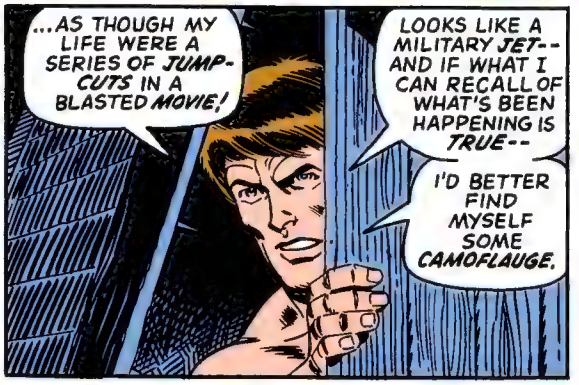

--AND A LOVE NEVER TRULY LOST--
--IS FOUND ONCE AGAIN.

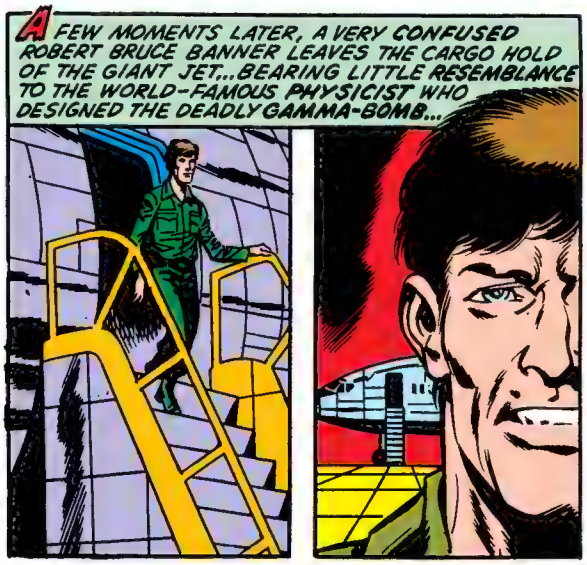
COLONEL ARMBRUSTER, I'VE CHECKED THE CONTROL TOWER, THE BARRACKS--EVEN THE MESS HALL.
THE BASE IS EMPTY, SIR.
RODGE
COMPLETELY DESERTED.
AT EASE, SOLDIER. IF ALL THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS--

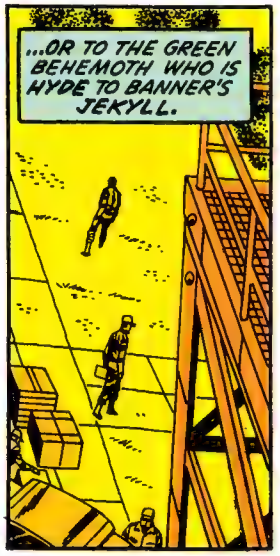
--WE'RE IN TROUBLE.
BIG TROUBLE.

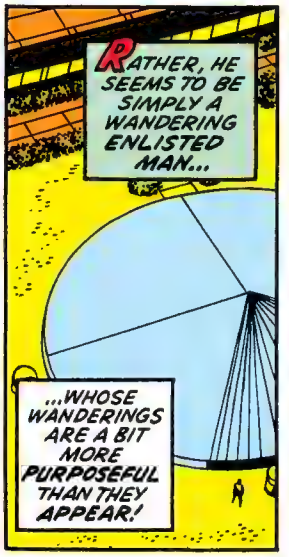

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SHUTTLE JET WHICH ACTED AS A FERRY FOR BETTY TALBOT:
IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!

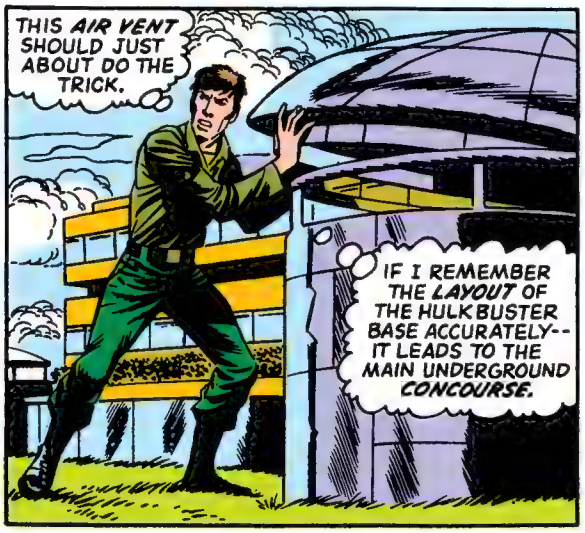
THE HULK MUST HAVE RELAXED FOR A MOMENT--PERHAPS FALLEN ASLEEP.
WHATEVER THE REASON, I'VE CHANGED... I'M BRUCE BANNER AGAIN. THE QUESTION NOW IS... WHERE AM I?
EVERY TIME I TRANSFORM BACK FROM THE HULK, I'M SOMEPLACE ELSE...

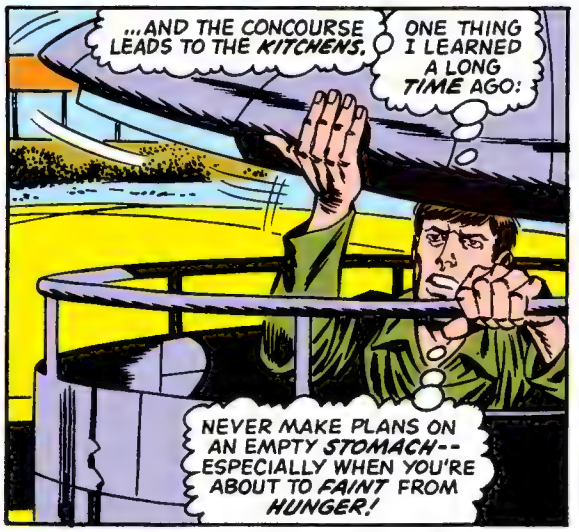

...AS THOUGH MY LIFE WERE A SERIES OF JUMP-CUTS IN A BLASTED MOVIE!
LOOKS LIKE A MILITARY JET--AND IF WHAT I CAN RECALL OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IS TRUE--
I'D BETTER FIND MYSELF SOME CAMOFLAUGE.

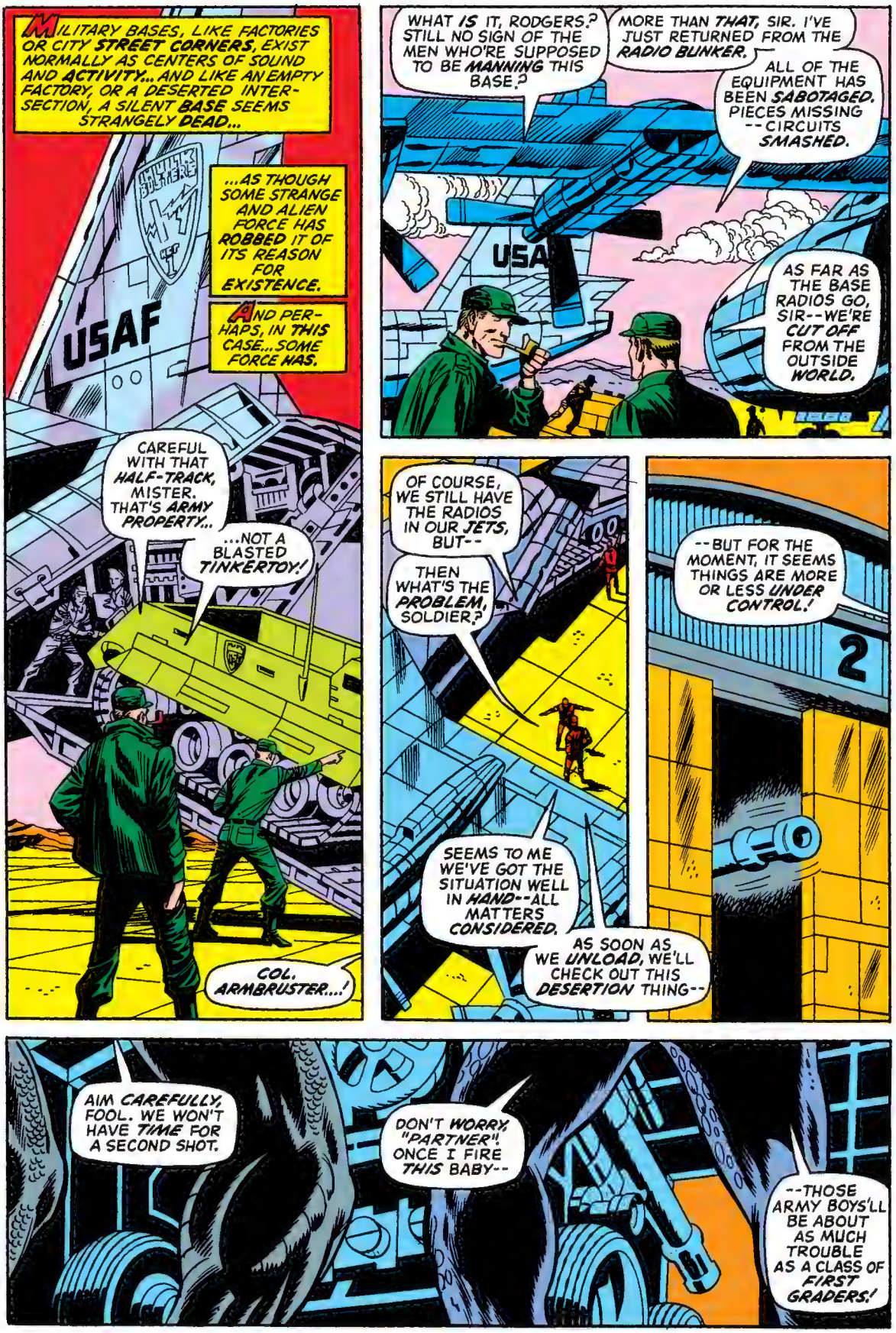

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A VERY CONFUSED ROBERT BRUCE BANNER LEAVES THE CARGO HOLD OF THE GIANT JET...BEARING LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS PHYSICIST WHO DESIGNED THE DEADLY GAMMA-BOMB...


...OR TO THE GREEN BEHEMOTH WHO IS HYDE TO BANNER'S JEKYLL.


RATHER, HE SEEMS TO BE SIMPLY A WANDERING ENLISTED MAN...
...WHOSE WANDERINGS ARE A BIT MORE PURPOSEFUL THAN THEY APPEAR!

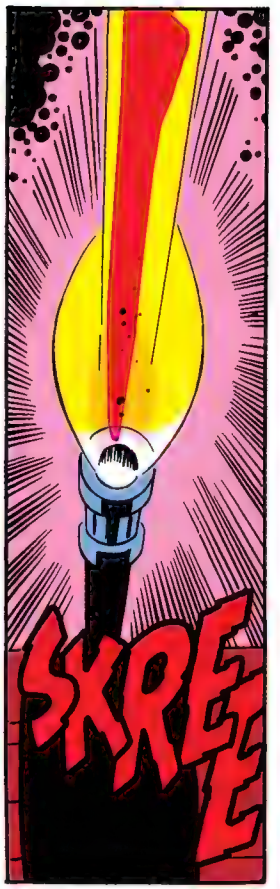

THIS AIR VENT SHOULD JUST ABOUT DO THE TRICK.
IF I REMEMBER THE LAYOUT OF THE HULKBUSTER BASE ACCURATELY--IT LEADS TO THE MAIN UNDERGROUND CONCOURSE.


...AND THE CONCOURSE LEADS TO THE KITCHENS.
ONE THING I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO:
NEVER MAKE PLANS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH--ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO FAINT FROM HUNGER!

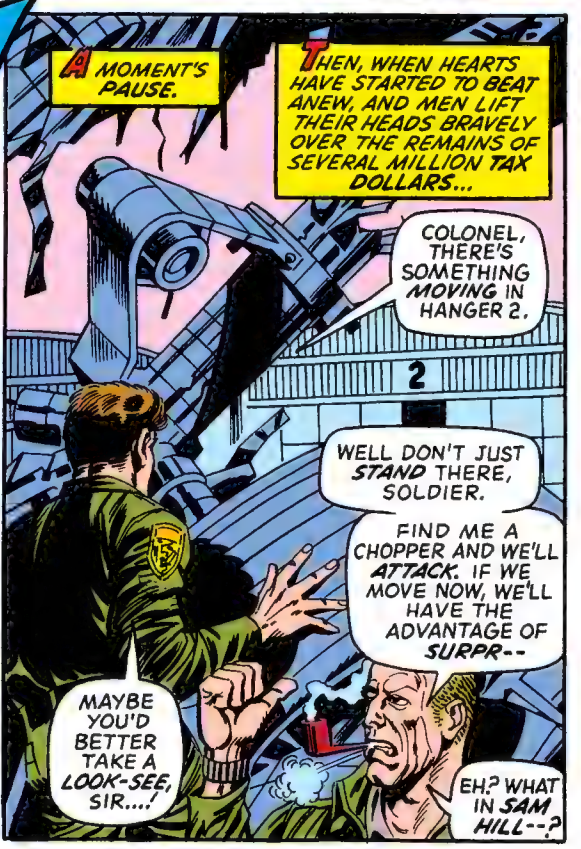

MILITARY BASES, LIKE FACTORIES OR CITY STREET CORNERS, EXIST NORMALLY AS CENTERS OF SOUND AND ACTIVITY... AND LIKE AN EMPTY FACTORY, OR A DESERTED INTERSECTION, A SILENT BASE SEEMS STRANGELY DEAD...
...AS THOUGH SOME STRANGE AND ALIEN FORCE HAS ROBBED IT OF ITS REASON FOR EXISTENCE.
AND PERHAPS, IN THIS CASE...SOME FORCE HAS.
USAF
CAREFUL WITH THAT HALF-TRACK, MISTER. THAT'S ARMY PROPERTY...
...NOT A BLASTED TINKERTOY!
COL. ARMBRUSTER...!
WHAT IS IT, RODGERS? STILL NO SIGN OF THE MEN WHO'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MANNING THIS BASE?
MORE THAN THAT, SIR. I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM THE RADIO BUNKER.
ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN SABOTAGED. PIECES MISSING --CIRCUITS SMASHED.
AS FAR AS THE BASE RADIOS GO, SIR--WE'RE CUT OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
OF COURSE, WE STILL HAVE THE RADIOS IN OUR JETS, BUT--
THEN WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, SOLDIER?
SEEMS TO ME WE'VE GOT THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND--ALL MATTERS CONSIDERED.
AS SOON AS WE UNLOAD, WE'LL CHECK OUT THIS DESERTION THING--
--BUT FOR THE MOMENT, IT SEEMS THINGS ARE MORE OR LESS UNDER CONTROL!
2
AIM CAREFULLY, FOOL. WE WON'T HAVE TIME FOR A SECOND SHOT.
DON'T WORRY, "PARTNER". ONCE I FIRE THIS BABY--
--THOSE ARMY BOYS'LL BE ABOUT AS MUCH TROUBLE AS A CLASS OF FIRST GRADERS!

ONE SECOND; TWO:
AND BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THIRTY-FIVE PROFESSIONAL WARRIORS, AN ARMY JET BUCKLES--
SKROOM!
--AND EXPLODES!

SMOKE CLEARS...MEN STUMBLE TO THEIR FEET ONCE MORE...AND YET, EVEN AS THEY RISE...
I WANT SIX VOLUNTEERS TO HIT THAT HANGAR.
RODGERS, CLEMENS, GRADY, JONES, WESSON--


SKREE

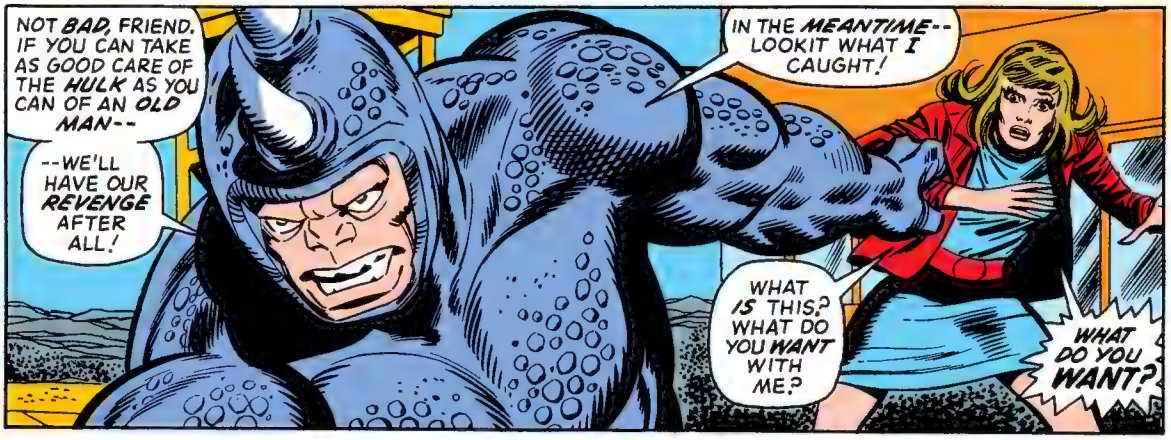
CHOOM!

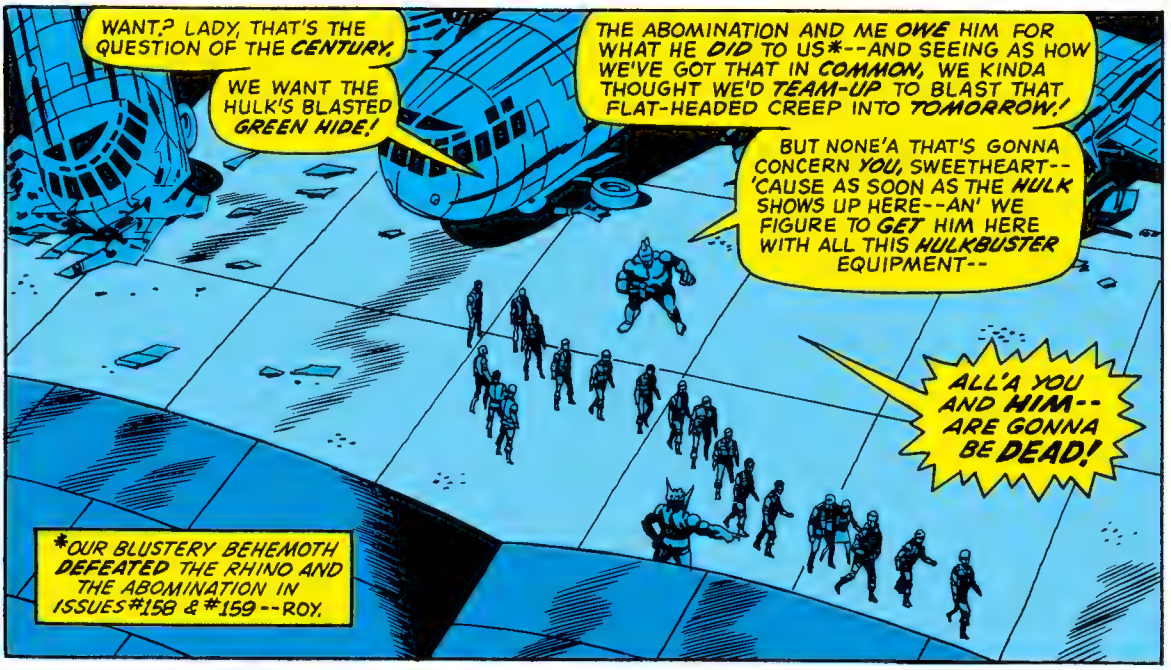

A MOMENT'S PAUSE.
THEN, WHEN HEARTS HAVE STARTED TO BEAT ANEW, AND MEN LIFT THEIR HEADS BRAVELY OVER THE REMAINS OF SEVERAL MILLION TAX DOLLARS...
COLONEL, THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN HANGER 2.
2
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE, SOLDIER.
FIND ME A CHOPPER AND WE'LL ATTACK. IF WE MOVE NOW, WE'LL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPR--
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK-SEE, SIR....!
EH? WHAT IN SAM HILL--?

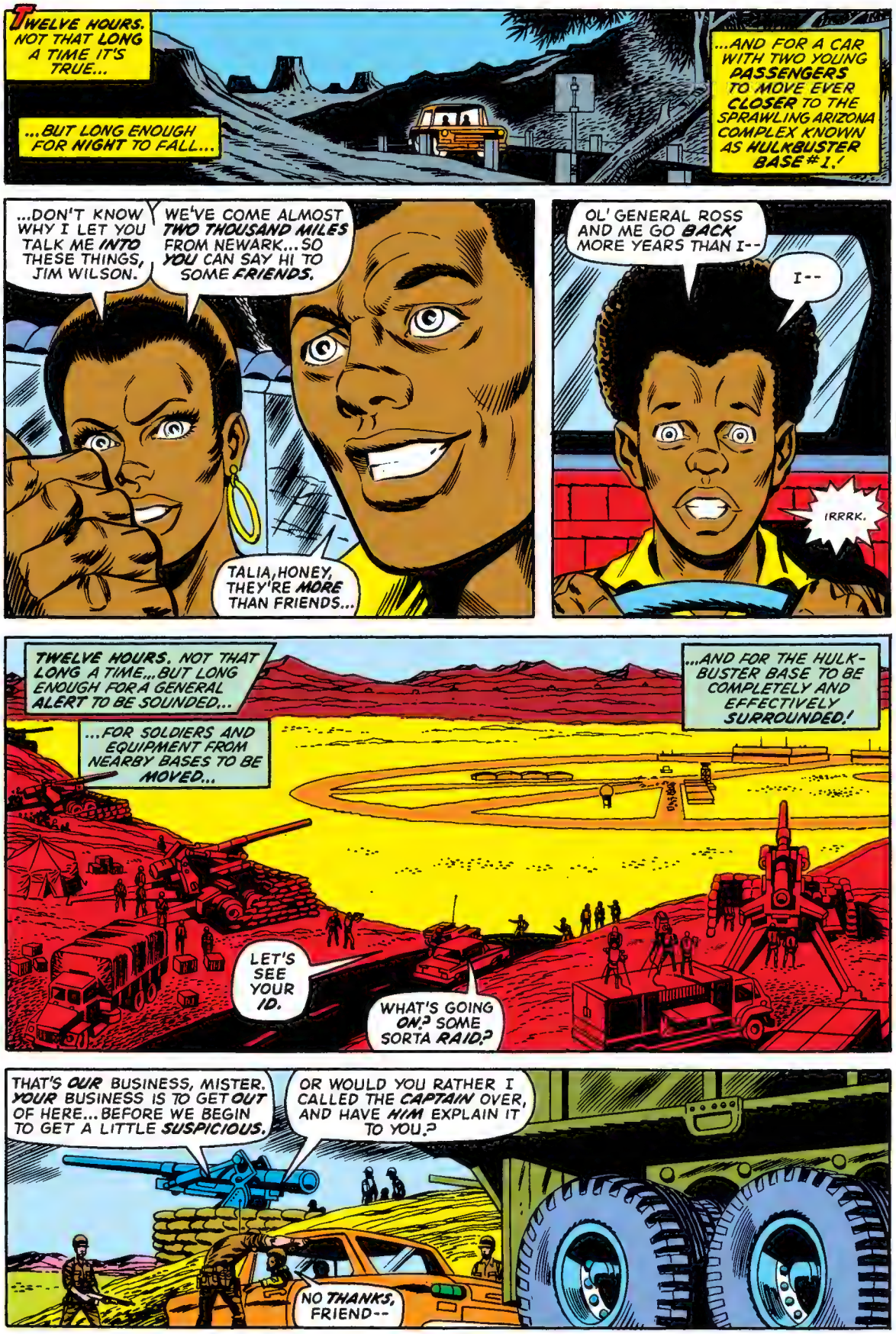
NIGHTMARE!
ALL HIS LIFE, THE MAN NAMED ARMBRUSTER HAS DEALT WITH QUESTIONS OF STRATEGY AND POWER. ALL HIS LIFE, HE'S TRAINED TO FIGHT MEN AND MACHINES. ALL HIS LIFE, HE'S BEEN A SOLDIER--AND POSSIBLY, A GOOD ONE.
BUT TODAY HE FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH A SIGHT FROM HIS MOST TORTURED DREAMS: NOT ONE UNCRUSHABLE FOE--BUT TWO!
IT'S ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE A SANE MAN MAD!
YOU HOLD 'EM BACK, ABOMINATION--SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!
WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, THE RHINO IS GONNA GET US A HOSTAGE--
2
--AN' THEN NOBODY CAN STOP US! NOBODY IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD WILL EVER STOP US AGAIN!

BE CAREFUL WHO YOU ORDER AROUND, RHINO. OUR ALLIANCE IS ONLY TEMPORARY, UNTIL--
UNTIL YOU'RE DESTROYED, MONSTER!
YOU'RE THE SAME KIND OF CREATURE AS THE HULK--A GAMMA-RAY MUTANT!
HULK BUS

WRONG, FOOL. I'M FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT GREEN LUMP.
--THE STRONGEST MUTANT OF ALL!
I'M THE ABOMINATION--
BOP!

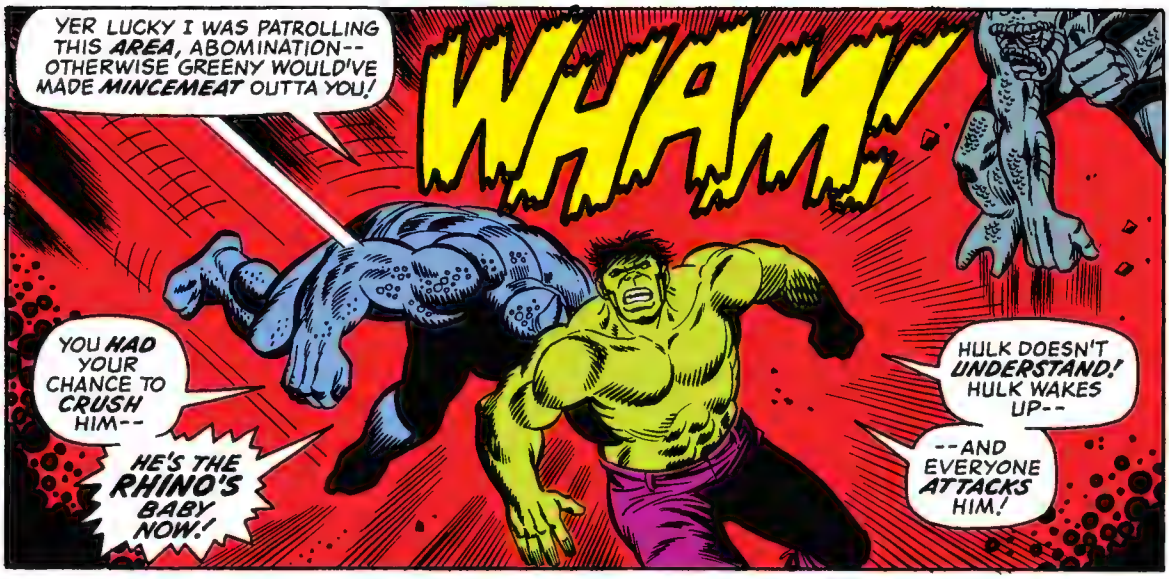

NOT BAD, FRIEND. IF YOU CAN TAKE AS GOOD CARE OF THE HULK AS YOU CAN OF AN OLD MAN--
--WE'LL HAVE OUR REVENGE AFTER ALL!
IN THE MEANTIME--LOOKIT WHAT I CAUGHT!
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?


WANT? LADY, THAT'S THE QUESTION OF THE CENTURY.
WE WANT THE HULK'S BLASTED GREEN HIDE!
THE ABOMINATION AND ME OWE HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO US*--AND SEEING AS HOW WE'VE GOT THAT IN COMMON, WE KINDA THOUGHT WE'D TEAM-UP TO BLAST THAT FLAT-HEADED CREEP INTO TOMORROW!
BUT NONE'A THAT'S GONNA CONCERN YOU, SWEETHEART--'CAUSE AS SOON AS THE HULK SHOWS UP HERE--AN' WE FIGURE TO GET HIM HERE WITH ALL THIS HULKBUSTER EQUIPMENT--
ALL'A YOU AND HIM--ARE GONNA BE DEAD!
*OUR BLUSTERY BEHEMOTH DEFEATED THE RHINO AND THE ABOMINATION IN ISSUES #158 & #159 --ROY.

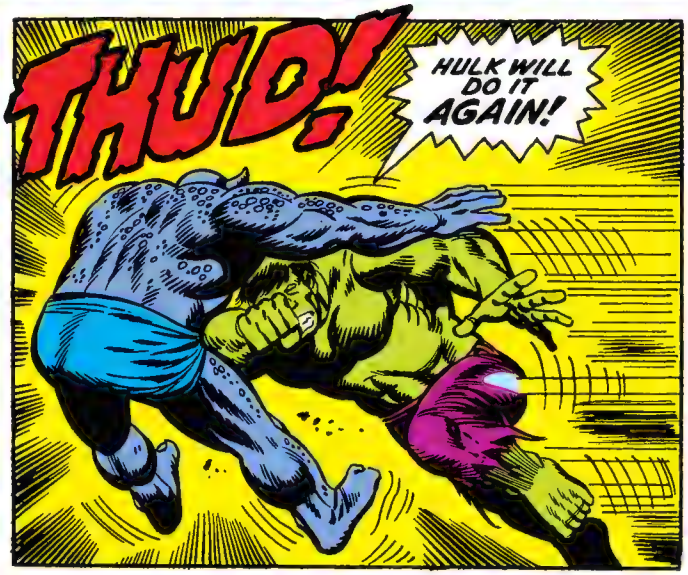

TWELVE HOURS. NOT THAT LONG A TIME IT'S TRUE...
...BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR NIGHT TO FALL...
...AND FOR A CAR WITH TWO YOUNG PASSENGERS TO MOVE EVER CLOSER TO THE SPRAWLING ARIZONA COMPLEX KNOWN AS HULKBUSTER BASE #1.!
...DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS, JIM WILSON.
WE'VE COME ALMOST TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM NEWARK... SO YOU CAN SAY HI TO SOME FRIENDS.
TALIA, HONEY, THEY'RE MORE THAN FRIENDS...
OL' GENERAL ROSS AND ME GO BACK MORE YEARS THAN I--
I--
IRRRK.
TWELVE HOURS. NOT THAT LONG A TIME... BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR A GENERAL ALERT TO BE SOUNDED...
...FOR SOLDIERS AND EQUIPMENT FROM NEARBY BASES TO BE MOVED...
...AND FOR THE HULK-BUSTER BASE TO BE COMPLETELY AND EFFECTIVELY SURROUNDED!
LET'S SEE YOUR ID.
WHAT'S GOING ON? SOME SORTA RAID?
THAT'S OUR BUSINESS, MISTER. YOUR BUSINESS IS TO GET OUT OF HERE... BEFORE WE BEGIN TO GET A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS.
OR WOULD YOU RATHER I CALLED THE CAPTAIN OVER, AND HAVE HIM EXPLAIN IT TO YOU?
NO THANKS, FRIEND--

...I GET THE GENERAL IDEA.
TWO MORE HOURS.
AND AS A NEW MOON LIFTS OVER THE SILENT ARIZONA FLATLAND...
...MY HEAD! I MUST'VE BEEN MORE TIRED THAN I THOUGHT.
LUCKY I FOUND THIS EMERGENCY BUNKER... THE WAY I FELT WHEN I CLIMBED DOWN HERE, I COULD'VE JUST AS EASILY FALLEN ASLEEP IN A BROOM CLOSET.
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU... A MAN CAN'T LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE WITHOUT GETTING PRETTY BLASTED EXHAUSTED.
AND HUNGRY, TOO.
I WAS SO WIPED OUT... I FORGOT TO LOOK FOR FOOD.
NOW THAT'S ODD. NO ONE HERE... NOT A GUARD POSTED, NOT EVEN A K.P. MAN WORKING OVER-TIME.
IT COULDN'T BE THE BRUCE BANNER LUCK... BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANY BRUCE BANNER LUCK.
SOMETHING'S WRONG... AND EVEN THOUGH THE LAST THING I WANT RIGHT NOW IS A NEW SET OF PROBLEMS...
...I HAVE A FEELING I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS THING UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT...
DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN... NO!
BETTY... GENERAL ROSS... EVEN COL. ARMBRUSTER... SEALED INTO ONE OF THE HULK-RETAINING-CELLS?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF SANITY IS GOING ON?

DAZED, THE RENOWNED SCIENTIST CAN ONLY STARE IN MUTED WONDER AT THE SCENE VISIBLE THROUGH THE MILKY ONE-WAY-GLASS.
HE DOESN'T HEAR THE APPROACH OF THE MASSIVE FIGURE KNOWN AS THE ABOMINATION...
NO, HE DOESN'T HEAR... UNTIL IT'S MUCH TOO LATE!
ANOTHER ONE!
WE THOUGHT WE'D CAPTURED ALL THE HUMANS ON THIS BASE.
NOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK FOR MORE!
A FIST LIKE A SLAB OF IRON CLAMPS OVER BANNER'S MOUTH AND NOSE--- SMOTHERING HIM, DRAGGING HIM BACK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE--
--AND THE ABRUPTNESS OF THIS ATTACK CAUSES BANNER TO BECOME EXCITED--
--HIS HEART BEGINS TO POUND--
--AND IN THE DARKNESS OF THE DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR--
ROBERT BRUCE BANNER--BEGINS TO CHANGE!
THEN, WHERE ONCE STOOD A QUIET PHYSICIST...
BADOOM!
...NOW STANDS THE INCREDIBLE HULK!


YER LUCKY I WAS PATROLLING THIS AREA, ABOMINATION-- OTHERWISE GREENY WOULD'VE MADE MINCEMEAT OUTTA YOU!
WHAM!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO CRUSH HIM--
HE'S THE RHINO'S BABY NOW!
HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! HULK WAKES UP--
--AND EVERYONE ATTACKS HIM!

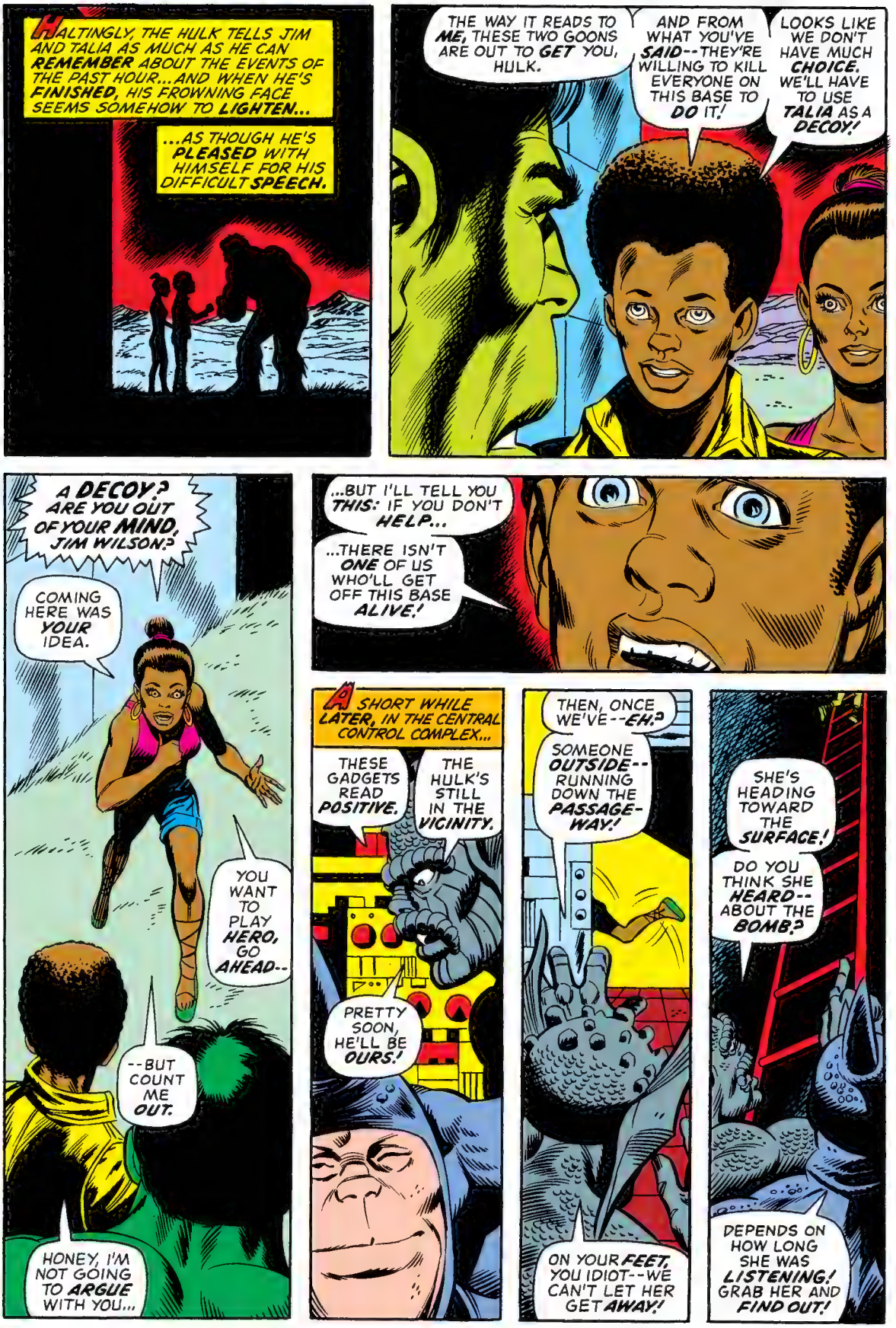
WAIT! HULK KNOWS YOU-- YOU HIT HULK BEFORE!
HULK SHOWED YOU THEN HE WAS STRONGER THAN YOU. HULK DID IT ONCE...

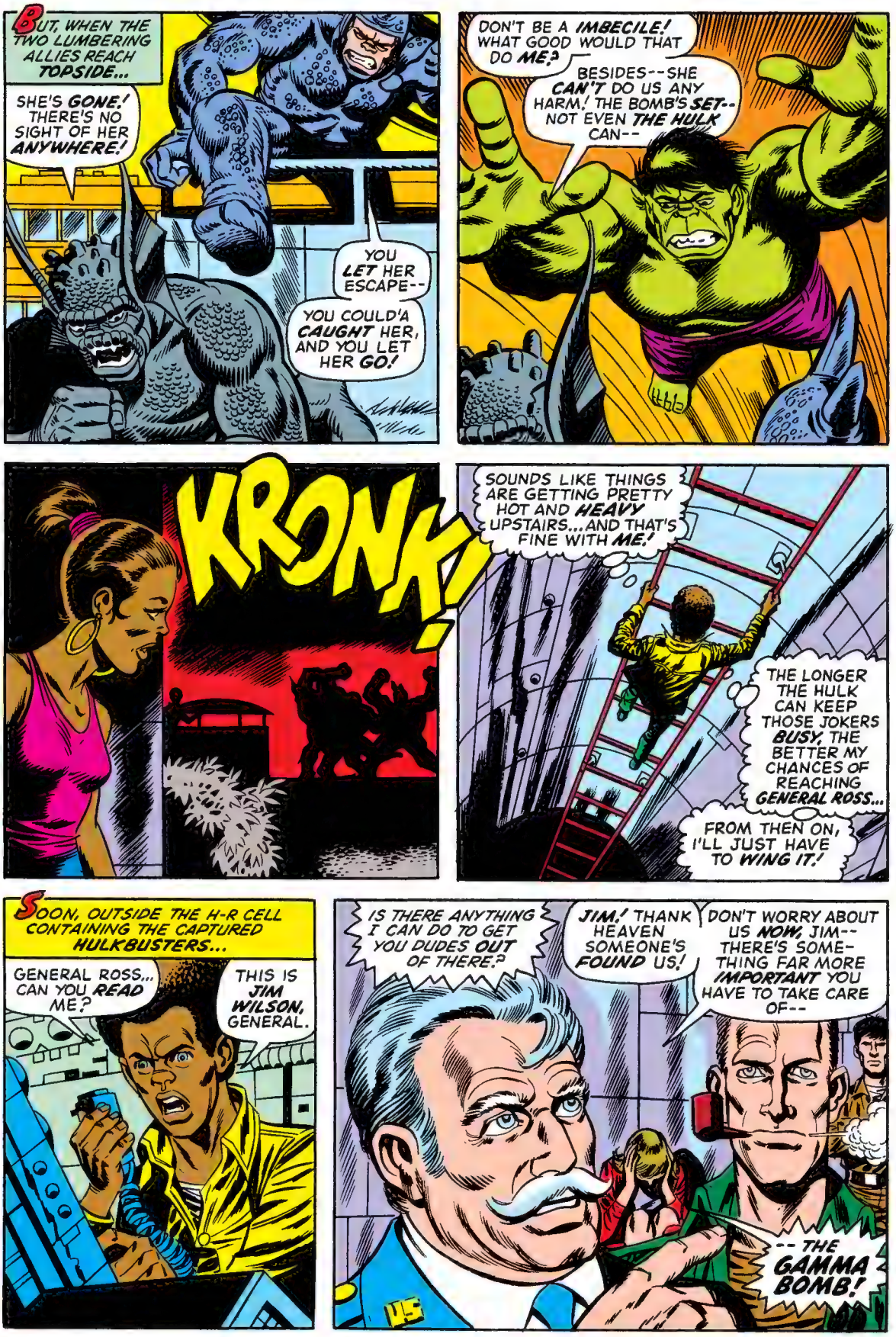

THUD!
HULK WILL DO IT AGAIN!

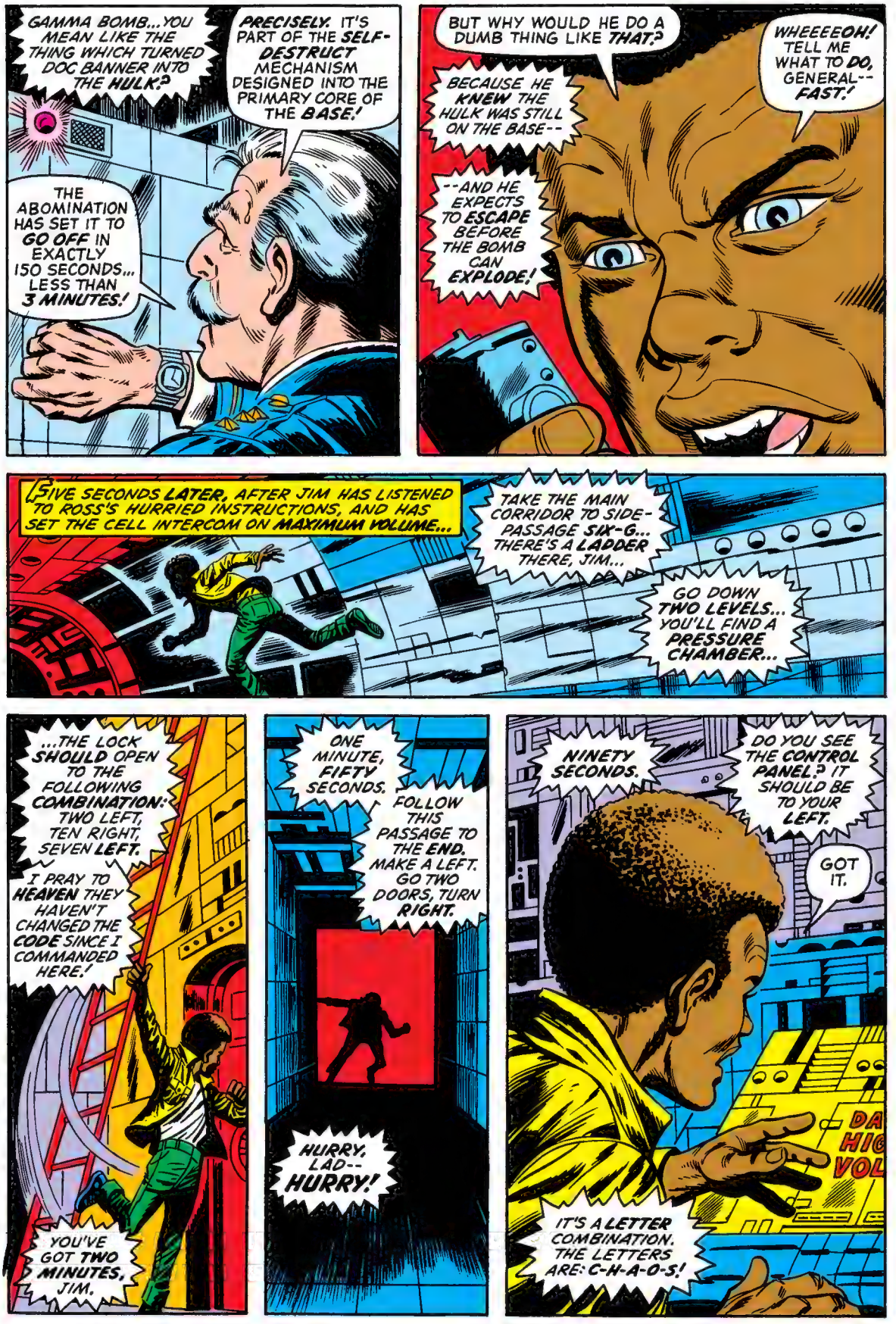
KEEP BACK, RHINO... YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR HIM BY YOURSELF.
THERE'S NO POINT IN WASTING TIME BATTLING THE HULK--WHEN WE CAN CAPTURE HIM WITH ONE OF THE HULKBUSTER BASE'S SPECIALLY DESIGNED WEAPONS!
THEN WE CAN MAKE HIM PAY--WE CAN MAKE HIM SUFFER!
GUNS?
HULK THOUGHT ONLY SOLDIERS USED GUNS!

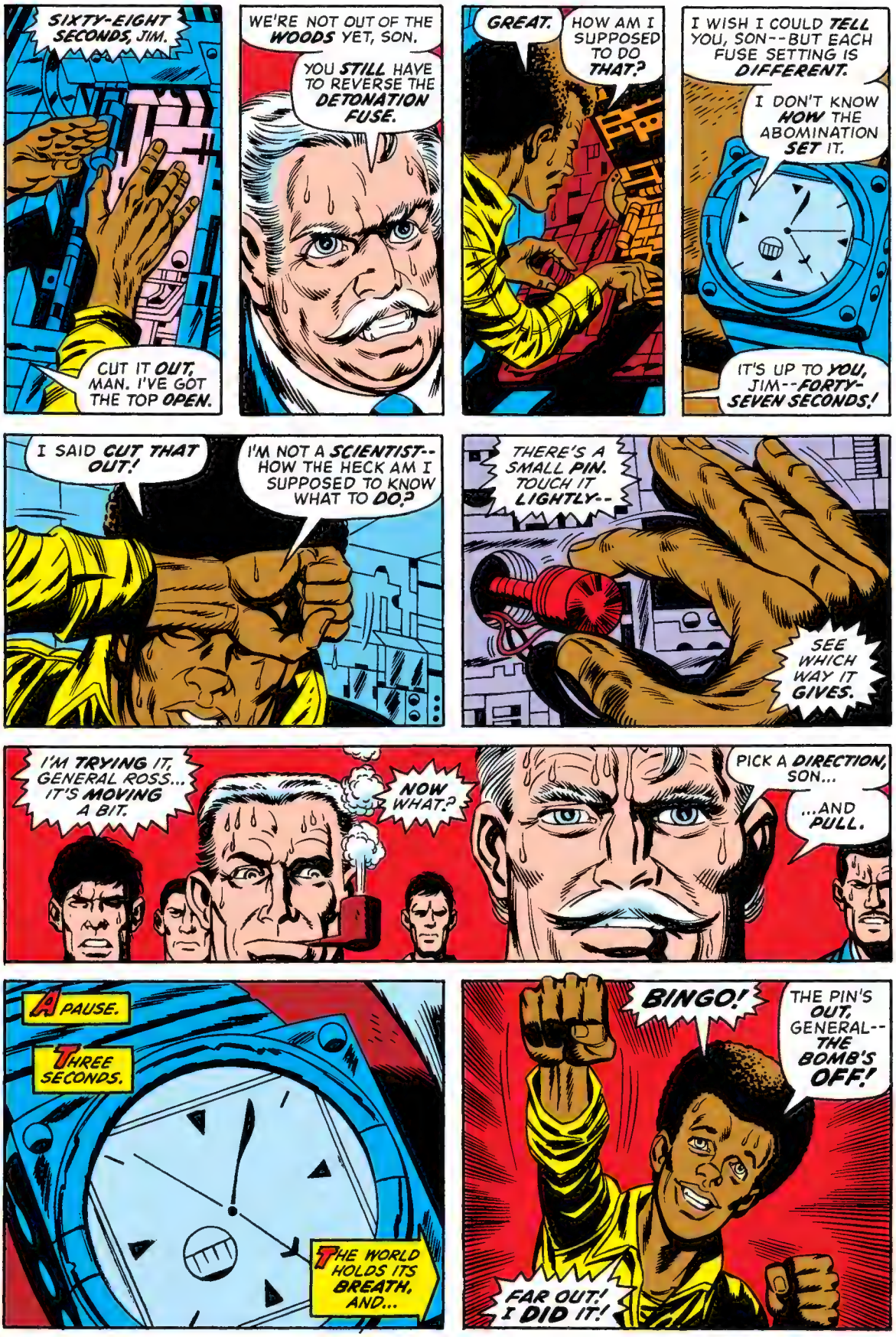
SCRUNCH!

HULK DOESN'T LIKE GUNS.
HULK WILL GO AWAY!
STOP HIM, ABOMINATION! STOP HIM!
NO... HE WON'T GO FAR. DESPITE HIS STUPIDITY, THE HULK'S BASICALLY CURIOUS.
HE'LL BE BACK... AND WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM.
AND BEFORE THE SUN RISES... THE HULK WILL BE FINISHED FOREVER!
ONE HOUR: TIME ENOUGH FOR JIM WILSON AND HIS GIRL TALIA TO DRIVE AROUND THE SAND-STRADDLING BASE...
...TO FIND ANOTHER, UNGUARDED ENTRANCE...
...AND TO USE IT... AGAINST TALIA'S EXPRESSED FEARS.
SOMETHING SURE IS SCREWY, LADY-MINE. NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT... AND ALL THAT WRECKAGE ON THE AIRFIELD...
LET'S BUG OUT OF HERE, JIM.
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREE--
HULK!
BIG FRIEND, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK OVER YOU-- THE WAY YOU WALKED OFF LIKE THAT!*
LISTEN--DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND HERE?
I MEAN... WHAT'S THE DEAL, HUH?
JIM IS HULK'S FRIEND.
MAYBE JIM CAN EXPLAIN WHY UGLY PEOPLE ATTACK HULK.
*ISSUE #168. --R.T.


HALTINGLY, THE HULK TELLS JIM AND TALIA AS MUCH AS HE CAN REMEMBER ABOUT THE EVENTS OF THE PAST HOUR...AND WHEN HE'S FINISHED, HIS FROWNING FACE SEEMS SOMEHOW TO LIGHTEN...
...AS THOUGH HE'S PLEASED WITH HIMSELF FOR HIS DIFFICULT SPEECH.
THE WAY IT READS TO ME, THESE TWO GOONS ARE OUT TO GET YOU, HULK.
AND FROM WHAT YOU'VE SAID--THEY'RE WILLING TO KILL EVERYONE ON THIS BASE TO DO IT!
LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. WE'LL HAVE TO USE TALIA AS A DECOY!
A DECOY? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, JIM WILSON?
COMING HERE WAS YOUR IDEA.
YOU WANT TO PLAY HERO, GO AHEAD--
--BUT COUNT ME OUT.
HONEY, I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU...
...BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS: IF YOU DON'T HELP...
...THERE ISN'T ONE OF US WHO'LL GET OFF THIS BASE ALIVE!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL COMPLEX...
THESE GADGETS READ POSITIVE.
THE HULK'S STILL IN THE VICINITY.
PRETTY SOON, HE'LL BE OURS!
THEN, ONCE WE'VE--EH?
SOMEONE OUTSIDE--RUNNING DOWN THE PASSAGE-WAY!
ON YOUR FEET, YOU IDIOT--WE CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY!
SHE'S HEADING TOWARD THE SURFACE!
DO YOU THINK SHE HEARD--ABOUT THE BOMB?
DEPENDS ON HOW LONG SHE WAS LISTENING! GRAB HER AND FIND OUT!


BUT, WHEN THE TWO LUMBERING ALLIES REACH TOPSIDE...
SHE'S GONE! THERE'S NO SIGHT OF HER ANYWHERE!
YOU LET HER ESCAPE--
YOU COULD'A CAUGHT HER, AND YOU LET HER GO!
DON'T BE A IMBECILE! WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO ME?
BESIDES--SHE CAN'T DO US ANY HARM! THE BOMB'S SET--NOT EVEN THE HULK CAN--
KRONK!
SOUNDS LIKE THINGS ARE GETTING PRETTY HOT AND HEAVY UPSTAIRS...AND THAT'S FINE WITH ME!
THE LONGER THE HULK CAN KEEP THOSE JOKERS BUSY, THE BETTER MY CHANCES OF REACHING GENERAL ROSS...
FROM THEN ON, I'LL JUST HAVE TO WING IT!
SOON, OUTSIDE THE H-R CELL CONTAINING THE CAPTURED HULKBUSTERS...
GENERAL ROSS... CAN YOU READ ME?
THIS IS JIM WILSON, GENERAL.
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO GET YOU DUDES OUT OF THERE?
JIM! THANK HEAVEN SOMEONE'S FOUND US!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US NOW, JIM--THERE'S SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT YOU HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF--
-- THE GAMMA BOMB!


GAMMA BOMB...YOU MEAN LIKE THE THING WHICH TURNED DOC BANNER INTO THE HULK?
PRECISELY. IT'S PART OF THE SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM DESIGNED INTO THE PRIMARY CORE OF THE BASE!
THE ABOMINATION HAS SET IT TO GO OFF IN EXACTLY 150 SECONDS... LESS THAN 3 MINUTES!
BUT WHY WOULD HE DO A DUMB THING LIKE THAT?
BECAUSE HE KNEW THE HULK WAS STILL ON THE BASE--
--AND HE EXPECTS TO ESCAPE BEFORE THE BOMB CAN EXPLODE!
WHEEEEOH! TELL ME WHAT TO DO, GENERAL-- FAST!
FIVE SECONDS LATER, AFTER JIM HAS LISTENED TO ROSS'S HURRIED INSTRUCTIONS, AND HAS SET THE CELL INTERCOM ON MAXIMUM VOLUME...
TAKE THE MAIN CORRIDOR TO SIDE-PASSAGE SIX-G... THERE'S A LADDER THERE, JIM...
GO DOWN TWO LEVELS... YOU'LL FIND A PRESSURE CHAMBER...
...THE LOCK SHOULD OPEN TO THE FOLLOWING COMBINATION: TWO LEFT, TEN RIGHT, SEVEN LEFT.
I PRAY TO HEAVEN THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED THE CODE SINCE I COMMANDED HERE!
YOU'VE GOT TWO MINUTES, JIM.
ONE MINUTE, FIFTY SECONDS.
FOLLOW THIS PASSAGE TO THE END. MAKE A LEFT. GO TWO DOORS, TURN RIGHT.
HURRY, LAD-- HURRY!
NINETY SECONDS.
DO YOU SEE THE CONTROL PANEL? IT SHOULD BE TO YOUR LEFT.
GOT IT.
IT'S A LETTER COMBINATION. THE LETTERS ARE: C-H-A-O-S!

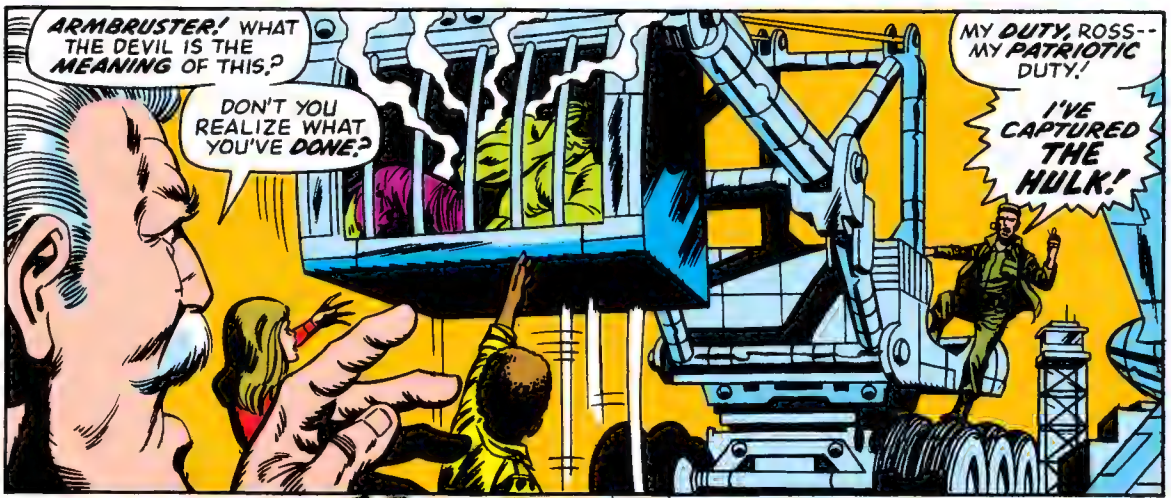

SIXTY-EIGHT SECONDS, JIM.
CUT IT OUT, MAN. I'VE GOT THE TOP OPEN.
WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, SON.
YOU STILL HAVE TO REVERSE THE DETONATION FUSE.
GREAT.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, SON--BUT EACH FUSE SETTING IS DIFFERENT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW THE ABOMINATION SET IT.
IT'S UP TO YOU, JIM--FORTY-SEVEN SECONDS!
I SAID CUT THAT OUT!
I'M NOT A SCIENTIST--HOW THE HECK AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT TO DO?
THERE'S A SMALL PIN. TOUCH IT LIGHTLY--
SEE WHICH WAY IT GIVES.
I'M TRYING IT, GENERAL ROSS... IT'S MOVING A BIT.
NOW WHAT?
PICK A DIRECTION, SON...
...AND PULL.
A PAUSE.
THREE SECONDS.
THE WORLD HOLDS ITS BREATH, AND...
BINGO!
THE PIN'S OUT, GENERAL--THE BOMB'S OFF!
FAR OUT! I DID IT!

MEANWHILE...
HULK IS TIRED OF YOU HITTING HIM.
SO HULK WILL STOP YOU--LIKE THIS!
POW!
I'LL HANDLE THIS WALKING FREAK SHOW, RHINO--YOU BACK OFF, GET READY TO RAM HIM!
THEN WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE--
THAT G-BOMB MUST BE READY TO BLAST!
JIM SAID TO FIGHT YOU--BUT HULK IS SICK OF FIGHTING.
HULK WANTS TO FINISH IT, SO HULK CAN GO AWAY.
THROD!
DON'T WORRY, HULK--WE'LL FINISH IT FOR YOU!
AS ONLY THE RHINO AND THE ABOMINATION CAN!
THIS IS STUPID. HULK DOESN'T LIKE IT.
HULK CAN BEAT EITHER OF YOU--BUT JIM SAID TO WAIT.
HULK HAS WAITED LONG ENOUGH--

--SO NOW HULK WILL LEAVE.
NO! NOOOOOOO!
THERE'S AN OLD SAYING ABOUT AN IMMOVABLE OBJECT MEETING AN IRRESISTABLE FORCE.
WITNESS SUCH A MEETING, AND ITS RESULT:
BADADABOOM
BIG NOISE HURT HULK'S EARS.
WHY WON'T THE WORLD EVER LEAVE HULK ALONE?
AND SO IT ENDS... NOT WITH A WHIMPER, BUT A BANG!
LIEUTENANT, LOOK! THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR ORDERLY ADVANCE!
THEY'RE TELLING US THE DANGER'S ENDED --HULKBUSTER BASE IS BACK IN CONTROL!

THUS, ONE HALF-HOUR LATER, WE FIND OURSELVES ATTENDING A MOST UNUSUAL PRESS CONFERENCE--IN WHICH THE STAR FIGURE IS--
--THE HULK!
CAN YOU TELL OUR AUDIENCE EXACTLY HOW YOU DEFEATED BOTH THE ABOMINATION AND THE RHINO?
TAKE STICK OUT OF HULK'S FACE--
--OR HULK WILL BREAK IT.
USAF
HULK...CAN I THANK YOU?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO HATES HULK... WHO CHASES HIM IN PLANES.
I'M ALSO THE ONE WHO OWES HIS LIFE TO YOU... AS WE ALL DO.
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD LEARN FROM THAT. MAYBE I'VE BEEN--


ARMBRUSTER! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
MY DUTY, ROSS--MY PATRIOTIC DUTY!
I'VE CAPTURED THE HULK!

ZUKT: THE JUGGERNAUT!

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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE DEADLY, INVINCIBLE JUGGERNAUT!
THEY'RE SMASHING OUT— AND NOTHING CAN STOP THEM!
TRIMPE

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

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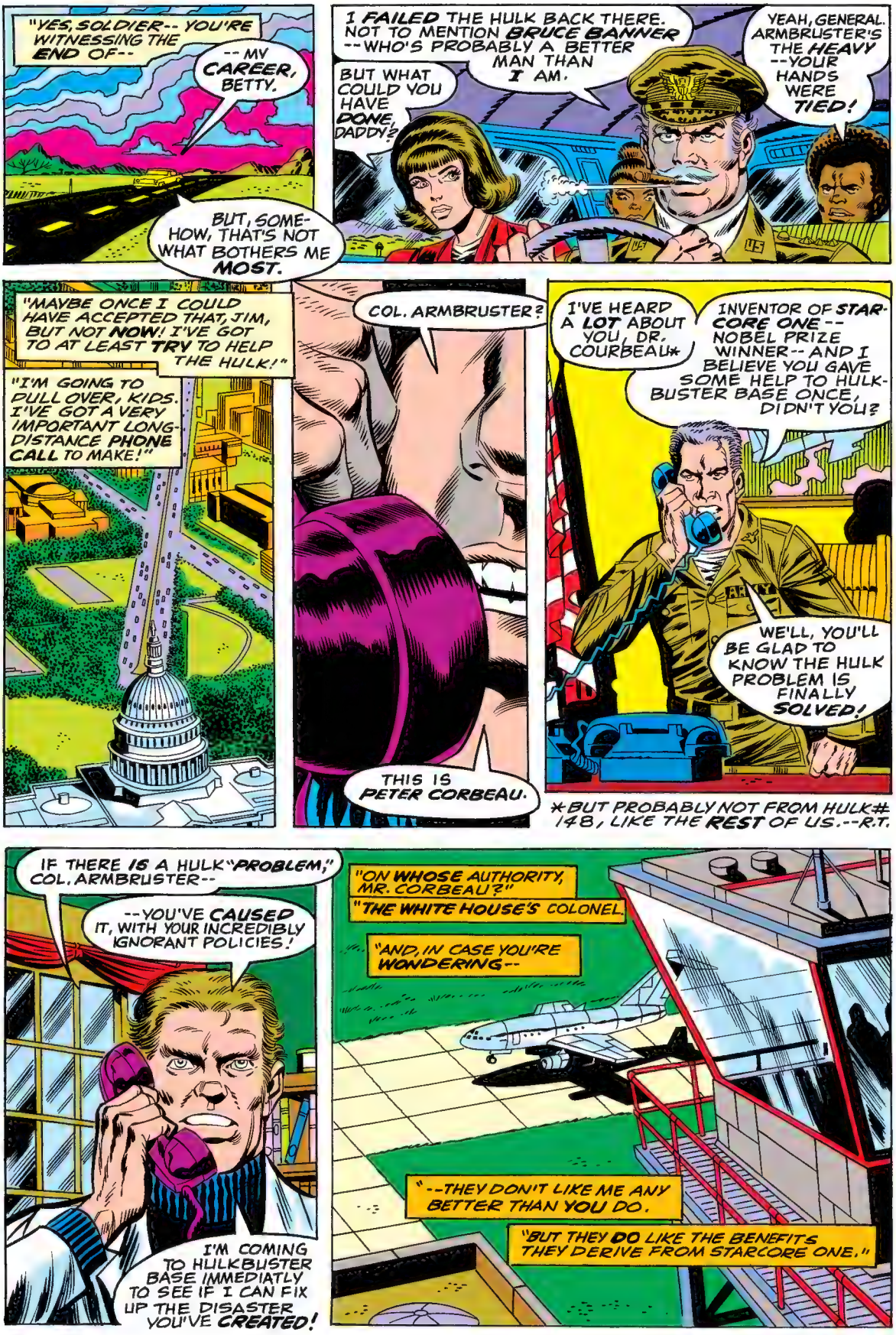
AND CANST THOU SLAY... THE JUGGERNAUT?

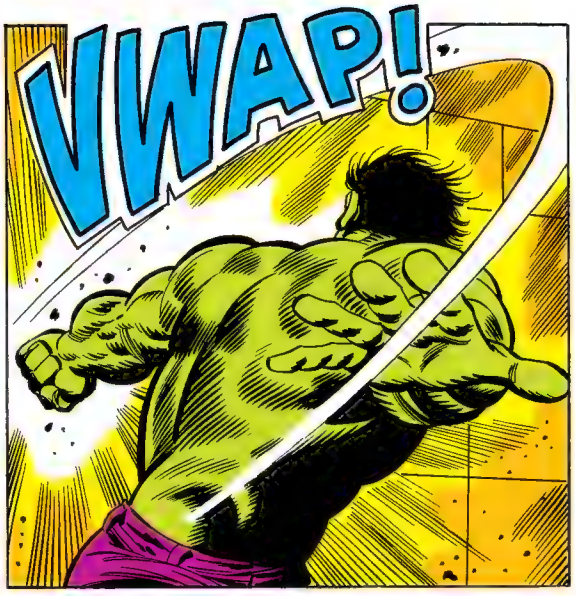
WHAT YOU MISSED IF YOU FAILED TO READ OUR LAST ISSUE DEPT.: MERELY ONE OF THE GREATEST ONE-TWO PUNCHES IN COMICS HISTORY! ONE MOMENT, THE HULK AND GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS WERE BURYING THEIR LONG-STANDING ENMITY--
--THE NEXT MOMENT, OUR JOLLY GREEN GOLIATH WAS THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER, NEW COMMANDER OF HULKBUSTER BASE ONE!
AND THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS!
ARMBRUSTER! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
YOU CAN PLAY "BOY BUDDIES" WITH OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES IF YOU LIKE, GENERAL-- BUT I'VE DONE MY DUTY!
I'VE CAPTURED THE HULK!
EXIT
SECTION 4

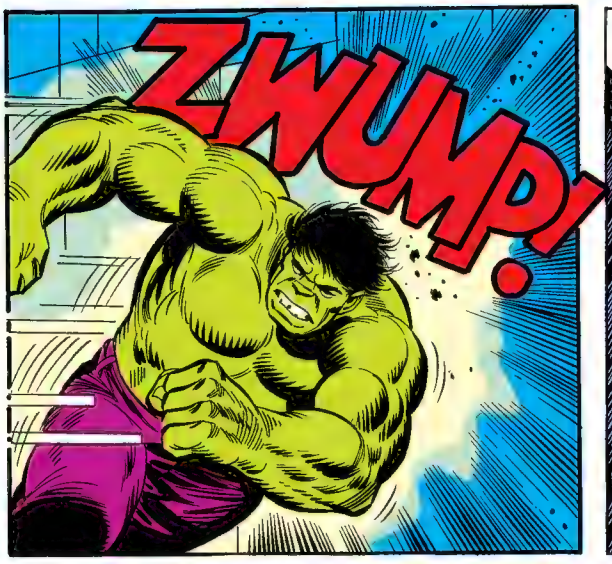
AND THAT, GENERAL ROSS, WAS THE OBJECTIVE OF THIS BASE-- REMEMBER?
YOU FOOL--
--FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE HULK WAS WILLING TO FORGET HIS HATRED OF MANKIND! NOW-- HE'LL BE MORE UNCONTROLLABLE THAN EVER!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT THIS BASE WAS DESIGNED TO BUST THE HULK--
--NOT TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM!
YOU'VE IGNORED THE ARMY'S GOALS IN THIS PROJECT, GENERAL--THAT'S WHY THE PENTAGON PUT ME IN COMMAND!
AND FOR MY PART, I WISH YOU'D GET OUT OF MY HAIR AND LET ME DO MY JOB! SIR!
AS YOU WISH, COLONEL.
MAYBE I WAS TOO ROUGH ON HIM -- HE'S A PROUD MAN.
BUT BLAST IT-- HE WASN'T ACTING G.I. AT ALL!
WITNESS: THE CRUELLEST BLOW FATE HAS YET HANDED THE HULK. HE WAS BUT INCHES FROM THE PEACEFUL LIFE HE LONGED FOR--
--WHEN IT WAS SNATCHED FROM HIM BY A COLD MECHANICAL DEVICE. NOW, HE IS NOT ONLY HATED AND HOUNDED AS BEFORE--
HE IS IMPRISONED, HIS VERY FREEDOM TAKEN FROM HIM!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE TOO GENTLE WITH HIM, BOYS--
--THE GAS WILL KEEP HIM UNCONSCIOUS FOR HOURS!
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT WEARS OFF, SIR?
NO PROBLEM, SOLDIER. THAT CELL WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO HOLD A HUNDRED HULKS!


"YES, SOLDIER-- YOU'RE WITNESSING THE END OF--
-- MY CAREER, BETTY.
BUT, SOMEHOW, THAT'S NOT WHAT BOTHERS ME MOST.
I FAILED THE HULK BACK THERE. NOT TO MENTION BRUCE BANNER --WHO'S PROBABLY A BETTER MAN THAN I AM.
BUT WHAT COULD YOU HAVE DONE, DADDY?
YEAH, GENERAL. ARMBRUSTER'S THE HEAVY --YOUR HANDS WERE TIED!
"MAYBE ONCE I COULD HAVE ACCEPTED THAT, JIM, BUT NOT NOW! I'VE GOT TO AT LEAST TRY TO HELP THE HULK!"
"I'M GOING TO PULL OVER, KIDS. I'VE GOT A VERY IMPORTANT LONG-DISTANCE PHONE CALL TO MAKE!"
COL. ARMBRUSTER?
THIS IS PETER CORBEAU.
I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, DR. COURBEAU*
INVENTOR OF STARCORE ONE -- NOBEL PRIZE WINNER -- AND I BELIEVE YOU GAVE SOME HELP TO HULKBUSTER BASE ONCE, DIDN'T YOU?
WE'LL, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THE HULK PROBLEM IS FINALLY SOLVED!
*BUT PROBABLY NOT FROM HULK# 148, LIKE THE REST OF US.--R.T.
IF THERE IS A HULK "PROBLEM," COL. ARMBRUSTER--
--YOU'VE CAUSED IT, WITH YOUR INCREDIBLY IGNORANT POLICIES!
I'M COMING TO HULKBUSTER BASE IMMEDIATLY TO SEE IF I CAN FIX UP THE DISASTER YOU'VE CREATED!
"ON WHOSE AUTHORITY, MR. CORBEAU?"
"THE WHITE HOUSE'S COLONEL.
"AND, IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING--
"--THEY DON'T LIKE ME ANY BETTER THAN YOU DO.
"BUT THEY DO LIKE THE BENEFITS THEY DERIVE FROM STARCORE ONE."

CONSIDERING THE NUMBER OF COMPLAINTS YOU'VE SENT THE PENTAGON OVER MY COMING HERE, COLONEL--
--I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE PERSONALLY ESCORTING ME AROUND.
MY OPPOSITION TO YOUR PRESENCE HERE IS ON THE RECORD, DR. CORBEAU--
--BUT I FOLLOW ORDERS!
USA
POUND! POUND! POUND!
I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ON THE DEAN'S LIST.
HMM-- YOUR BOYS WOULDN'T BE USING RUBBER HOSES ON THE HULK, WOULD THEY, COLONEL?
POUND! POUND!
SIR, IT'S THE HULK AGAIN! HE'S ON THE RAMPAGE!
SOME OF THE TECHNOS ARE AFRAID HE'LL BREAK OUT!
AT EASE, SOLDIER, IT CAN'T BE THAT SERIOUS!
WHY HASN'T THE HULK BEEN KEPT UNDER SEDATION?
THE GAS HAS BEEN IN STORAGE A LONG TIME, SIR. IT'S LOST A GREAT DEAL OF POTENCY.
AND WE THINK THE HULK'S BEEN GAINING SOME IMMUNITY TO IT, BESIDES.
FWAWAM!
LET HULK OUT, HUMANS--
--OR HULK SMASH EVERYTHING ON BASE!
DO YOU HEAR HULK, HUMANS?

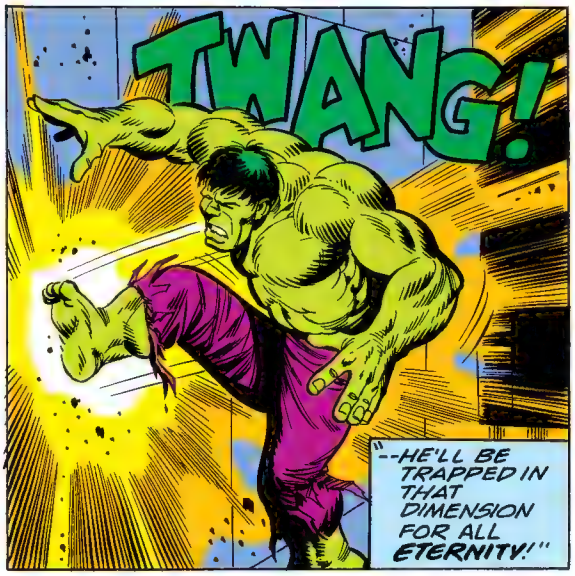
YOU CAN'T HOLD HULK LONG, HUMANS--
--BECAUSE HULK CAN KEEP POUNDING AT CELL--
--AND HULK NEVER GETS TIRED!


VWAP!

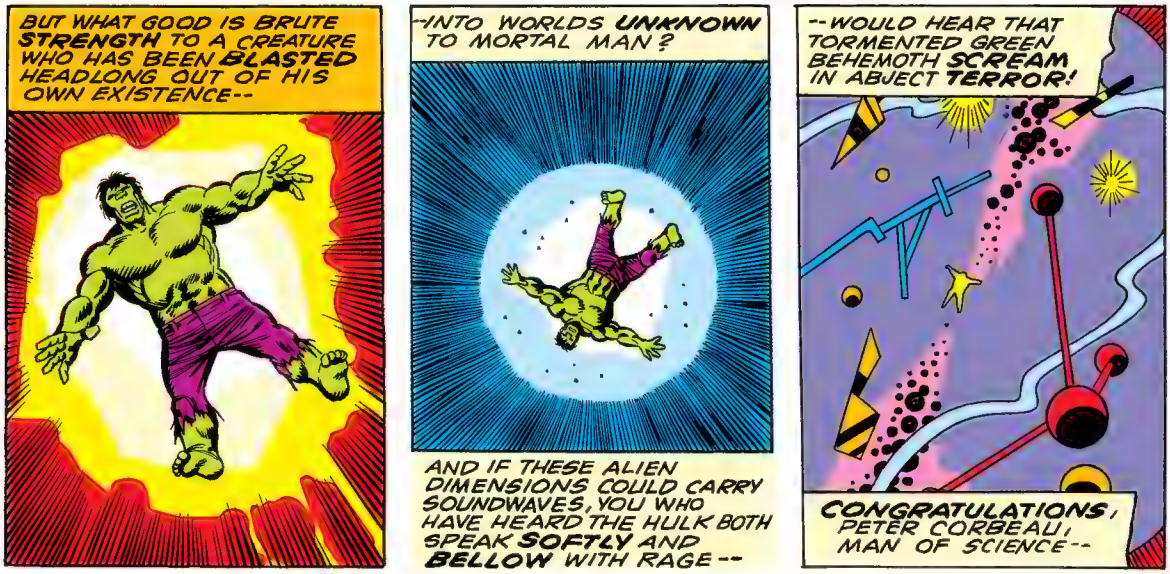

ZWUMP!

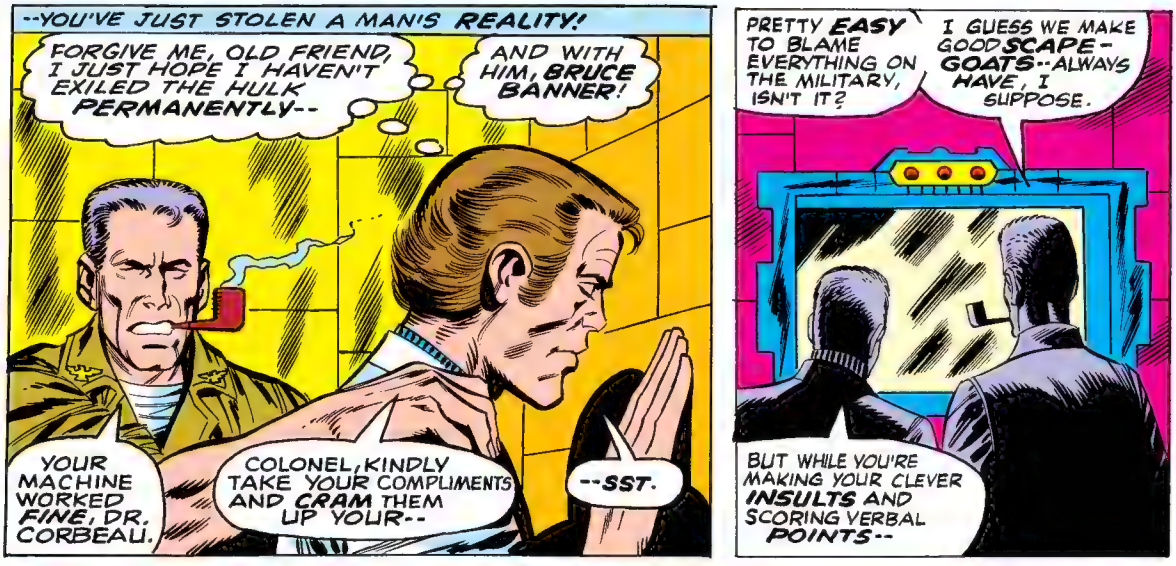
GOOD LORD, MAN! THE CREATURE'S ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY THANKS TO YOU! AND JUDGING FROM THOSE BLOWS-- HE WILL BREAK FREE!
FANTASY! THOSE WALLS WILL HOLD FOREVER!
TWO DAYS, SIR! THE TECHNOS ARE SURE!
OH.

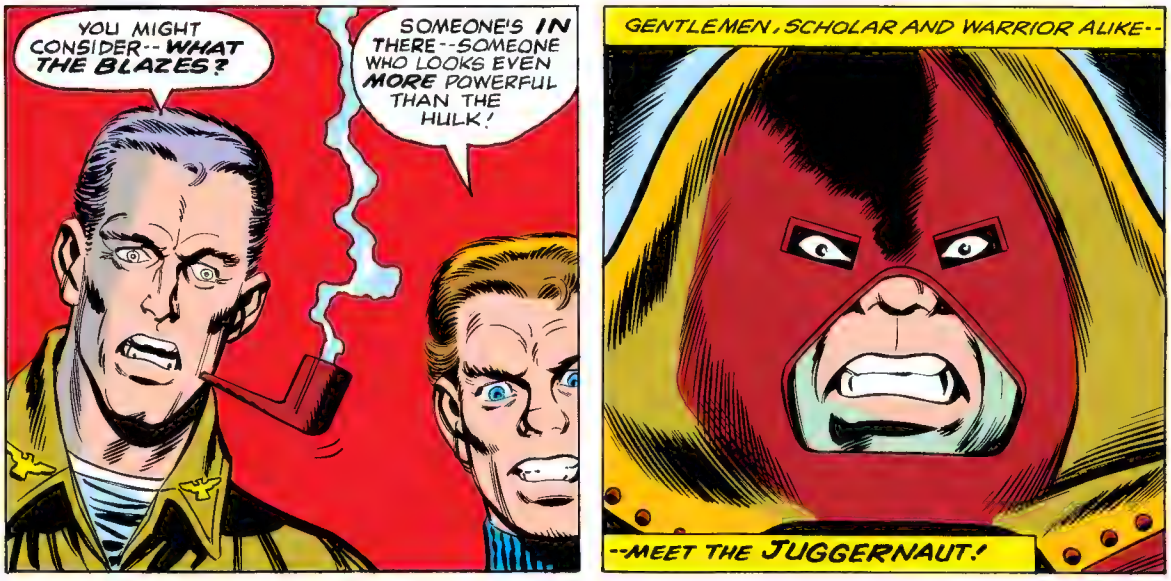
WE DON'T HAVE MORE THAN A FEW HOURS NOW, COLONEL.
WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS EXILE THE HULK TO A LIMBO-LIKE DIMENSION--USING A NEW SPACE-TIME WARP I'M EXPERIMENTING ON.
IF IT WORKS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO BRING THE HULK BACK WHEN WE CAN CURE HIM. IF NOT--

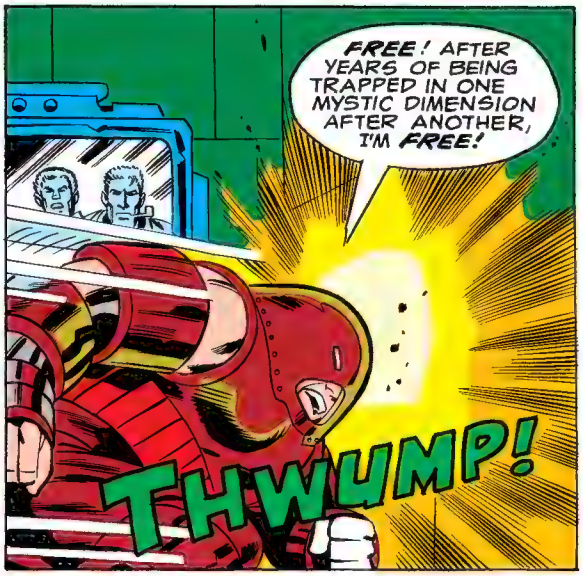

TWANG!
"--HE'LL BE TRAPPED IN THAT DIMENSION FOR ALL ETERNITY!"

OKAY, YOU MEN. CLEAR THE AREA. THIS IS STILL A HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL PROCESS. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN.
COLONEL ARMBRUSTER, COULD YOU STEP OVER HERE?
I'LL NEED SOMEBODY TO HELP ME RUN THE TRANSPORTER--NOTHING COMPLICATED, JUST FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS.
THERE'S AN ELEMENT OF RISK AND I'D RATHER THE TWO OF US TOOK THE CHANCES.
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY, DR. CORBEAU.
YOU'VE GOT GUTS, ARMBRUSTER. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.
LIKEWISE, MISTER.
WHAT? HUMANS POINT STRANGE MACHINE AT HULK!
HULK RECOGNIZE HUMANS-- SAME MEN THAT HAVE HURT HULK BEFORE!
HULK NOT AFRAID OF YOUR MACHINE, HUMANS!
HULK STRONGER THAN ANY OF YOUR MACHINES, HUMANS!
YOU ONLY MAKE HULK MAD --AND THE MADDER HULK GETS--
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAT!
THE STRONGER HULK GETSSSSSS...


BUT WHAT GOOD IS BRUTE STRENGTH TO A CREATURE WHO HAS BEEN BLASTED HEADLONG OUT OF HIS OWN EXISTENCE--
--INTO WORLDS UNKNOWN TO MORTAL MAN?
AND IF THESE ALIEN DIMENSIONS COULD CARRY SOUNDWAVES, YOU WHO HAVE HEARD THE HULK BOTH SPEAK SOFTLY AND BELLOW WITH RAGE --
--WOULD HEAR THAT TORMENTED GREEN BEHEMOTH SCREAM IN ABJECT TERROR!
CONGRATULATIONS, PETER CORBEAU, MAN OF SCIENCE--

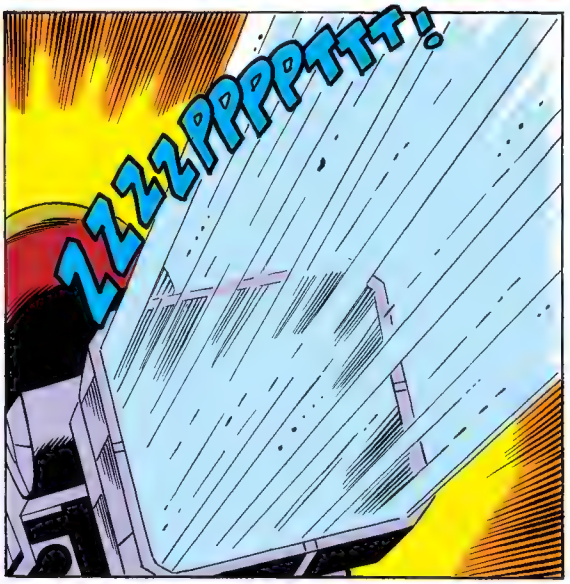

--YOU'VE JUST STOLEN A MAN'S REALITY!
FORGIVE ME, OLD FRIEND, I JUST HOPE I HAVEN'T EXILED THE HULK PERMANENTLY--
AND WITH HIM, BRUCE BANNER!
YOUR MACHINE WORKED FINE, DR. CORBEAU.
COLONEL, KINDLY TAKE YOUR COMPLIMENTS AND CRAM THEM UP YOUR--
--SST.
PRETTY EASY TO BLAME EVERYTHING ON THE MILITARY, ISN'T IT?
I GUESS WE MAKE GOOD SCAPE-GOATS--ALWAYS HAVE, I SUPPOSE.
BUT WHILE YOU'RE MAKING YOUR CLEVER INSULTS AND SCORING VERBAL POINTS--


YOU MIGHT CONSIDER--WHAT THE BLAZES?
SOMEONE'S IN THERE--SOMEONE WHO LOOKS EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN THE HULK!
GENTLEMEN, SCHOLAR AND WARRIOR ALIKE--
--MEET THE JUGGERNAUT!

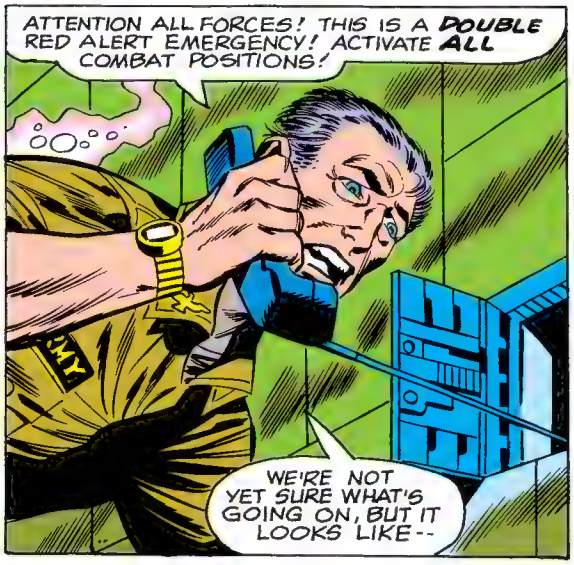

FREE! AFTER YEARS OF BEING TRAPPED IN ONE MYSTIC DIMENSION AFTER ANOTHER, I'M FREE!
THWUMP!

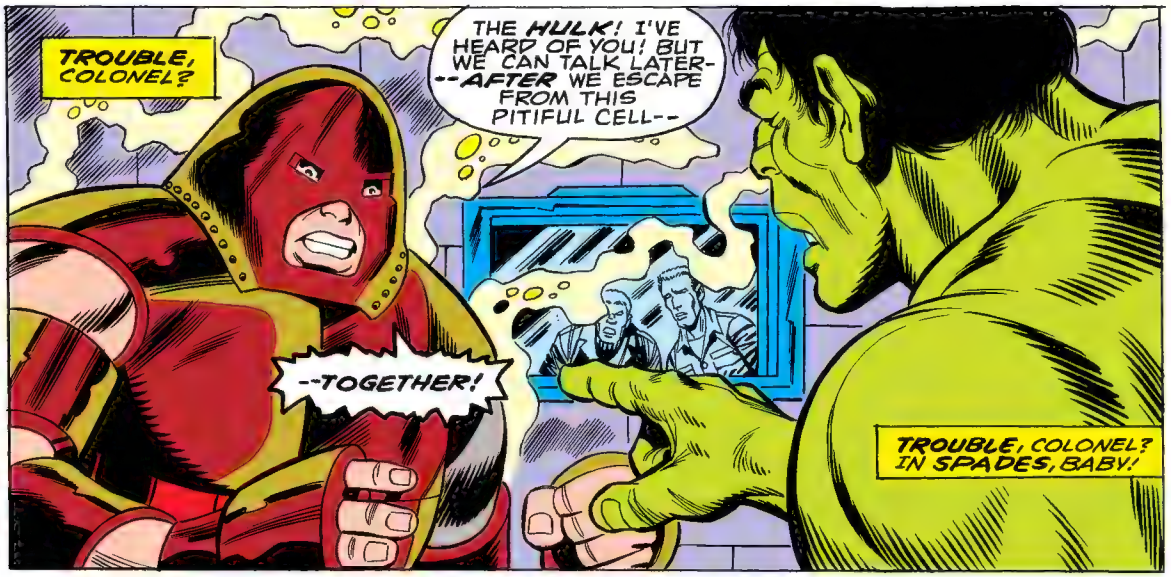
AND NOW THAT I'M BACK ON EARTH--
BRRAMM!
BRRAMM
--NONE SHALL EVER TRAP THE JUGGERNAUT AGAIN!

THE HULK WEAKENED THE WALL MORE THAN I FIGURED! THAT POWERHOUSE IS ACTUALLY BUSTING OUT!
WHOOM!
WHOOM!
WE'VE GOT TO TRY THE TRANSPORTER AGAIN!

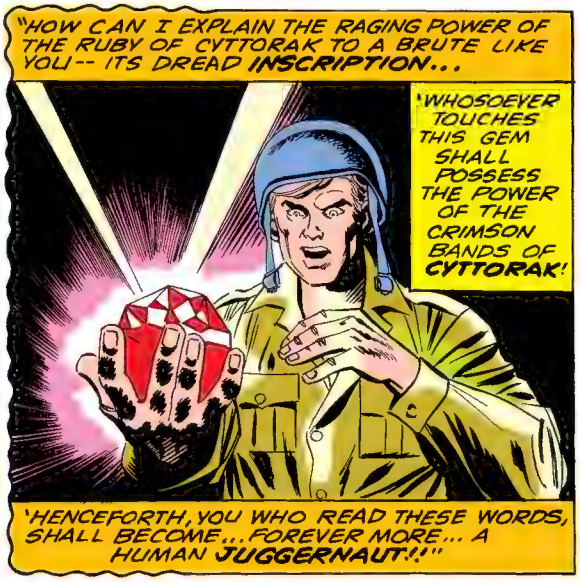

ZZZZPPPPTTT!

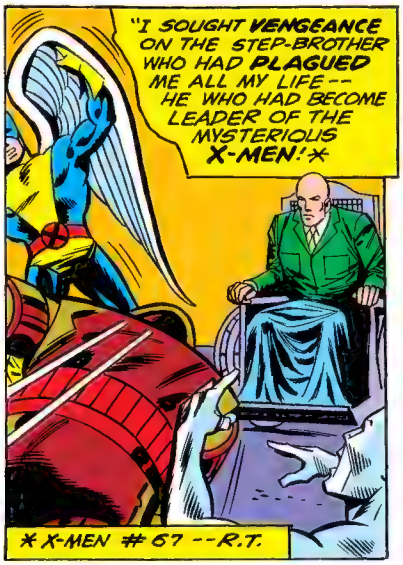
FEED BACK!
TZZZRRAKK!


ATTENTION ALL FORCES! THIS IS A DOUBLE RED ALERT EMERGENCY! ACTIVATE ALL COMBAT POSITIONS!
WE'RE NOT YET SURE WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE--


TROUBLE, COLONEL?
THE HULK! I'VE HEARD OF YOU! BUT WE CAN TALK LATER--AFTER WE ESCAPE FROM THIS PITIFUL CELL--
--TOGETHER!
TROUBLE, COLONEL? IN SPADES, BABY!

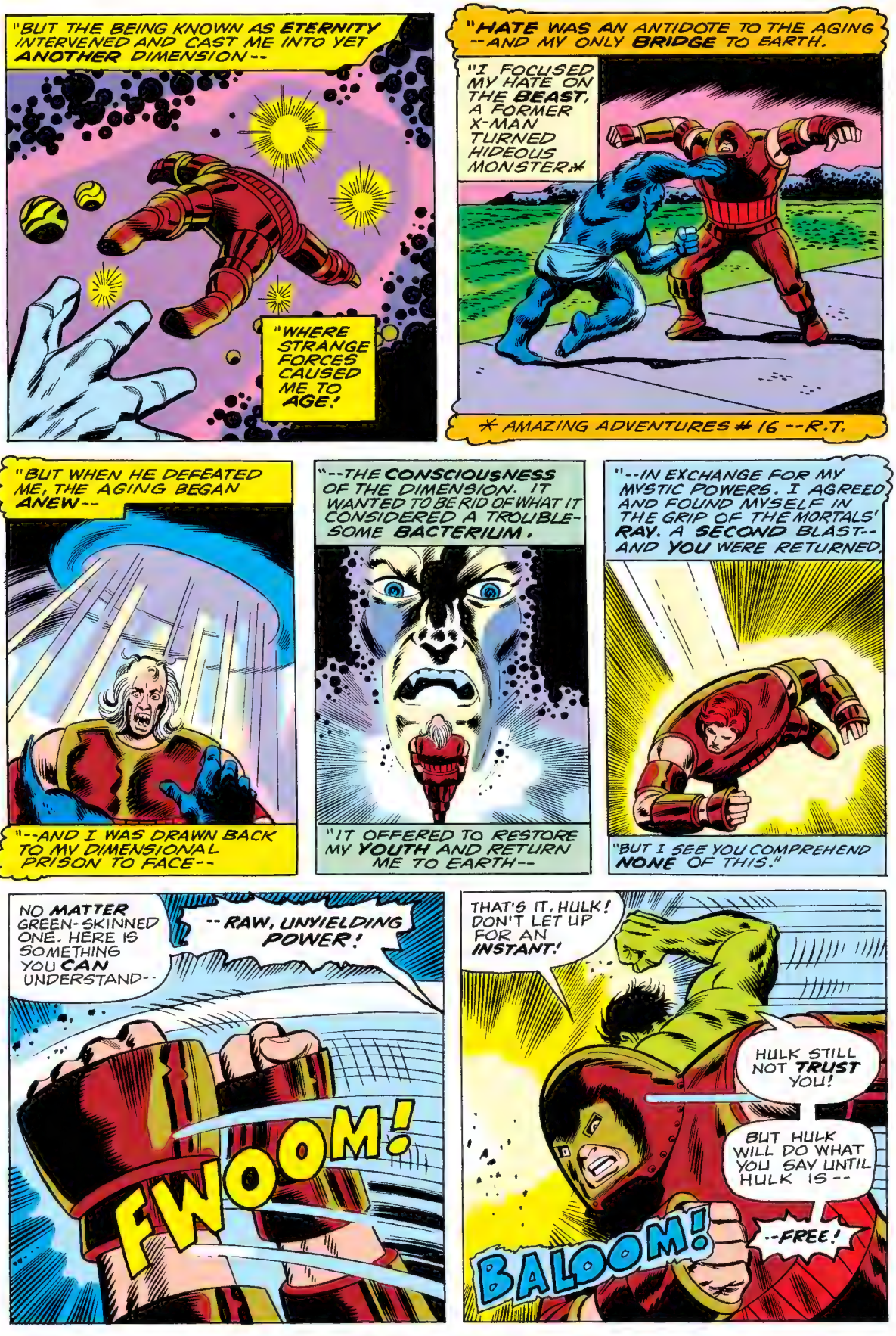
HULK WANT TO BE FREE, TOO--
--BUT HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE--
--DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE SHOULD TRUST YOU!


"HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THE RAGING POWER OF THE RUBY OF CYTTORAK TO A BRUTE LIKE YOU-- ITS DREAD INSCRIPTION...
'WHOSOEVER TOUCHES THIS GEM SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!
'HENCEFORTH, YOU WHO READ THESE WORDS, SHALL BECOME... FOREVER MORE... A HUMAN JUGGERNAUT!!'"


"I SOUGHT VENGEANCE ON THE STEP-BROTHER WHO HAD PLAGUED ME ALL MY LIFE-- HE WHO HAD BECOME LEADER OF THE MYSTERIOUS X-MEN!*
* X-MEN #67 --R.T.

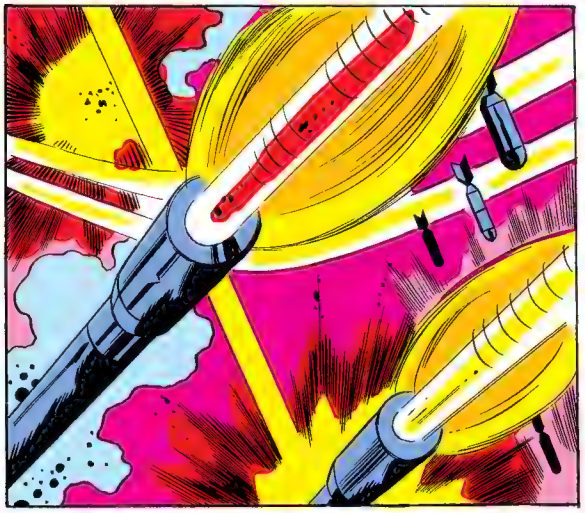
"THE X-MEN TRAPPED ME IN THE CRIMSON COSMOS OF CYTTORAK AND THOUGHT ME DEFEATED FOREVER!*
* X-MEN #81 --R.T.

"HOW COULD THEY KNOW I GAINED MYSTIC POWERS IN THE CRIMSON COSMOS-- POWERS THAT ENABLED ME TO BATTLE DOCTOR STRANGE!*
* DR. STRANGE #182 --R.T.


"BUT THE BEING KNOWN AS ETERNITY INTERVENED AND CAST ME INTO YET ANOTHER DIMENSION--
"WHERE STRANGE FORCES CAUSED ME TO AGE!
"HATE WAS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE AGING --AND MY ONLY BRIDGE TO EARTH.
"I FOCUSED MY HATE ON THE BEAST, A FORMER X-MAN TURNED HIDEOUS MONSTER.*
* AMAZING ADVENTURES # 16 --R.T.
"BUT WHEN HE DEFEATED ME, THE AGING BEGAN ANEW--
"--AND I WAS DRAWN BACK TO MY DIMENSIONAL PRISON TO FACE--
"--THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE DIMENSION. IT WANTED TO BE RID OF WHAT IT CONSIDERED A TROUBLE-SOME BACTERIUM.
"IT OFFERED TO RESTORE MY YOUTH AND RETURN ME TO EARTH--
"--IN EXCHANGE FOR MY MYSTIC POWERS. I AGREED AND FOUND MYSELF IN THE GRIP OF THE MORTALS' RAY. A SECOND BLAST-- AND YOU WERE RETURNED.
"BUT I SEE YOU COMPREHEND NONE OF THIS."
NO MATTER GREEN-SKINNED ONE. HERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN UNDERSTAND--
--RAW, UNYIELDING POWER!
FWOOM!
THAT'S IT, HULK! DON'T LET UP FOR AN INSTANT!
HULK STILL NOT TRUST YOU!
BUT HULK WILL DO WHAT YOU SAY UNTIL HULK IS--
--FREE!
BALOOM!

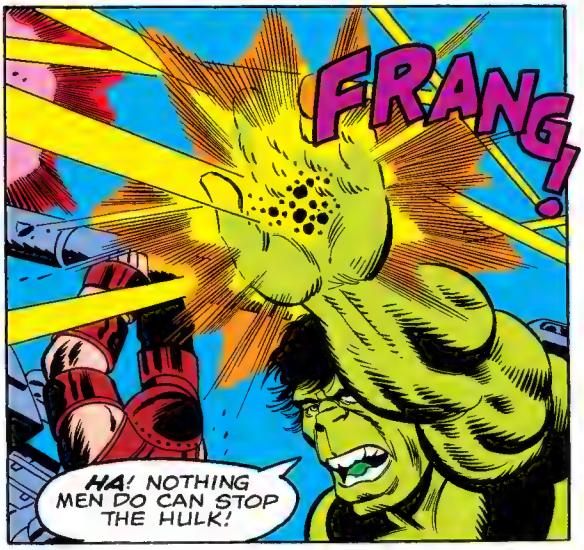
DEJA VU: THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.
WITNESS: COL. JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER AS HE WATCHES THE HULK AND THE JUGGERNAUT LAY WASTE TO A HEAP OF TAX DOLLARS--
--AS DID THE ABOMINATION AND THE RHINO MERE DAYS AGO! *
COME ON, YOU MEN! POUR EVERY-THING YOU'VE GOT AT THOSE TWIN TERRORS!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST SOLDIERS THERE ARE!
START PROVING IT!
A DETERMINED MAN, THIS ARMBRUSTER--
*LAST ISSUE, MARVEL-TIME --R.T.

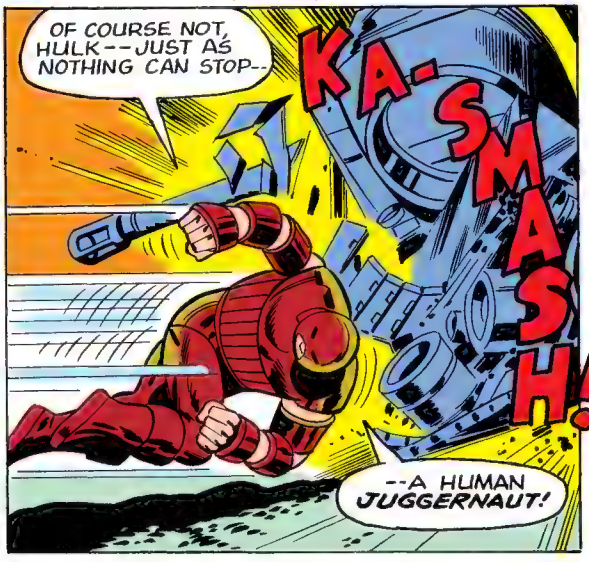
--DETERMINED NOT TO MEET DEFEAT **AGAIN**--



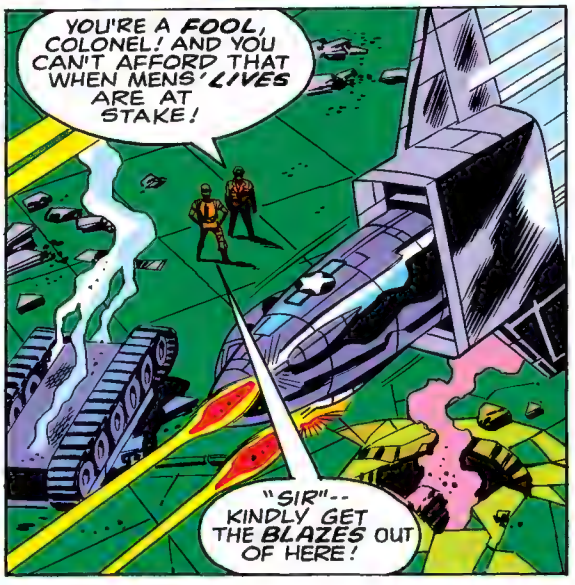
--DETERMINED THAT ORDINARY HUMAN **COURAGE** SHALL OVERCOME EVEN THE MOST **SUPERHUMAN** POWER.

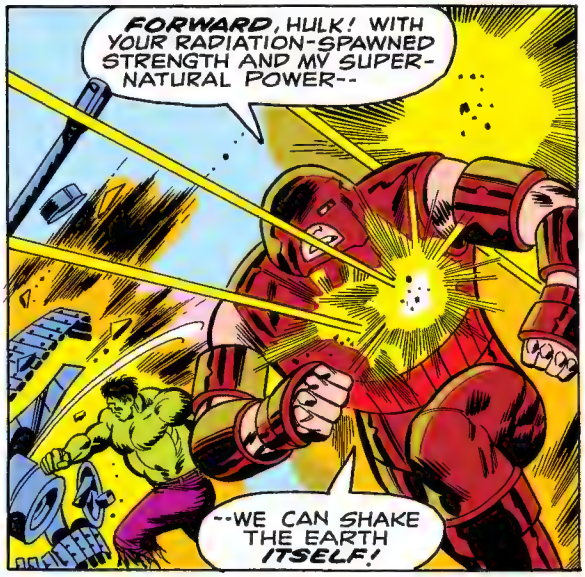
AND PERHAPS **THAT** EXPLAINS A LOT.





DON'T GIVE ME THAT BULL, COLONEL. YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE! HAVE YOU SENT FOR REINFORCEMENTS?
THE HULKBUSTERS CAN HANDLE THIS ALONE!

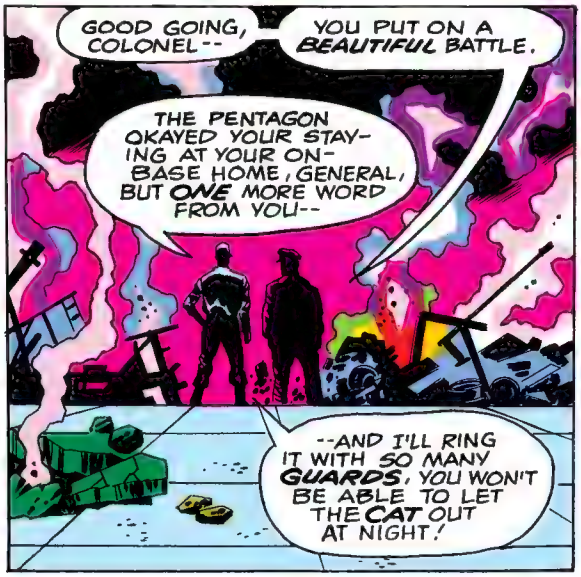


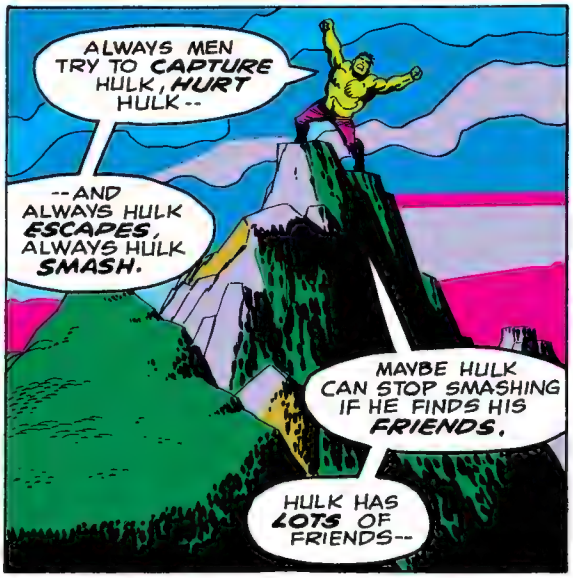

FORWARD, HULK! WITH YOUR RADIATION-SPAWNED STRENGTH AND MY SUPER-NATURAL POWER--
--WE CAN SHAKE THE EARTH ITSELF!

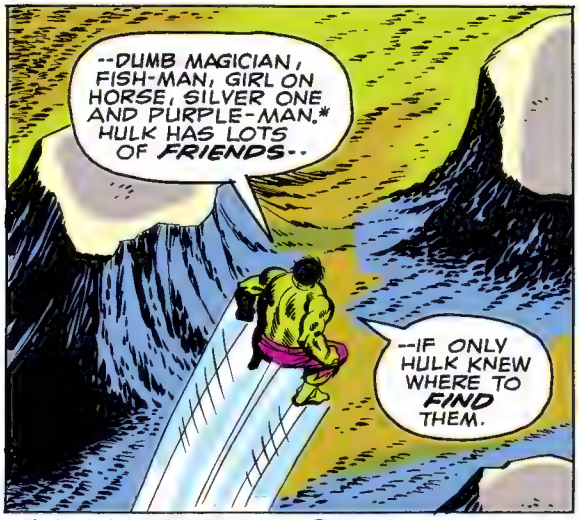
SIR! THE JUGGERNAUT HAS BROKEN THROUGH ALL OUR LINES HE'S HEADING FOR THE MAIN HIGHWAY!
AND THE HULK IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

HULK NOT WANT TO SHAKE ANYTHING!
HULK JUST WANT TO GET AWAY FROM STUPID MEN AND THEIR STUPID MACHINES!

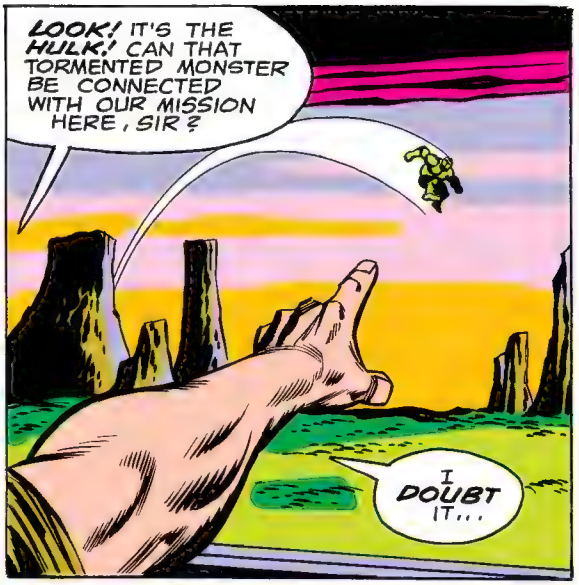
AND HULK WILL GET AWAY FROM ARMY--
--UNLESS STUPID SOLDIERS LEARN HOW TO FLY!
HULK DOESN'T THINK MEN WILL EVER LEARN HOW TO FLY!

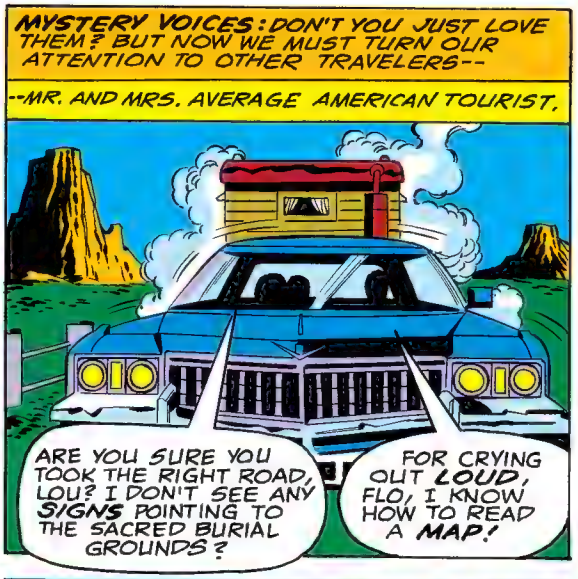

GOOD GOING, COLONEL--
YOU PUT ON A BEAUTIFUL BATTLE.
THE PENTAGON OKAYED YOUR STAYING AT YOUR ON-BASE HOME, GENERAL, BUT ONE MORE WORD FROM YOU--
--AND I'LL RING IT WITH SO MANY GUARDS, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LET THE CAT OUT AT NIGHT!

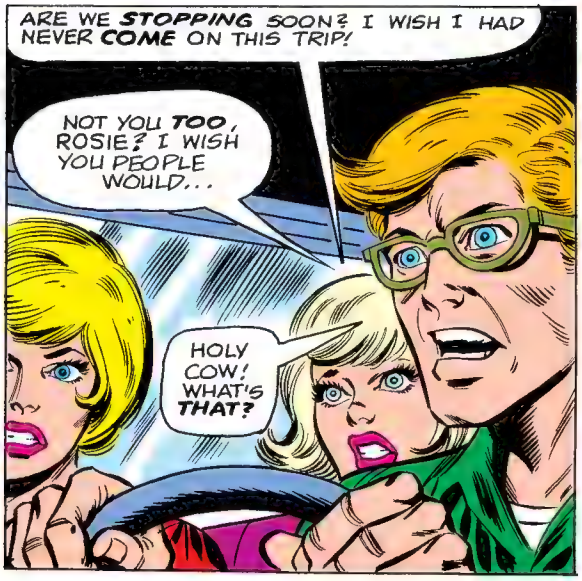

ALWAYS MEN TRY TO CAPTURE HULK, HURT HULK--
--AND ALWAYS HULK ESCAPES, ALWAYS HULK SMASH.
MAYBE HULK CAN STOP SMASHING IF HE FINDS HIS FRIENDS.
HULK HAS LOTS OF FRIENDS--

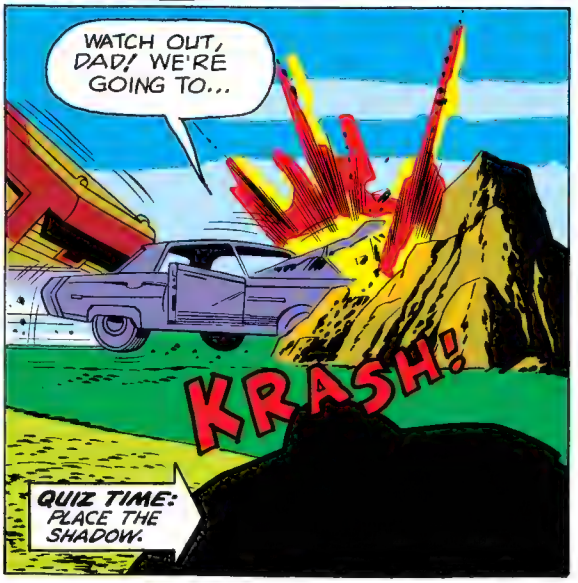

--DUMB MAGICIAN, FISH-MAN, GIRL ON HORSE, SILVER ONE AND PURPLE-MAN.* HULK HAS LOTS OF FRIENDS--
--IF ONLY HULK KNEW WHERE TO FIND THEM.

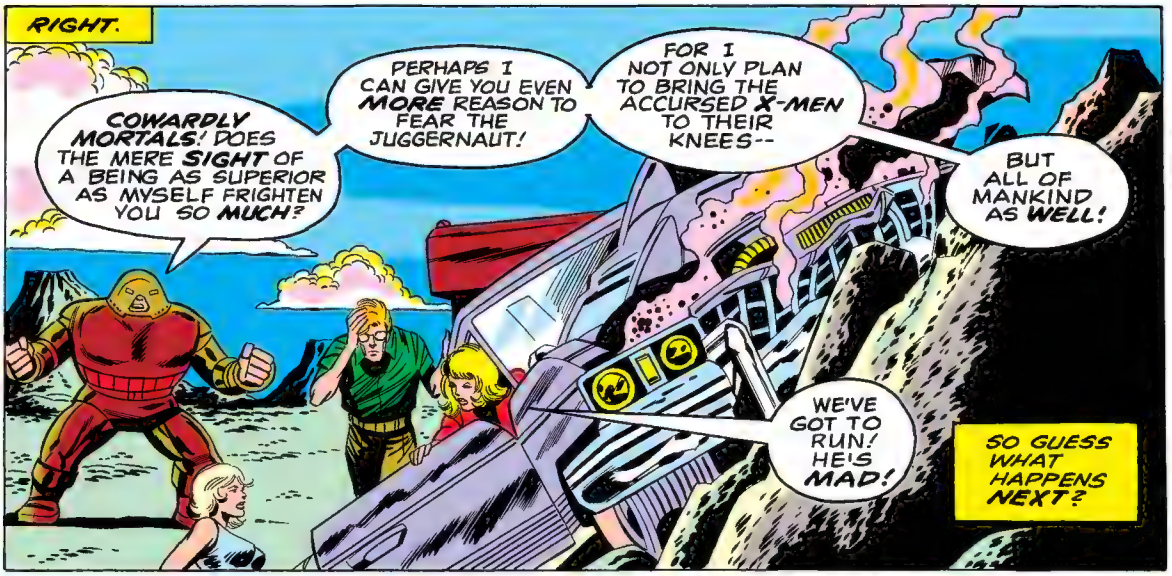
*A.K.A THE DYNAMIC **DEFENDERS**, ON VIEW IN THEIR OWN ALMOST-MONTHLY MAG -- R.T.

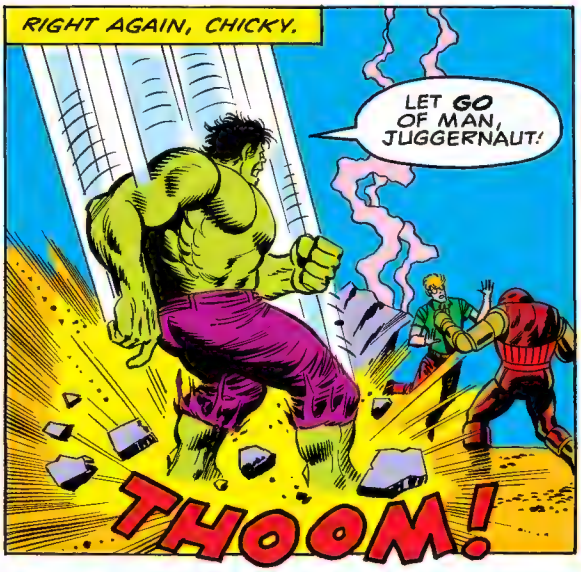



MYSTERY VOICES: DON'T YOU JUST LOVE THEM? BUT NOW WE MUST TURN OUR ATTENTION TO OTHER TRAVELERS--
--MR. AND MRS. AVERAGE AMERICAN TOURIST,
ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK THE RIGHT ROAD, LOU? I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS POINTING TO THE SACRED BURIAL GROUNDS?
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, FLO, I KNOW HOW TO READ A MAP!






RIGHT.
COWARDLY MORTALS! DOES THE MERE SIGHT OF A BEING AS SUPERIOR AS MYSELF FRIGHTEN YOU SO MUCH?
PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU EVEN MORE REASON TO FEAR THE JUGGERNAUT!
FOR I NOT ONLY PLAN TO BRING THE ACCURSED X-MEN TO THEIR KNEES--
BUT ALL OF MANKIND AS WELL!
WE'VE GOT TO RUN! HE'S MAD!
SO GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?


RIGHT AGAIN, CHICKY.
LET GO OF MAN, JUGGERNAUT!
THOOM!

HULK NOT MIND YOU SMASHING SOLDIERS, BUT WHEN HULK SAW YOU TRY TO SMASH THIS SKINNY MAN--
--HULK NOT THINK THAT RIGHT!
SO YOU SHOW CONCERN OVER THIS INSIGNIFICANT HUMAN, DO YOU, HULK?

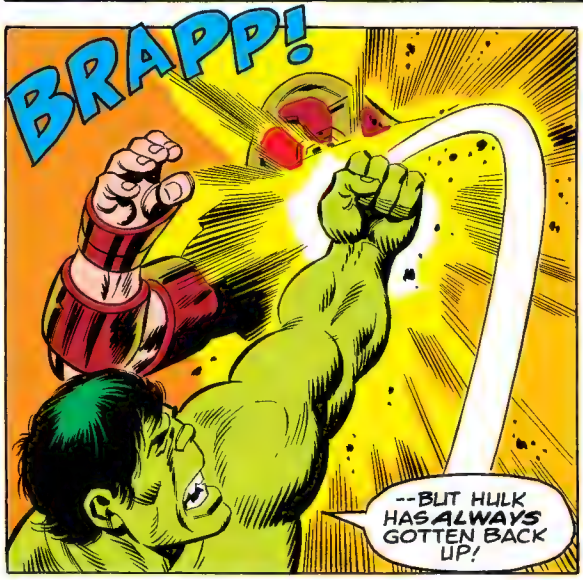
THEN TAKE HIM!

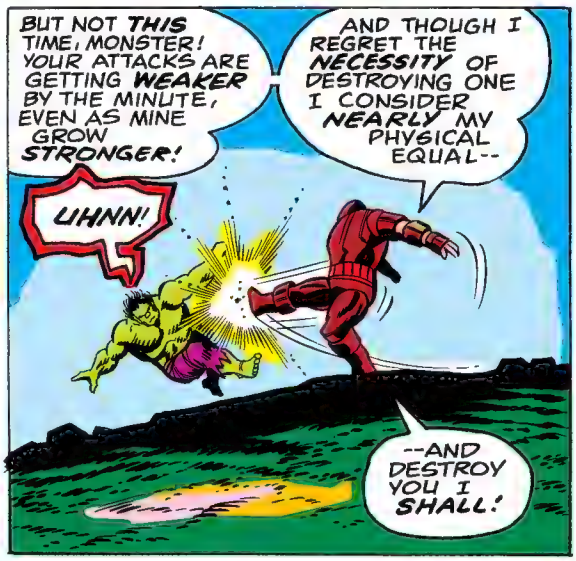
THERE ARE VICTIMS APLENTY HERE!
NOOOOOO!

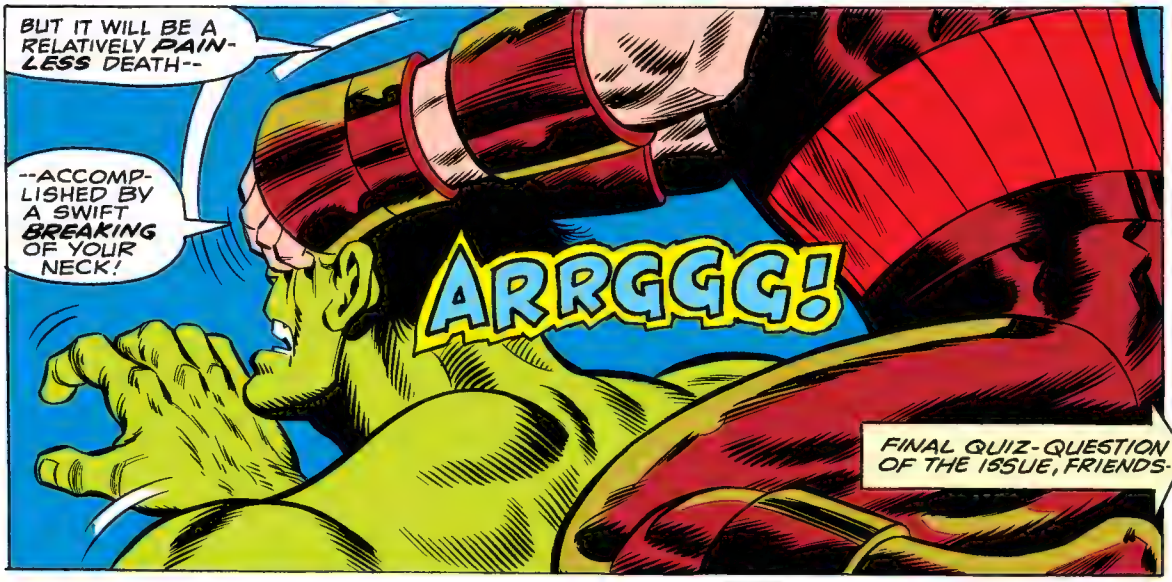
JUGGERNAUT AS STUPID AS SOLDIERS --NOT KNOW THAT WHEN HULK SAY HE SHOULD LEAVE PEOPLE ALONE--
BRAMM!
--HULK MEANS IT!
YOU GREEN-SKINNED CRETIN! YOU SERIOUSLY SEEK TO CHALLENGE HE WHO HOLDS THE SACRED POWER OF CYTTORAK?
ALL RIGHT THEN--
--HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
WHOMP!
SLAM!
YOU'VE FOUGHT YOUR LAST BATTLE, HULK! NO ONE CAN WITHSTAND THE PUNISHMENT I CAN HAND OUT!
KRACK!
NO ONE!
SPLAMM!
HULK TIRED--

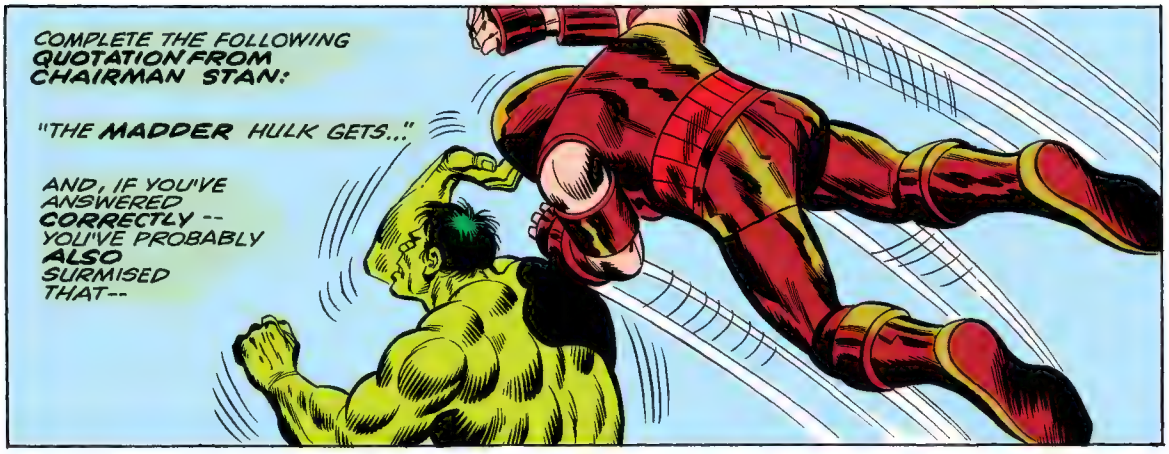
--TIRED OF HAVING TO FIGHT ALL THE TIME --TIRED OF BEING CALLED NAMES--
CLOMP! CLOMP!
--TIRED OF BEING HIT AND SHOT AT ALL THE TIME--
--TIRED OF BEING THREATENED ALL THE TIME...
BUT MOST OF ALL--
--HULK TIRED OF YOU!
R-R-RIPPP!
WHERE DID JUGGER-NAUT GO? HULK COULD NOT HAVE THROWN HIM THAT FAR?
MAYBE JUGGERNAUT GET TIRED OF FIGHTING, TOO. MAYBE HE GO AWAY-- MAYBE HE NOT BOTHER HULK ANY MORE.
THE POOR FOOL ACTUALLY BELIEVES HIS ATTACK DEFEATED ME-- HE REALLY DOES!
BUT NO PHYSICAL POWER CAN STOP THE JUGGERNAUT--
--AND MY HELMET PROTECTS ME FROM MENTAL ATTACKS!
SO, FRIEND HULK, YOU ARE MOST ASSUREDLY--
--DOOMED!
KLO MP!

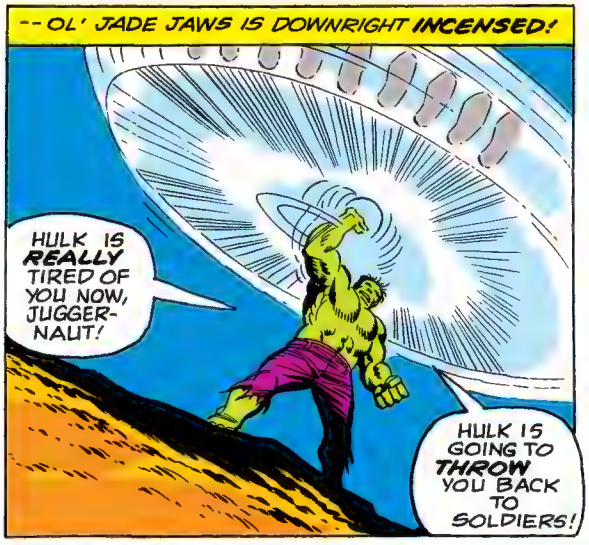
WHAT A COSMIC PITY THAT YOU CHOSE TO BATTLE ME, HULK!
TOGETHER -- WE COULD HAVE STRODE ACROSS THIS PLANET LIKE GODS -- THE PERFECT TEAMING OF SCIENCE AND SORCERY!
ALONE -- I MUST BE THE MERCILESS CONQUEROR -- FORCED TO SMASH THE ONE ALLY I WOULD HAVE GLADLY TAKEN!
HULK HAS BEEN KNOCKED DOWN BEFORE, JUGGERNAUT--

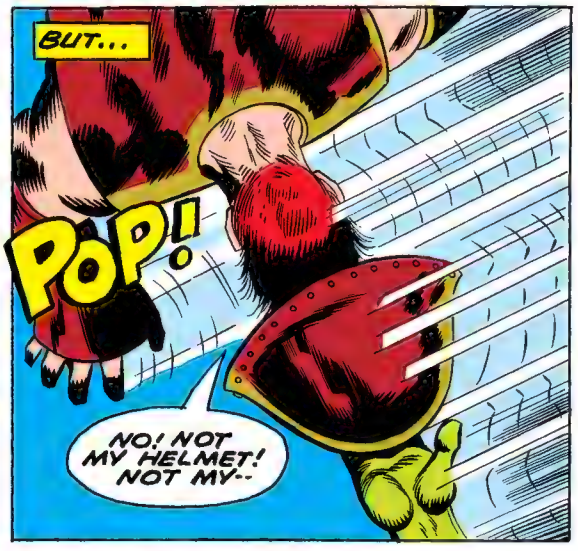

BRAPP!
--BUT HULK HAS ALWAYS GOTTEN BACK UP!

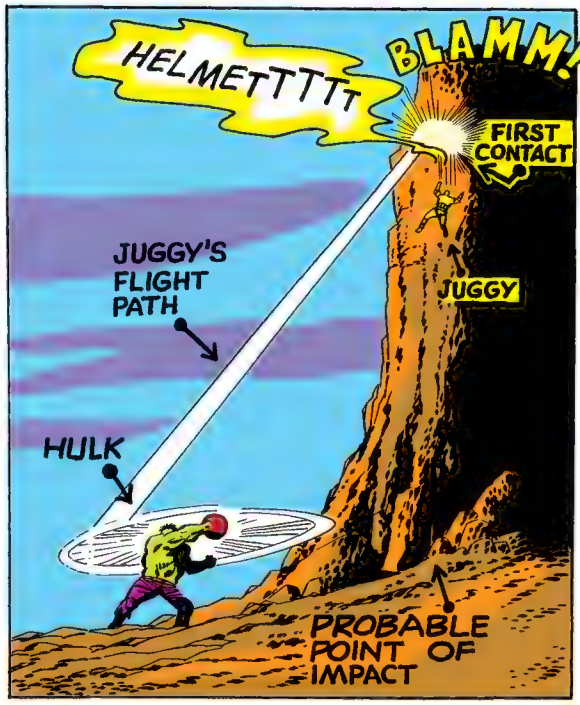

BUT NOT THIS TIME, MONSTER! YOUR ATTACKS ARE GETTING WEAKER BY THE MINUTE, EVEN AS MINE GROW STRONGER!
AND THOUGH I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF DESTROYING ONE I CONSIDER NEARLY MY PHYSICAL EQUAL--
UHNN!
--AND DESTROY YOU I SHALL!


BUT IT WILL BE A RELATIVELY PAIN-LESS DEATH--
--ACCOMP-LISHED BY A SWIFT BREAKING OF YOUR NECK!
ARRGGG!
FINAL QUIZ-QUESTION OF THE ISSUE, FRIENDS--


COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN STAN:
"THE MADDER HULK GETS..."
AND, IF YOU'VE ANSWERED CORRECTLY -- YOU'VE PROBABLY ALSO SURMISED THAT--


-- OL' JADE JAWS IS DOWNRIGHT INCENSED!
HULK IS REALLY TIRED OF YOU NOW, JUGGER-NAUT!
HULK IS GOING TO THROW YOU BACK TO SOLDIERS!


BUT...
POP!
NO! NOT MY HELMET! NOT MY--


HELMETTTTT
BLAMM!
FIRST CONTACT
JUGGY
JUGGY'S FLIGHT PATH
HULK
PROBABLE POINT OF IMPACT

CARROOMMM!
HULK NOT SURE--
--BUT HULK THINK FIGHT IS OVER!

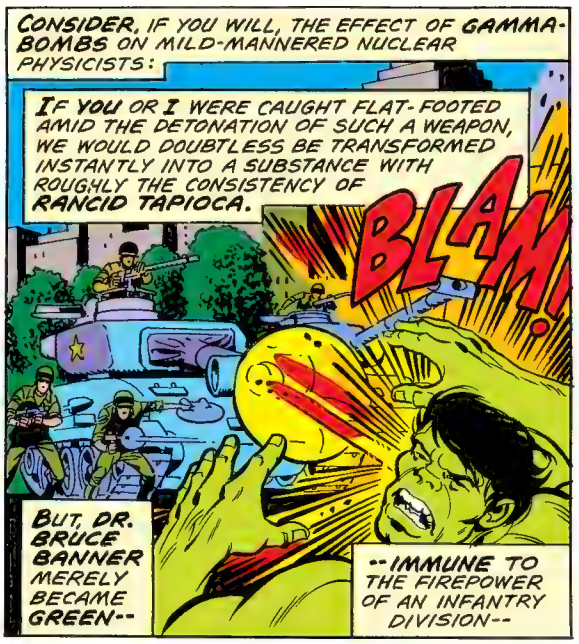
THAT'S RIGHT, HULK! TURN YOUR BACK ON THE JUGGERNAUT!
I COULDN'T EXPECT A STUPID BRUTE LIKE YOURSELF TO REALIZE--
--YOU CAN'T STOP A JUGGERNAUT!
CAIN!
WHAT?
THE X-MEN!
NOT ALL OF THE X-MEN, CAIN. BUT ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH YOU!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW!
ON THE CONTRARY, I FEEL CYCLOPS' POWER-BEAM, COUPLED WITH MINE AND MARVEL GIRL'S MENTAL BLASTS--
SPLAMM!
--SHOULD PROVE QUITE SUFFICIENT!
UHHH!
WHAT ABOUT THE HULK, SIR? I KNOW HE BATTLED THE JUGGERNAUT, BUT CAN WE LET HIM GO FREE?
HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR OWN MISSION HERE, SCOTT--
-- WHICH IS TO RECRUIT HAVOK AND LORNA DANE TO HELP US FIND THE MISSING ANGEL.*
BESIDES--
--CAN ANY MAN BE TRULY FREE WHEN THE FATES HAVE CAST HIM AS THE MOST TORMENTED CREATURE EVER TO WALK THE EARTH?
-FIN-

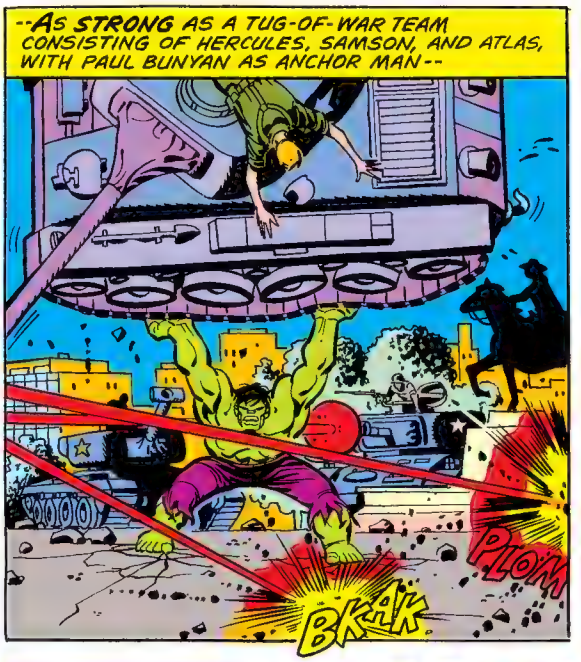
*AVENGERS #111--- R.T.

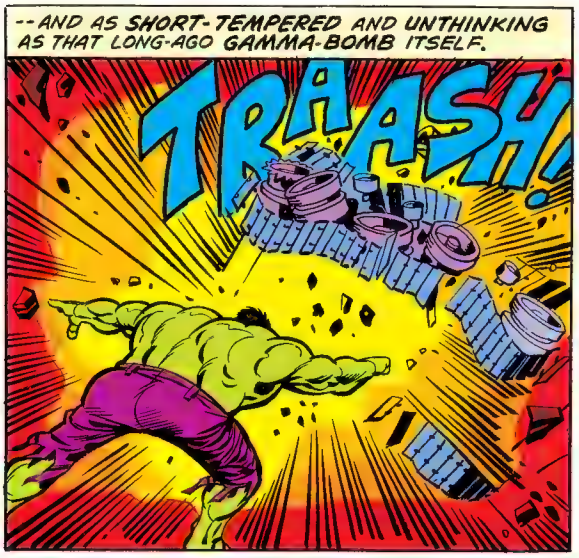
NEXT ISSUE: DEADLIER THAN AN ATOM BOMB! WATCH OUT, WORLD--HERE COMES THE COBALT MAN! 'NUFF SAID?

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 173 MAR 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
THEN YOU DIE, HULK! THEN YOU DIE!
YOUR HAND! IT BURNS--! BUT HULK WON'T LET GO-- NO MATTER WHAT!!
THE SECOND COMING OF THE
COBALT MAN!
TRIMPE

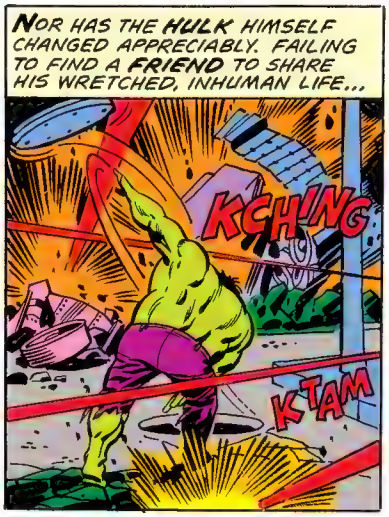
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM
ROY THOMAS WRITER/EDITOR * HERB TRIMPE ARTIST * JEAN IZZO LETTERER * PETRA GOLDBERG COLORIST * BASED ON THE HERO CREATED BY--NOPE! THAT'S THE CREDIT LINE FOR CONAN!
ANYBODY OUT THERE REMEMBER... THE COBALT MAN?
ONE WAY
INSTANT NOSTALGIA DEPT.:
WITH THIS ISSUE, RASCALLY ROY ONCE MORE PICKS UP THE SCRIPTING REINS OF OUR GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH. IT'S BEEN NIGH ON THREE YEARS SINCE HE AND HAPPIE HERBIE LAST JOINED FORCES TO CHRONICLE THE HULK'S RAMPAGES--THREE YEARS SINCE THEY LITTERED THE STREETS OF NEW YORK WITH DISASTER AND DEBRIS! AND NOW--
AGAIN MEN IN BLUE HATS TRY TO CAPTURE HULK!
BUT THEY'LL NEVER PUT HULK IN CHAINS AGAIN!
NEVER!!
SMALL ARMS FIRE WON'T STOP HIM! BRING UP THE TANKS!
WHAT THAT? YOU SAY IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THINGS HAVE CHANGED MUCH? WHY, LOOK AGAIN, NEIGHBOR. THIS TIME, IT'S SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, THAT'S UNDERGOING OUR HARASSED HERO'S OWN UNIQUE URBAN RENEWAL PROGRAM--!

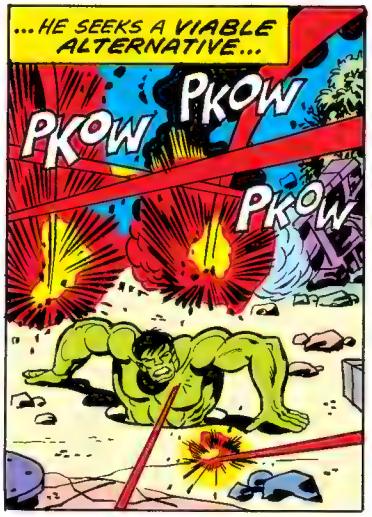

CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE EFFECT OF GAMMA-BOMBS ON MILD-MANNERED NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS:
IF YOU OR I WERE CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED AMID THE DETONATION OF SUCH A WEAPON, WE WOULD DOUBTLESS BE TRANSFORMED INSTANTLY INTO A SUBSTANCE WITH ROUGHLY THE CONSISTENCY OF RANCID TAPIOCA.
BLAM!
BUT, DR. BRUCE BANNER MERELY BECAME GREEN--
--IMMUNE TO THE FIREPOWER OF AN INFANTRY DIVISION--


--AS STRONG AS A TUG-OF-WAR TEAM CONSISTING OF HERCULES, SAMSON, AND ATLAS, WITH PAUL BUNYAN AS ANCHOR MAN--
PLOW
BKAK

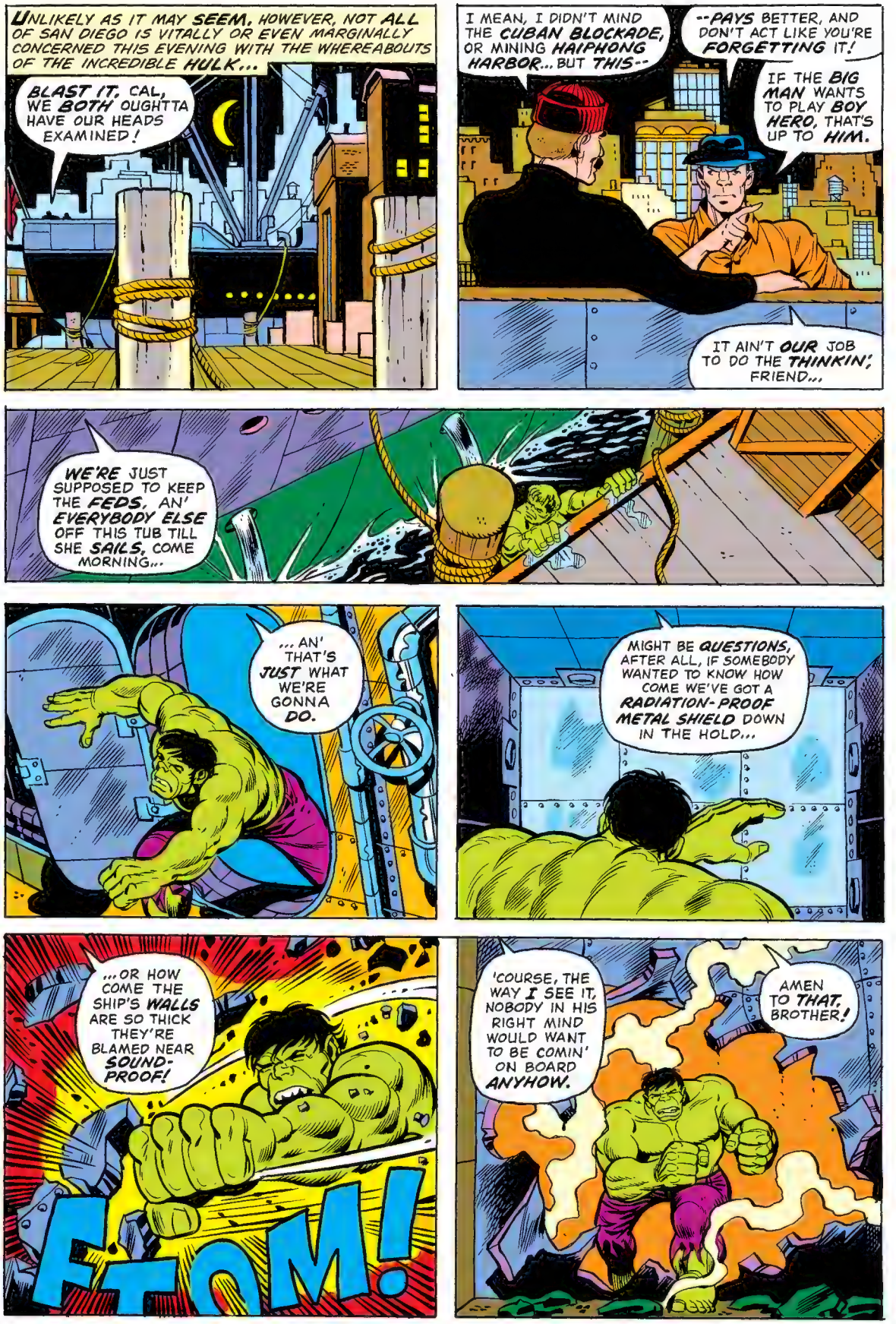

--AND AS SHORT-TEMPERED AND UNTHINKING AS THAT LONG-AGO GAMMA-BOMB ITSELF.
TRASH!

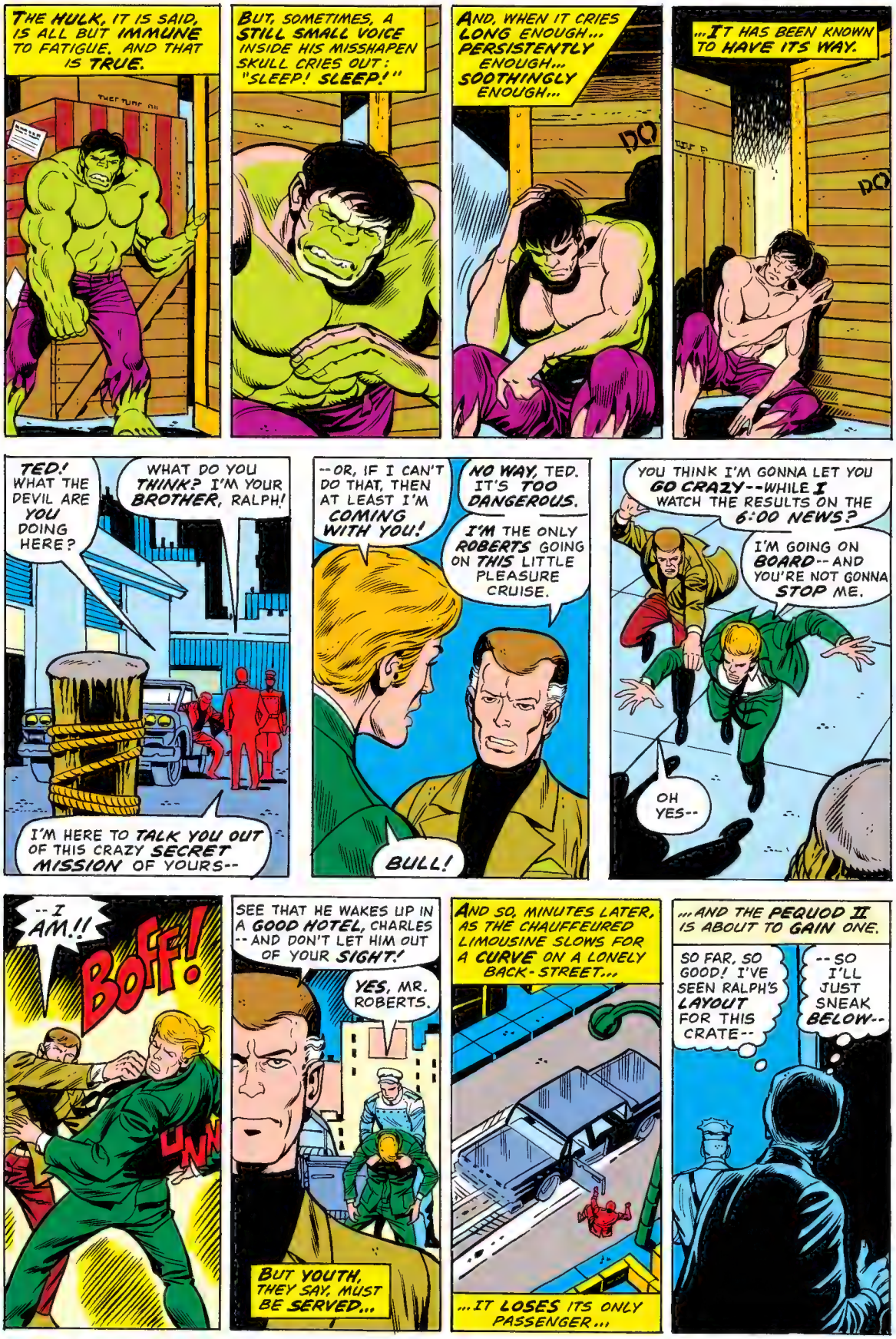
BUT, WHEN ORDERS FAIL TO ACHIEVE A STATED OBJECTIVE, THE MILITARY HAVE ANOTHER SOLUTION:
SOMETHING'S GOT TO HURT THAT MONSTER!
KEEP FIRING!
THEY ISSUE MORE ORDERS.

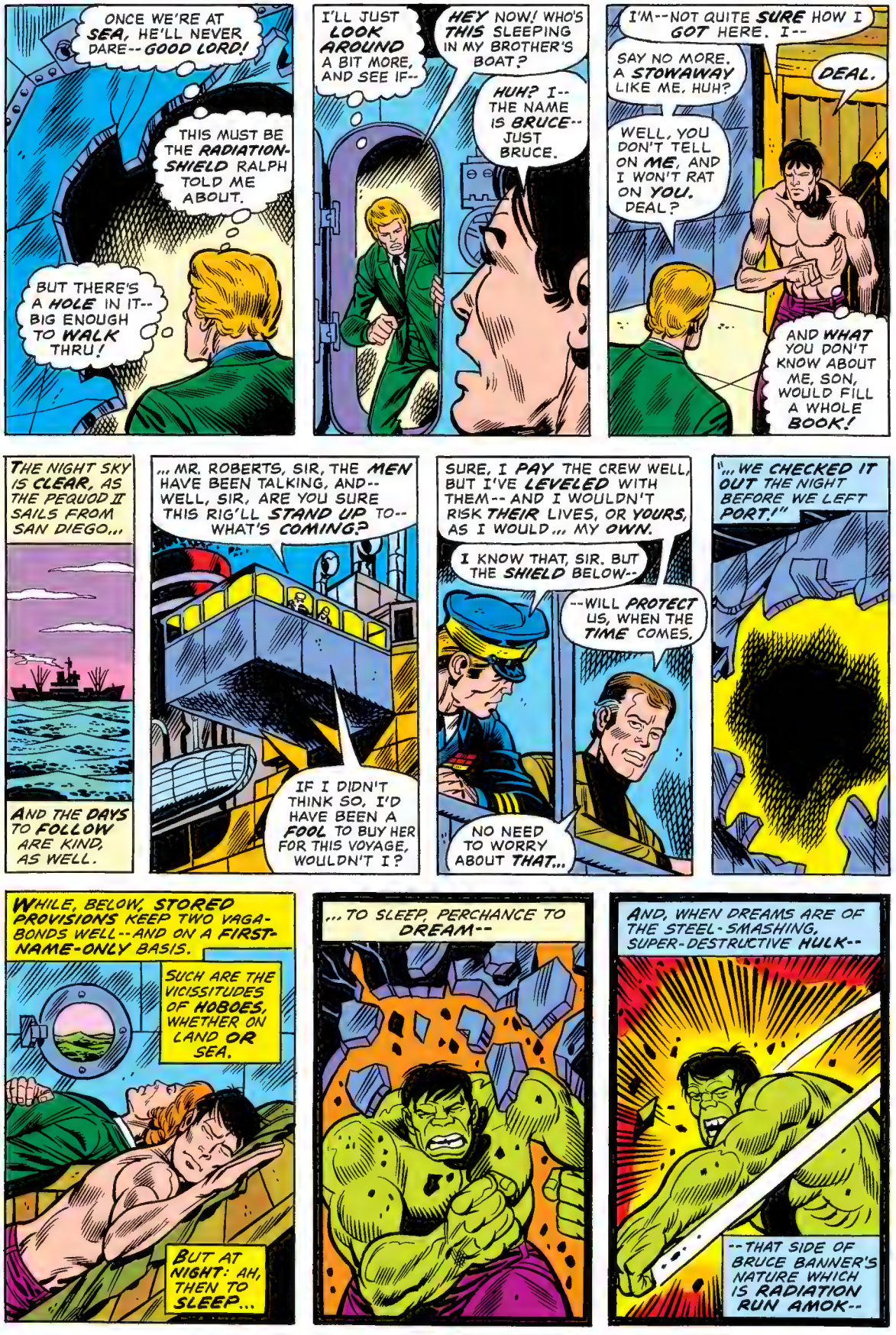

NOR HAS THE HULK HIMSELF CHANGED APPRECIABLY. FAILING TO FIND A FRIEND TO SHARE HIS WRETCHED, INHUMAN LIFE...
KCHING
KTAM


...HE SEEKS A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE...
PKOW
PKOW
PKOW

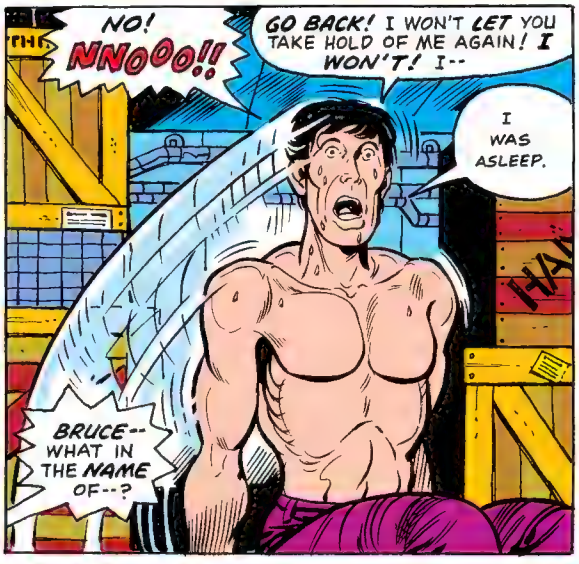
...IN BEING LEFT ALONE.

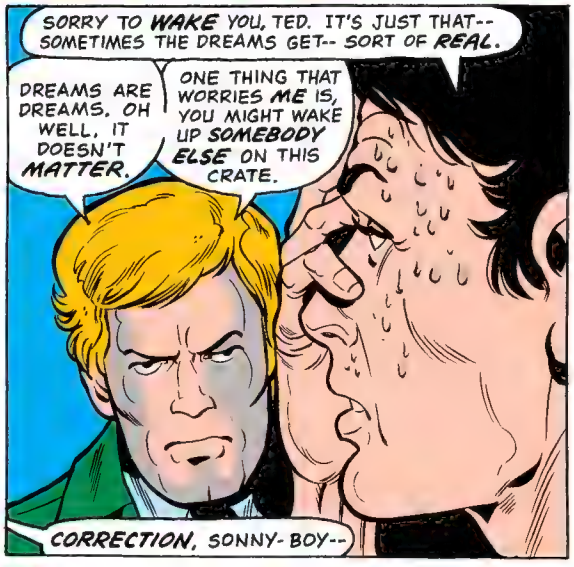

UNLIKELY AS IT MAY SEEM, HOWEVER, NOT ALL OF SAN DIEGO IS VITALLY OR EVEN MARGINALLY CONCERNED THIS EVENING WITH THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK...
BLAST IT, CAL, WE BOTH OUGHTTA HAVE OUR HEADS EXAMINED!
I MEAN, I DIDN'T MIND THE CUBAN BLOCKADE, OR MINING HAIPHONG HARBOR... BUT THIS--
--PAYS BETTER, AND DON'T ACT LIKE YOU'RE FORGETTING IT!
IF THE BIG MAN WANTS TO PLAY BOY HERO, THAT'S UP TO HIM.
IT AIN'T OUR JOB TO DO THE THINKIN', FRIEND...
WE'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE FEDS, AN' EVERYBODY ELSE OFF THIS TUB TILL SHE SAILS, COME MORNING...
...AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO.
MIGHT BE QUESTIONS, AFTER ALL, IF SOMEBODY WANTED TO KNOW HOW COME WE'VE GOT A RADIATION-PROOF METAL SHIELD DOWN IN THE HOLD...
...OR HOW COME THE SHIP'S WALLS ARE SO THICK THEY'RE BLAMED NEAR SOUND-PROOF!
KA-BOOM!
'COURSE, THE WAY I SEE IT, NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD WANT TO BE COMIN' ON BOARD ANYHOW.
AMEN TO THAT, BROTHER!


THE HULK, IT IS SAID, IS ALL BUT IMMUNE TO FATIGUE. AND THAT IS TRUE.
BUT, SOMETIMES, A STILL SMALL VOICE INSIDE HIS MISSHAPEN SKULL CRIES OUT: "SLEEP! SLEEP!"
AND, WHEN IT CRIES LONG ENOUGH... PERSISTENTLY ENOUGH... SOOTHINGLY ENOUGH...
...IT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HAVE ITS WAY.
TED! WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M YOUR BROTHER, RALPH!
I'M HERE TO TALK YOU OUT OF THIS CRAZY SECRET MISSION OF YOURS--
--OR, IF I CAN'T DO THAT, THEN AT LEAST I'M COMING WITH YOU!
NO WAY, TED. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.
I'M THE ONLY ROBERTS GOING ON THIS LITTLE PLEASURE CRUISE.
BULL!
YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU GO CRAZY--WHILE I WATCH THE RESULTS ON THE 6:00 NEWS?
I'M GOING ON BOARD--AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA STOP ME.
OH YES--
--I AM!!
BOFF!
UNN
SEE THAT HE WAKES UP IN A GOOD HOTEL, CHARLES -- AND DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!
YES, MR. ROBERTS.
BUT YOUTH, THEY SAY, MUST BE SERVED...
AND SO, MINUTES LATER, AS THE CHAUFFEURED LIMOUSINE SLOWS FOR A CURVE ON A LONELY BACK-STREET...
...IT LOSES ITS ONLY PASSENGER...
...AND THE PEQUOD II IS ABOUT TO GAIN ONE.
SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'VE SEEN RALPH'S LAYOUT FOR THIS CRATE--
--SO I'LL JUST SNEAK BELOW--


ONCE WE'RE AT SEA, HE'LL NEVER DARE-- GOOD LORD!
THIS MUST BE THE RADIATION-SHIELD RALPH TOLD ME ABOUT.
BUT THERE'S A HOLE IN IT-- BIG ENOUGH TO WALK THRU!
I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND A BIT MORE, AND SEE IF--
HEY NOW! WHO'S THIS SLEEPING IN MY BROTHER'S BOAT?
HUH? I-- THE NAME IS BRUCE-- JUST BRUCE.
I'M--NOT QUITE SURE HOW I GOT HERE. I--
SAY NO MORE. A STOWAWAY LIKE ME, HUH?
DEAL.
WELL, YOU DON'T TELL ON ME, AND I WON'T RAT ON YOU. DEAL?
AND WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME, SON, WOULD FILL A WHOLE BOOK!
THE NIGHT SKY IS CLEAR, AS THE PEQUOD II SAILS FROM SAN DIEGO...
AND THE DAYS TO FOLLOW ARE KIND, AS WELL.
... MR. ROBERTS, SIR, THE MEN HAVE BEEN TALKING, AND-- WELL, SIR, ARE YOU SURE THIS RIG'LL STAND UP TO-- WHAT'S COMING?
IF I DIDN'T THINK SO, I'D HAVE BEEN A FOOL TO BUY HER FOR THIS VOYAGE, WOULDN'T I?
SURE, I PAY THE CREW WELL, BUT I'VE LEVELED WITH THEM-- AND I WOULDN'T RISK THEIR LIVES, OR YOURS, AS I WOULD ... MY OWN.
I KNOW THAT, SIR. BUT THE SHIELD BELOW--
--WILL PROTECT US, WHEN THE TIME COMES.
NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT...
"... WE CHECKED IT OUT THE NIGHT BEFORE WE LEFT PORT!"
WHILE, BELOW, STORED PROVISIONS KEEP TWO VAGABONDS WELL-- AND ON A FIRST-NAME-ONLY BASIS.
SUCH ARE THE VICISSITUDES OF HOBOES, WHETHER ON LAND OR SEA.
BUT AT NIGHT: AH, THEN TO SLEEP...
... TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM--
AND, WHEN DREAMS ARE OF THE STEEL-SMASHING, SUPER-DESTRUCTIVE HULK--
--THAT SIDE OF BRUCE BANNER'S NATURE WHICH IS RADIATION RUN AMOK--

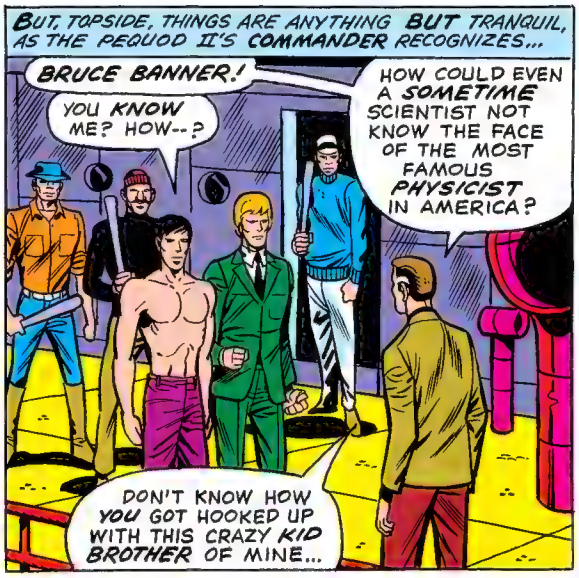
--THEN DREAMS FAST FADE AWAY--
-- AND THEIR PLACE IS TAKEN OVER BY--
--NIGHTMARE!


NO!
NNOOO!!
GO BACK! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE HOLD OF ME AGAIN! I WON'T! I--
I WAS ASLEEP.
HA!
BRUCE-- WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?

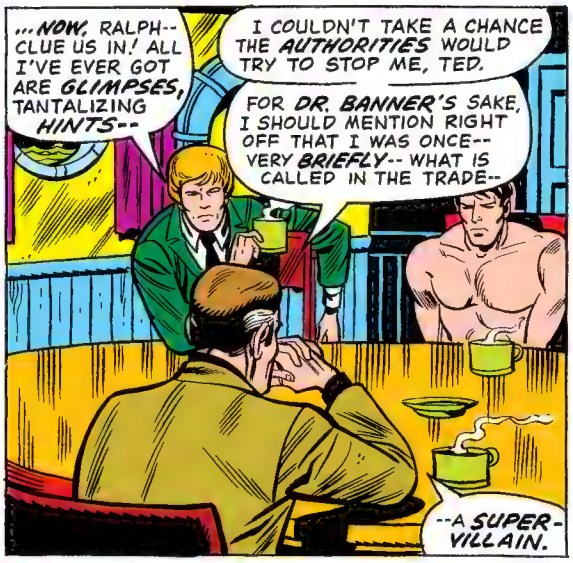

SORRY TO WAKE YOU, TED. IT'S JUST THAT-- SOMETIMES THE DREAMS GET-- SORT OF REAL.
DREAMS ARE DREAMS. OH WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER.
ONE THING THAT WORRIES ME IS, YOU MIGHT WAKE UP SOMEBODY ELSE ON THIS CRATE.
CORRECTION, SONNY-BOY--

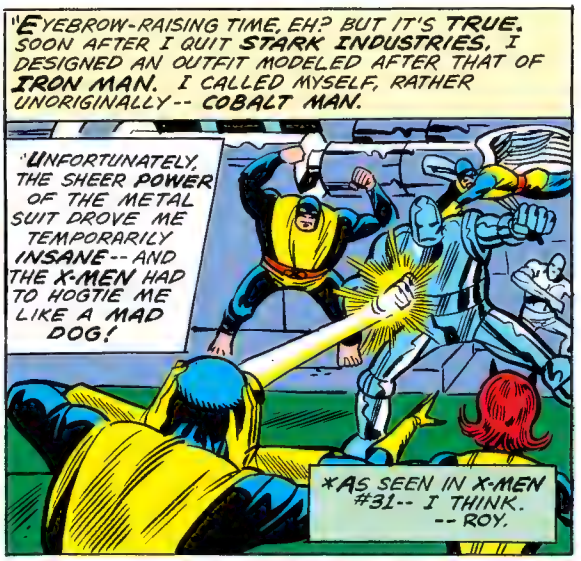
-- HE ALREADY DID!
THE BOYS AN' ME, WE DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO STOWAWAYS-- 'SPECIALLY THOSE THAT SPOIL OUR BEAUTY SLEEP.
UH OH. LOOKS LIKE I BLEW IT, KID.
FORGET IT. LOOK, YOU GUYS-- I'M RALPH ROBERTS' BROTHER, SO--

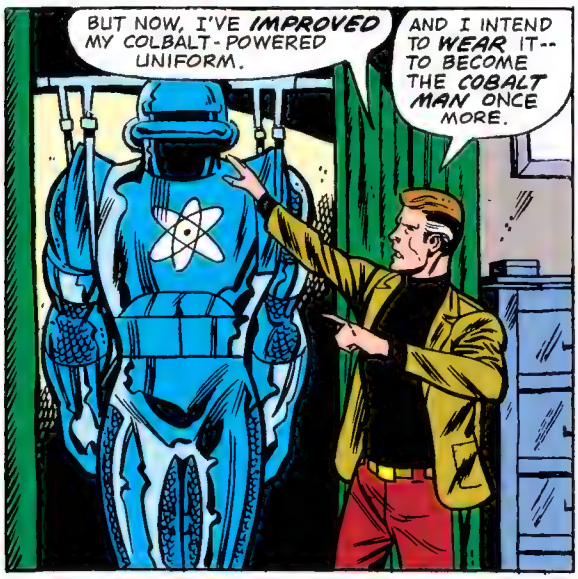
SURE, SURE-- AND I'M MOBY DICK! GO ON, UP WITH YOU!
AN' IF YOU AIN'T WHO YOU SAY YOU ARE, THE FISHES MIGHT JUST'VE FOUND A COUPLE OF NEW FRIENDS.
BETTER THAT, SAILOR, THAN THAT YOU SHOVE ME LIKE YOU DID TED--
--AND FIND YOURSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN-DESTROYING HULK!
I'D BETTER GO ALONG QUIETLY.


BUT, TOPSIDE, THINGS ARE ANYTHING BUT TRANQUIL, AS THE PEQUOD II'S COMMANDER RECOGNIZES...
BRUCE BANNER!
YOU KNOW ME? HOW--?
HOW COULD EVEN A SOMETIME SCIENTIST NOT KNOW THE FACE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PHYSICIST IN AMERICA?
DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HOOKED UP WITH THIS CRAZY KID BROTHER OF MINE...

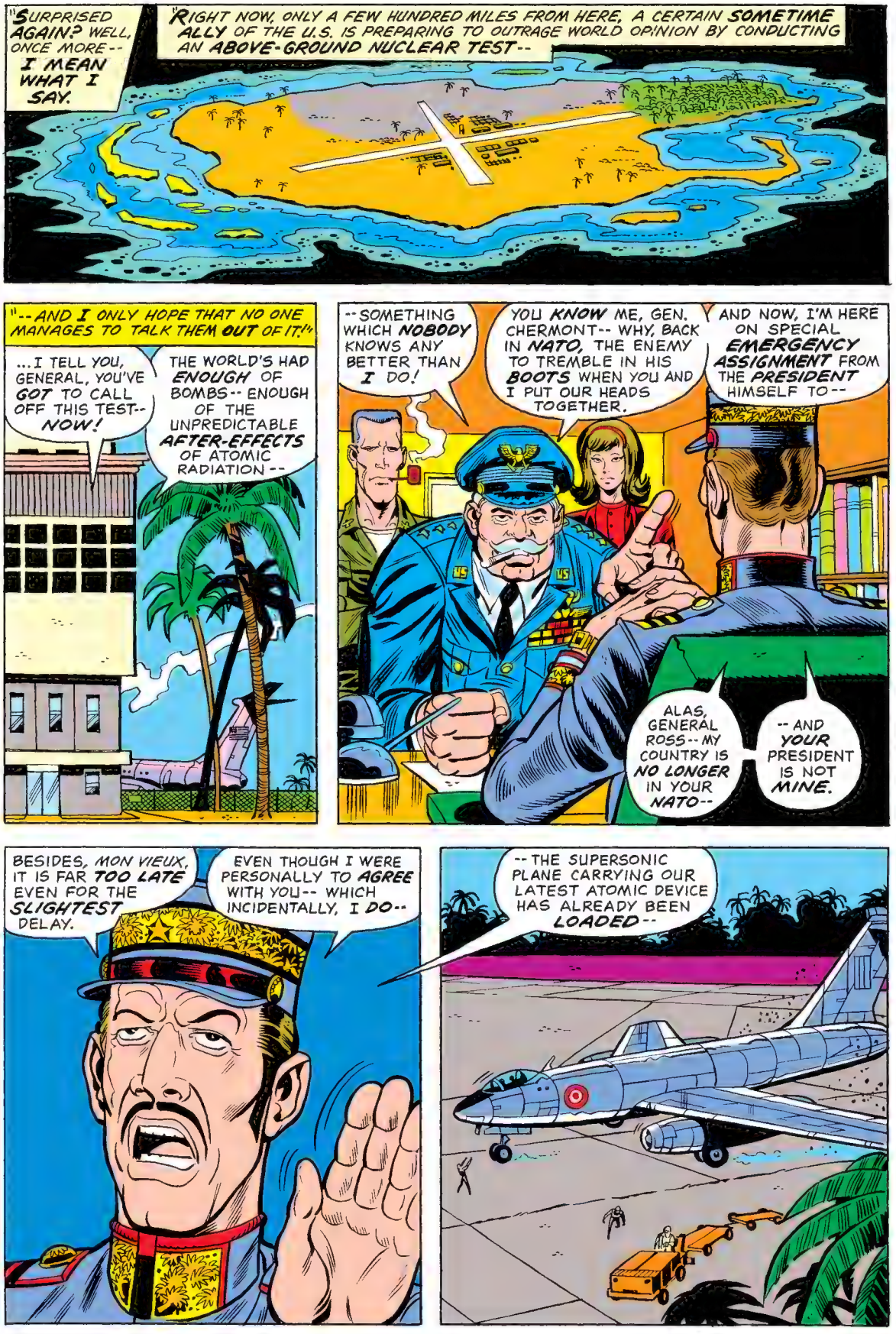
BUT I GUESS WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER NOW.
BUT, REALLY, I DON'T KNOW MUCH MORE THAN BRUCE DOES! TELL ME--
YOU WANTED DANGER, TED-- YOU'VE GOT IT. IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK.
BELOW. SIBLING-- AFTER DINNER, OKAY?


...NOW, RALPH-- CLUE US IN! ALL I'VE EVER GOT ARE GLIMPSES, TANTALIZING HINTS--
I COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE THE AUTHORITIES WOULD TRY TO STOP ME, TED.
FOR DR. BANNER'S SAKE, I SHOULD MENTION RIGHT OFF THAT I WAS ONCE-- VERY BRIEFLY-- WHAT IS CALLED IN THE TRADE--
--A SUPER-VILLAIN.

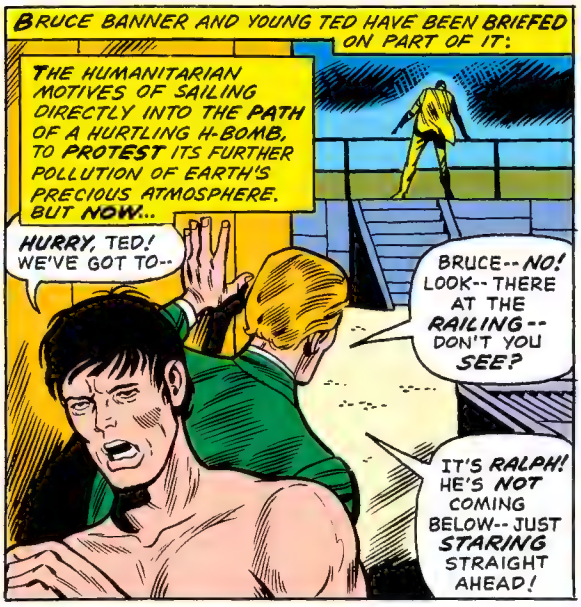

"EYEBROW-RAISING TIME, EH? BUT IT'S TRUE. SOON AFTER I QUIT STARK INDUSTRIES, I DESIGNED AN OUTFIT MODELED AFTER THAT OF IRON MAN. I CALLED MYSELF, RATHER UNORIGINALLY-- COBALT MAN.
"UNFORTUNATELY, THE SHEER POWER OF THE METAL SUIT DROVE ME TEMPORARILY INSANE-- AND THE X-MEN HAD TO HOGTIE ME LIKE A MAD DOG!
*AS SEEN IN X-MEN #31-- I THINK. -- ROY.

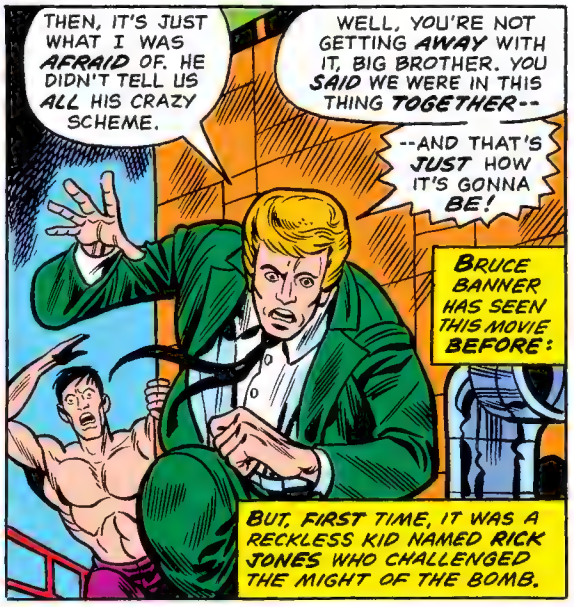

BUT NOW, I'VE IMPROVED MY COLBALT-POWERED UNIFORM.
AND I INTEND TO WEAR IT-- TO BECOME THE COBALT MAN ONCE MORE.

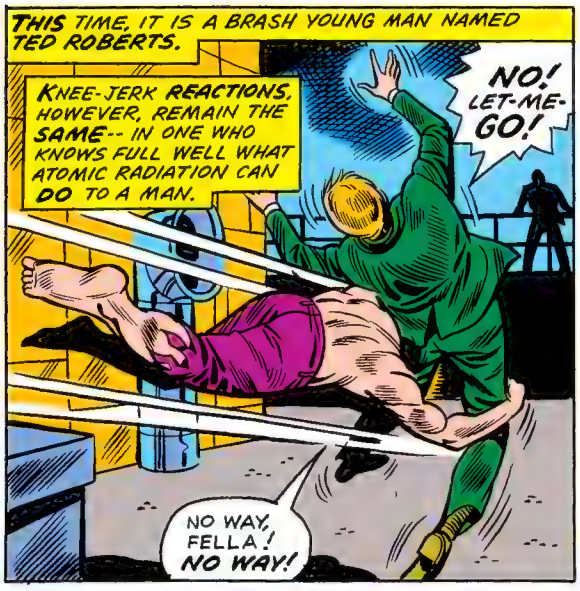
--JUST IN TIME TO RIDE RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF AN H-BOMB TEST!

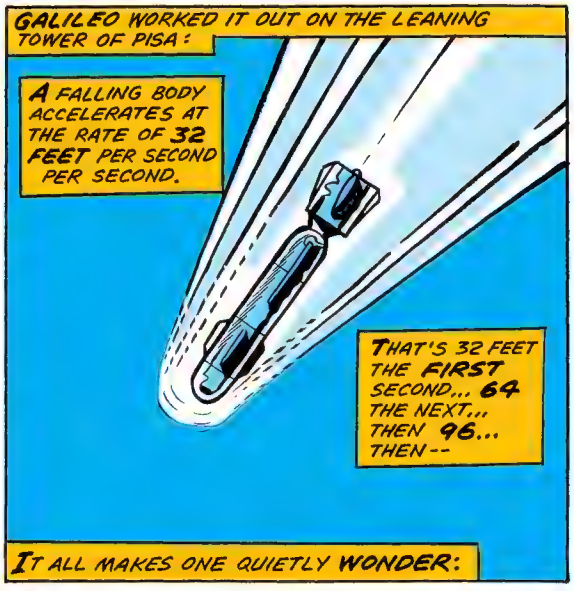

"SURPRISED AGAIN? WELL, ONCE MORE-- I MEAN WHAT I SAY.
"RIGHT NOW, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE, A CERTAIN SOMETIME ALLY OF THE U.S. IS PREPARING TO OUTRAGE WORLD OPINION BY CONDUCTING AN ABOVE-GROUND NUCLEAR TEST--
"--AND I ONLY HOPE THAT NO ONE MANAGES TO TALK THEM OUT OF IT!"
...I TELL YOU, GENERAL, YOU'VE GOT TO CALL OFF THIS TEST-- NOW!
THE WORLD'S HAD ENOUGH OF BOMBS-- ENOUGH OF THE UNPREDICTABLE AFTER-EFFECTS OF ATOMIC RADIATION --
--SOMETHING WHICH NOBODY KNOWS ANY BETTER THAN I DO!
YOU KNOW ME, GEN. CHERMONT-- WHY, BACK IN NATO, THE ENEMY TO TREMBLE IN HIS BOOTS WHEN YOU AND I PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER.
AND NOW, I'M HERE ON SPECIAL EMERGENCY ASSIGNMENT FROM THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF TO--
ALAS, GENERAL ROSS-- MY COUNTRY IS NO LONGER IN YOUR NATO--
-- AND YOUR PRESIDENT IS NOT MINE.
BESIDES, MON VIEUX, IT IS FAR TOO LATE EVEN FOR THE SLIGHTEST DELAY.
EVEN THOUGH I WERE PERSONALLY TO AGREE WITH YOU-- WHICH INCIDENTALLY, I DO--
-- THE SUPERSONIC PLANE CARRYING OUR LATEST ATOMIC DEVICE HAS ALREADY BEEN LOADED--

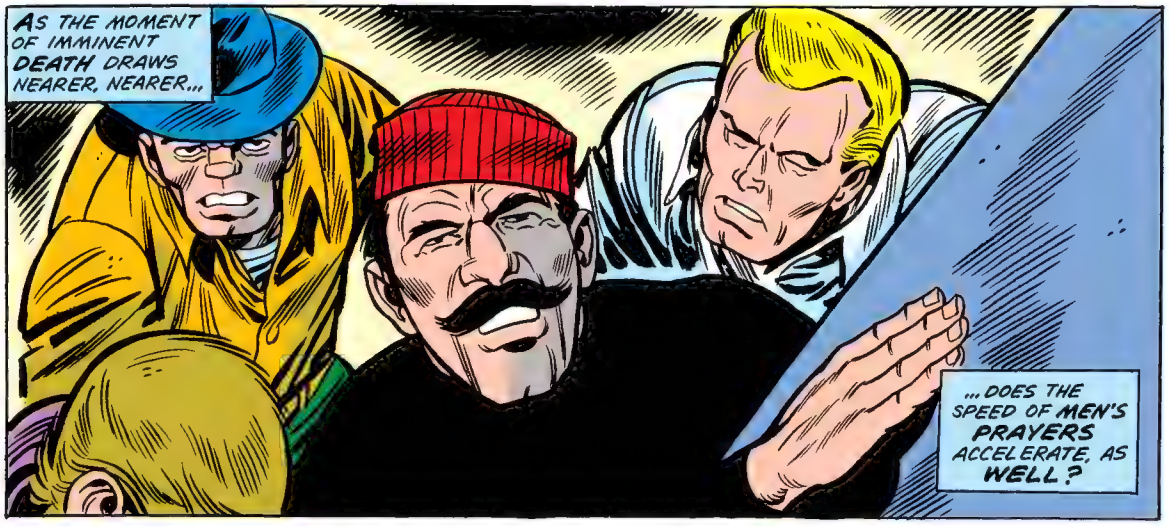
"AND, NO DOUBT, HAS ALREADY TAKEN OFF.
"IN FACT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IT SHOULD BE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE IMPACT AREA..."
UH OH! SHIP'S RADAR INDICATES IT'S MOMENT-OF-TRUTH TIME.
WE'D BETTER TELL THE BIG MAN -- ON THE DOUBLE!
MR. ROBERTS! MR. ROBERTS! AIRCRAFT NEARLY OVERHEAD, SIR -- AT EXACTLY THE MINUTE AND SECOND YOU SAID IT WOULD BE.
WE'D BEST GET BELOW, SIR -- BEHIND WHAT WE REPAIRED OF THAT RADIATION SHIELD.
NOT WE SAILOR -- YOU! I'M GOING TOPSIDE.
HUH? I DON'T GET IT MR. ROBERTS. I--
YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO. NOW, GET BELOW -- THAT'S AN ORDER.
THERE'S ONLY ONE MARTYR ON BOARD THIS CRATE -- AND THAT'S GOING TO BE RALPH ROBERTS!
GET MOVING SAILOR!
ACTUALLY, IN ALL FAIRNESS TO THAT SOMEWHAT CONFUSED SEAMAN, THE STRANGELY-MOTIVATED INDUSTRIALIST DIDN'T REALLY HAVE TO TELL HIS TWICE.
THE SAILOR WAS ALREADY PREPARING TO RUSH TO HIS PLACE OF SUPPOSED SAFETY EVEN AS ROBERTS SPOKE...
...AND A FEW SHORT MINUTES BEFORE A BOMB-BAY OPENS, THOUSANDS OF FEET OVERHEAD...
...TO UNLEASH A CARGO OF THERMONUCLEAR HOLOCAUST!

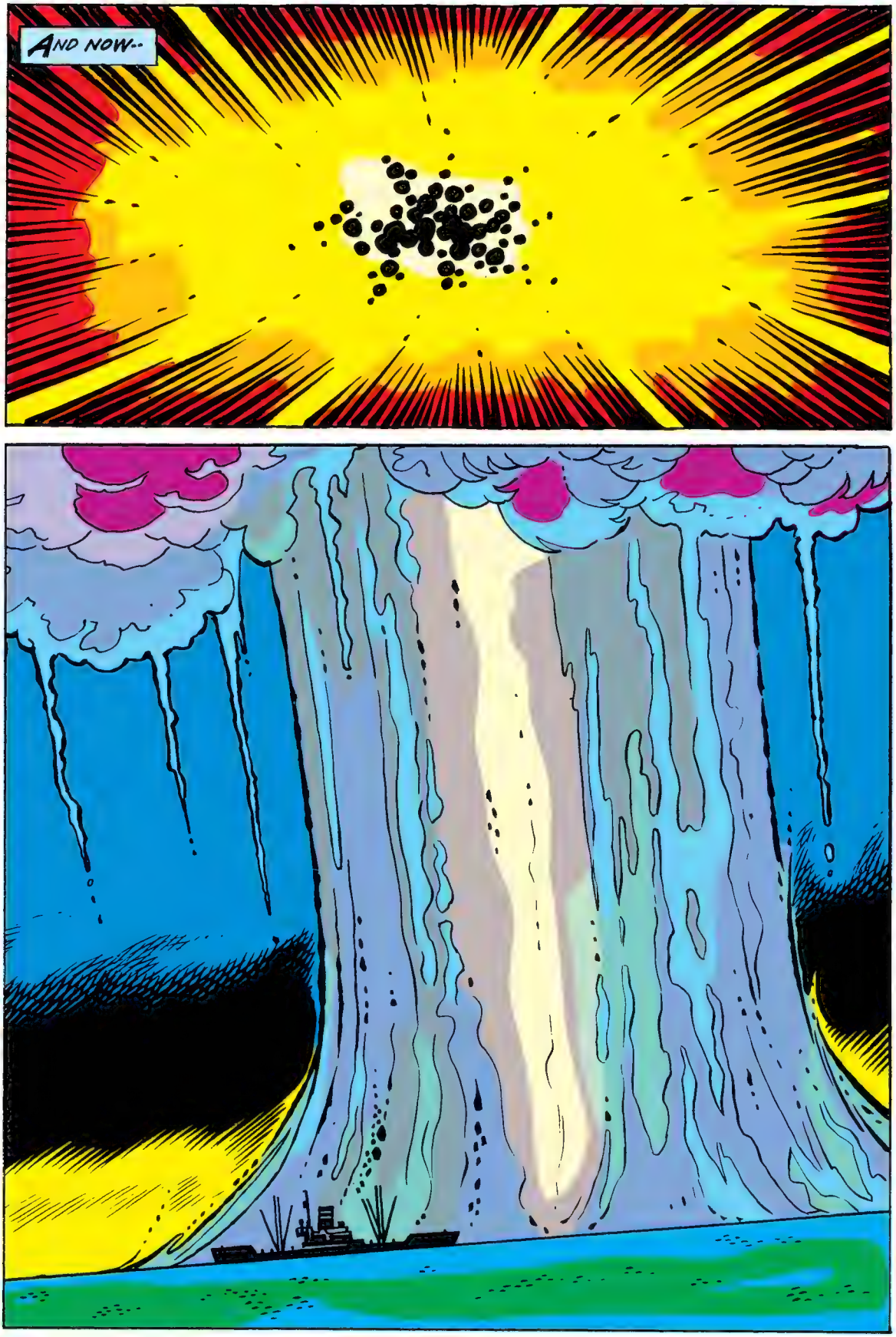

BRUCE BANNER AND YOUNG TED HAVE BEEN BRIEFED ON PART OF IT:
THE HUMANITARIAN MOTIVES OF SAILING DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF A HURTLING H-BOMB, TO PROTEST ITS FURTHER POLLUTION OF EARTH'S PRECIOUS ATMOSPHERE. BUT NOW...
HURRY, TED! WE'VE GOT TO--
BRUCE--NO! LOOK--THERE AT THE RAILING--DON'T YOU SEE?
IT'S RALPH! HE'S NOT COMING BELOW--JUST STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD!

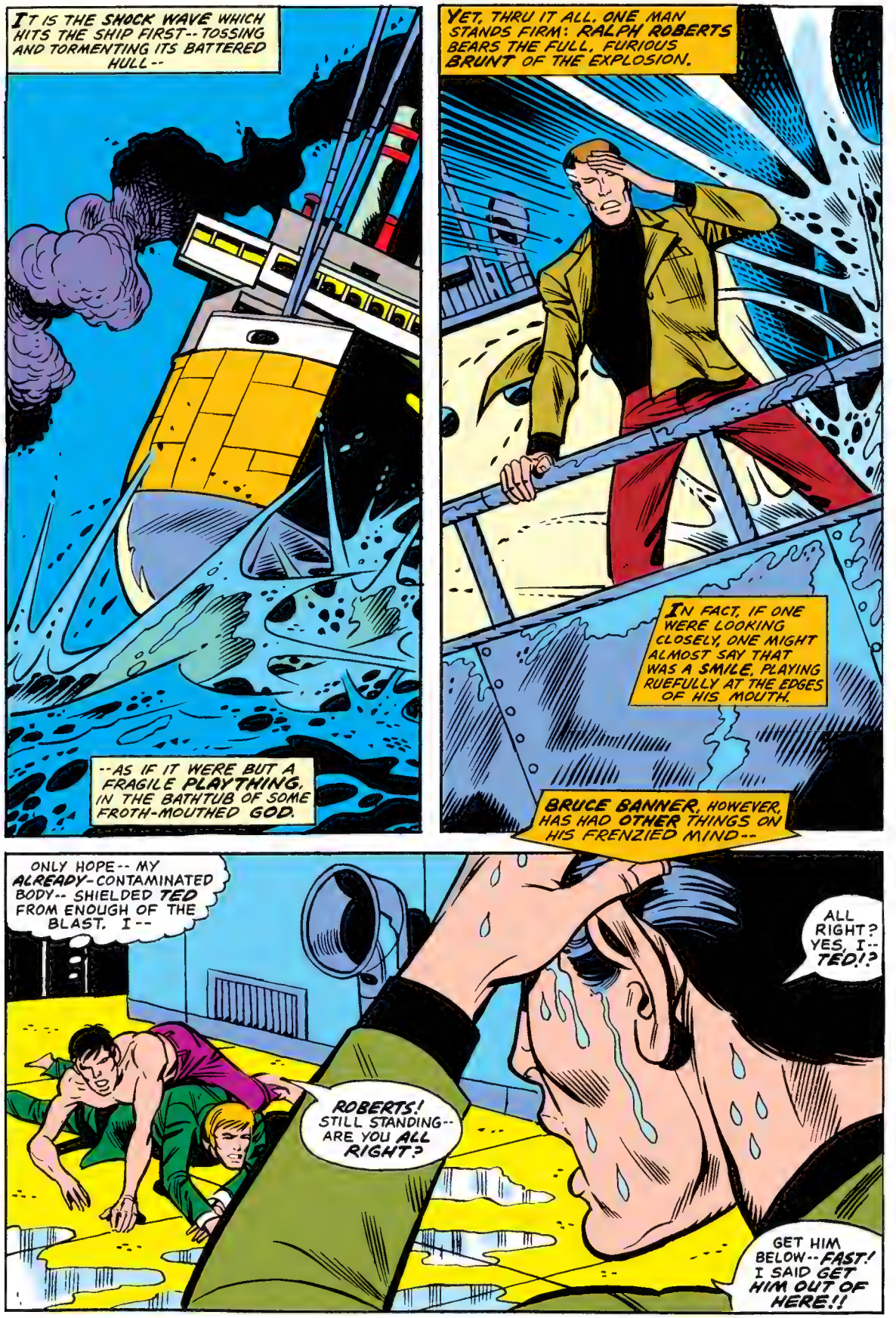

THEN, IT'S JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF. HE DIDN'T TELL US ALL HIS CRAZY SCHEME.
WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH IT, BIG BROTHER. YOU SAID WE WERE IN THIS THING TOGETHER--
--AND THAT'S JUST HOW IT'S GONNA BE!
BRUCE BANNER HAS SEEN THIS MOVIE BEFORE:
BUT, FIRST TIME, IT WAS A RECKLESS KID NAMED RICK JONES WHO CHALLENGED THE MIGHT OF THE BOMB.

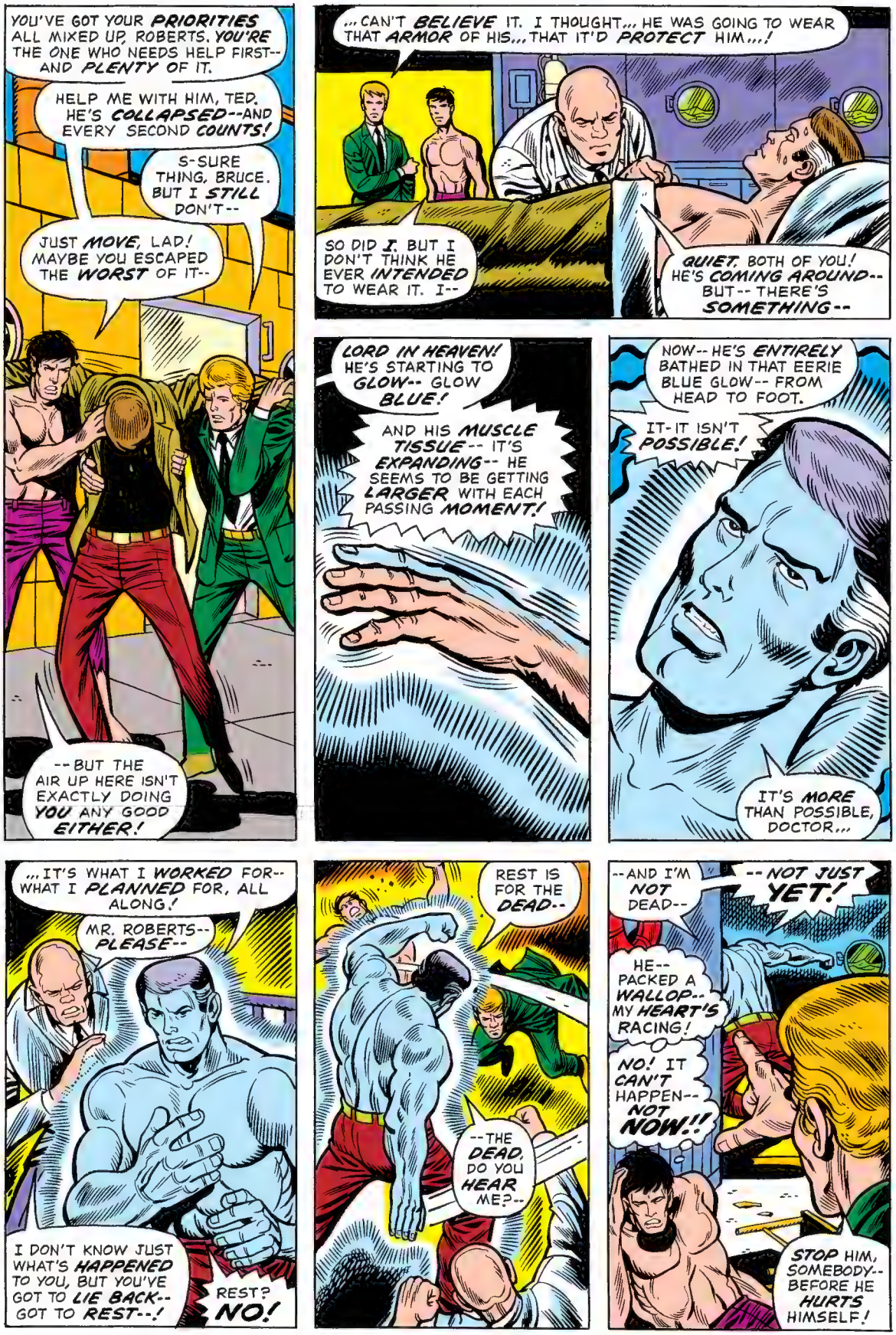

THIS TIME, IT IS A BRASH YOUNG MAN NAMED TED ROBERTS.
KNEE-JERK REACTIONS, HOWEVER, REMAIN THE SAME--IN ONE WHO KNOWS FULL WELL WHAT ATOMIC RADIATION CAN DO TO A MAN.
NO! LET-ME-GO!
NO WAY, FELLA! NO WAY!

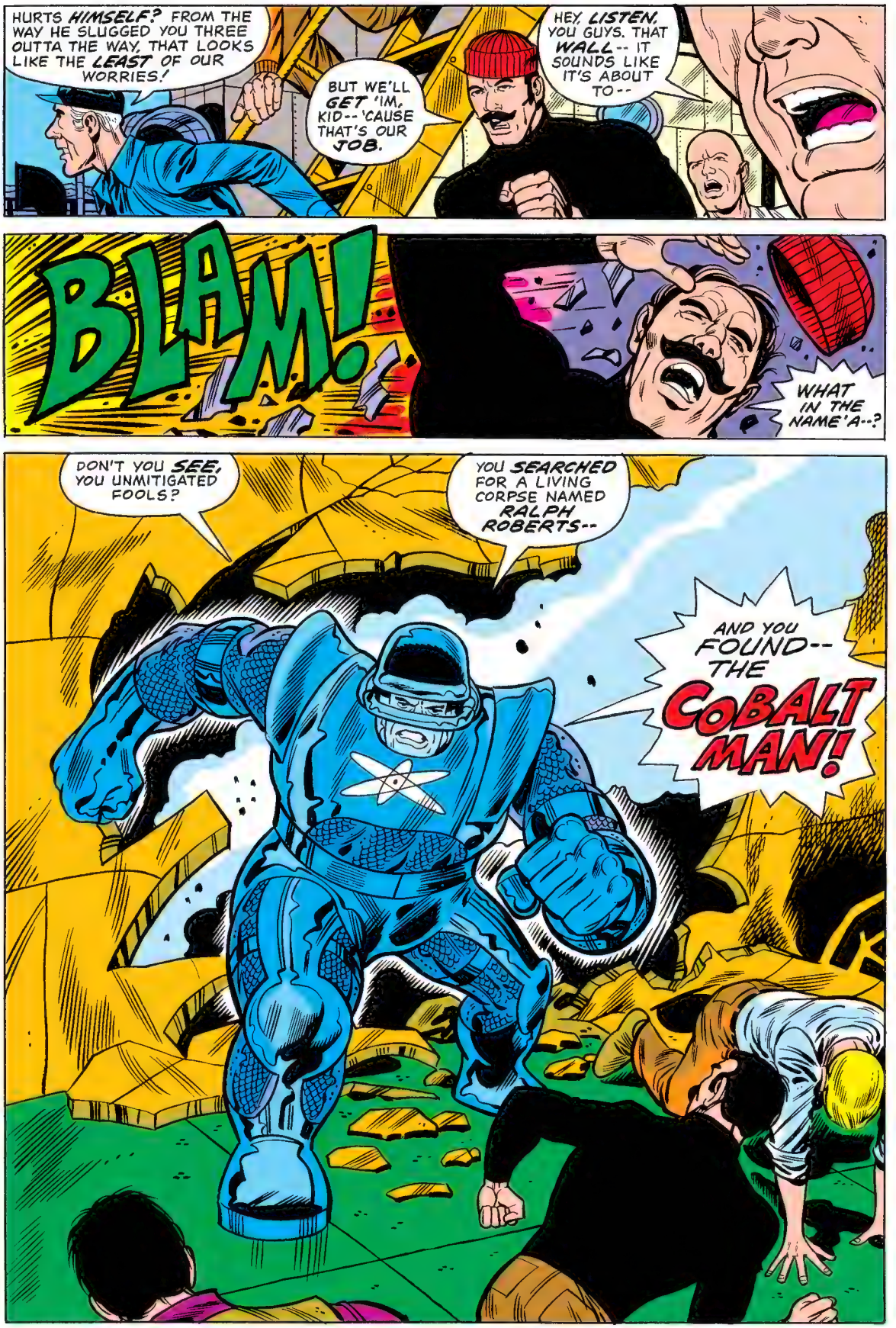

GALILEO WORKED IT OUT ON THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA:
A FALLING BODY ACCELERATES AT THE RATE OF 32 FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND.
THAT'S 32 FEET THE FIRST SECOND... 64 THE NEXT... THEN 96... THEN--
IT ALL MAKES ONE QUIETLY WONDER:

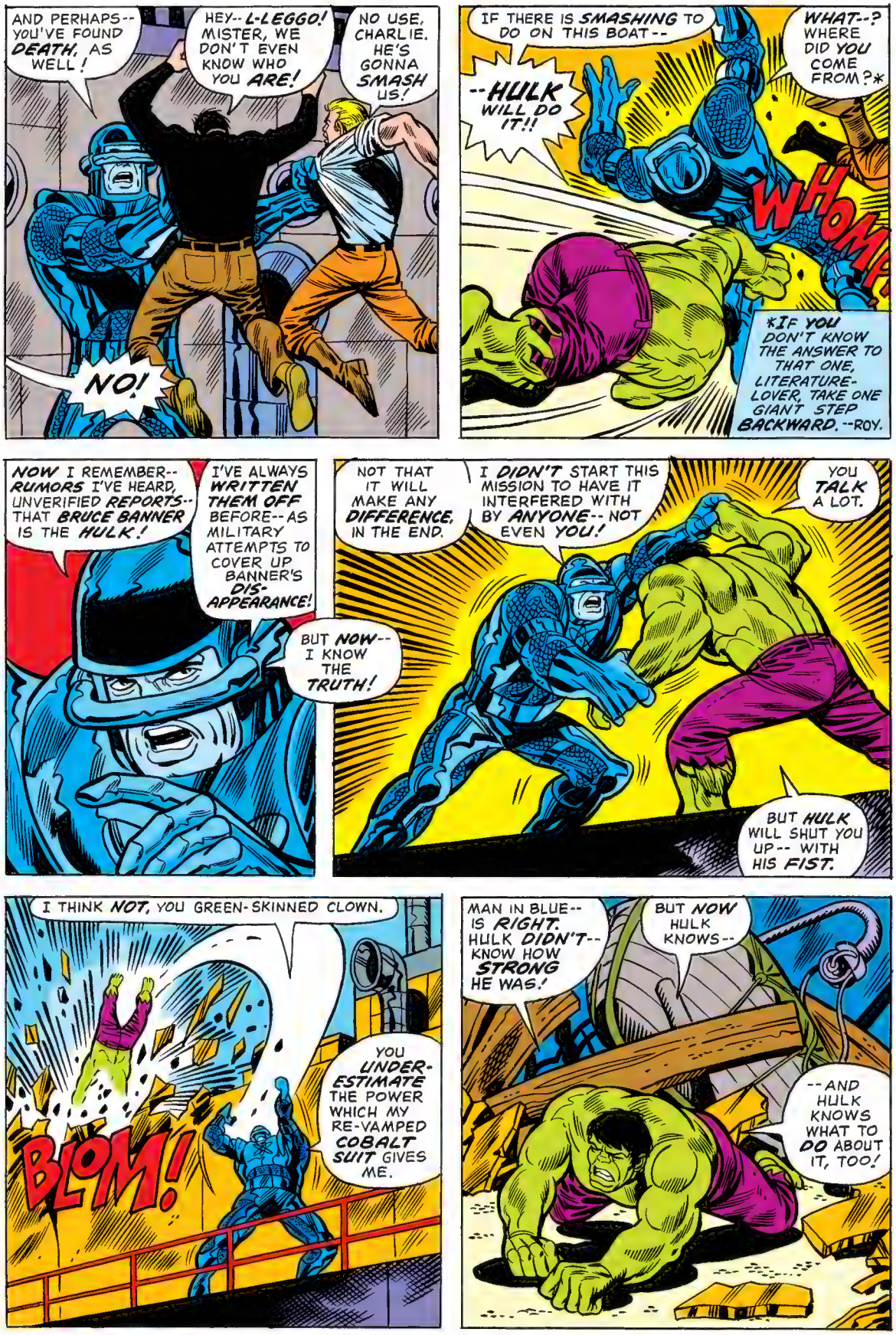

AS THE MOMENT OF IMMINENT DEATH DRAWS NEARER, NEARER...
...DOES THE SPEED OF MEN'S PRAYERS ACCELERATE, AS WELL?

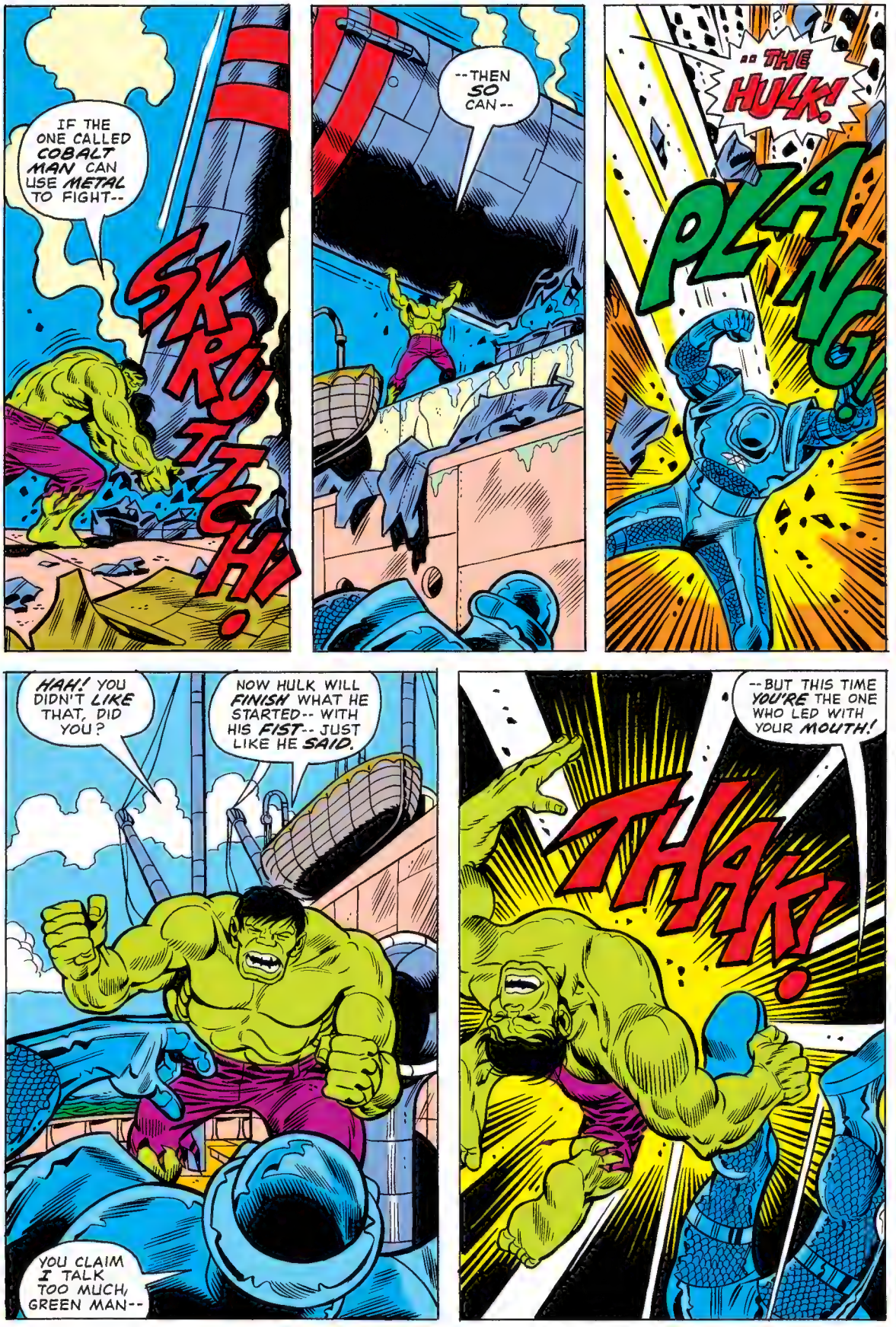

AND NOW..

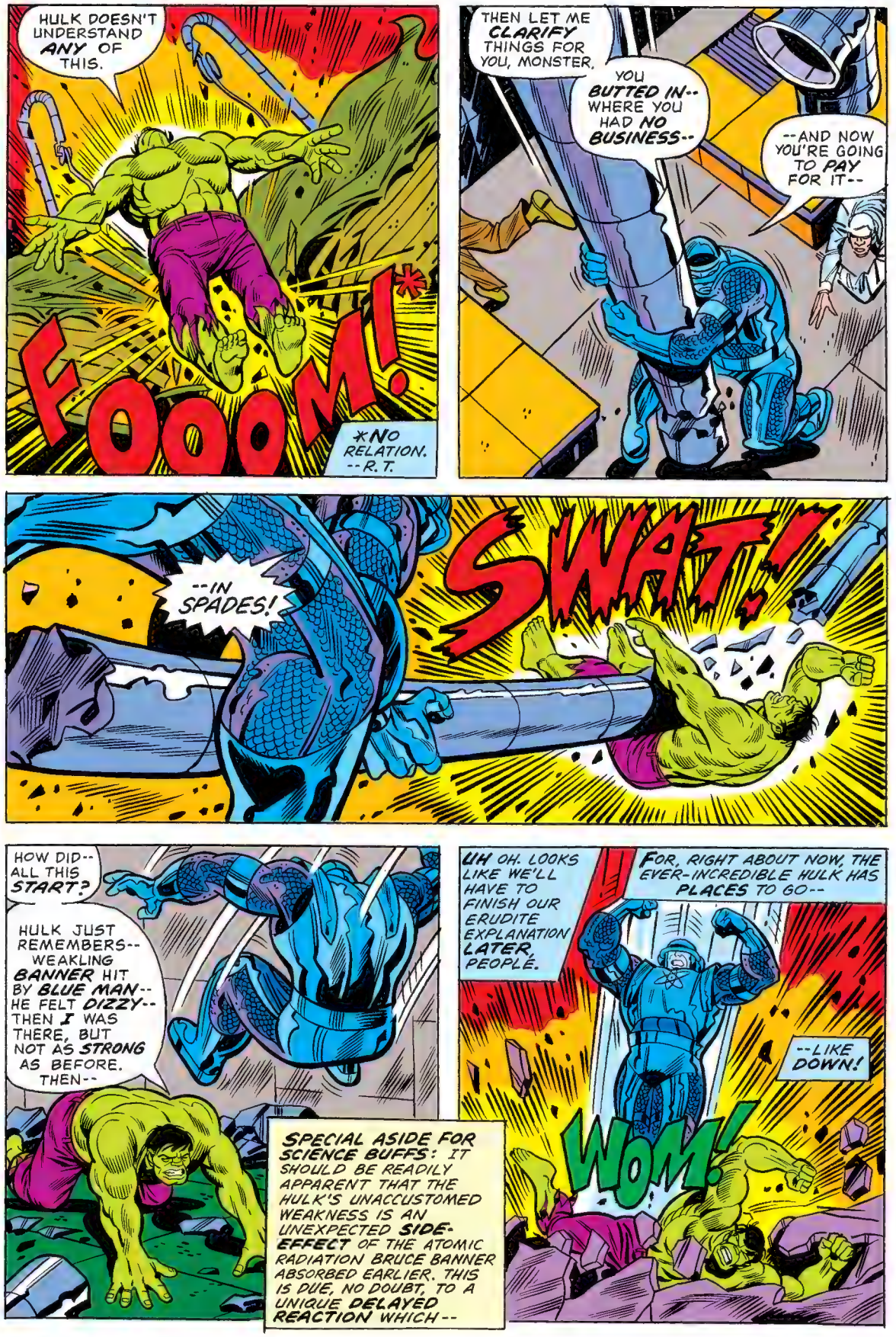

IT IS THE SHOCK WAVE WHICH HITS THE SHIP FIRST-- TOSSING AND TORMENTING ITS BATTERED HULL--
--AS IF IT WERE BUT A FRAGILE PLAYTHING, IN THE BATHTUB OF SOME FROTH-MOUTHED GOD.
YET, THRU IT ALL, ONE MAN STANDS FIRM: RALPH ROBERTS BEARS THE FULL, FURIOUS BRUNT OF THE EXPLOSION.
IN FACT, IF ONE WERE LOOKING CLOSELY, ONE MIGHT ALMOST SAY THAT WAS A SMILE, PLAYING RUEFULLY AT THE EDGES OF HIS MOUTH.
BRUCE BANNER, HOWEVER, HAS HAD OTHER THINGS ON HIS FRENZIED MIND--
ONLY HOPE-- MY ALREADY-CONTAMINATED BODY-- SHIELDED TED FROM ENOUGH OF THE BLAST. I--
ROBERTS! STILL STANDING-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT? YES, I-- TED!?
GET HIM BELOW--FAST! I SAID GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!

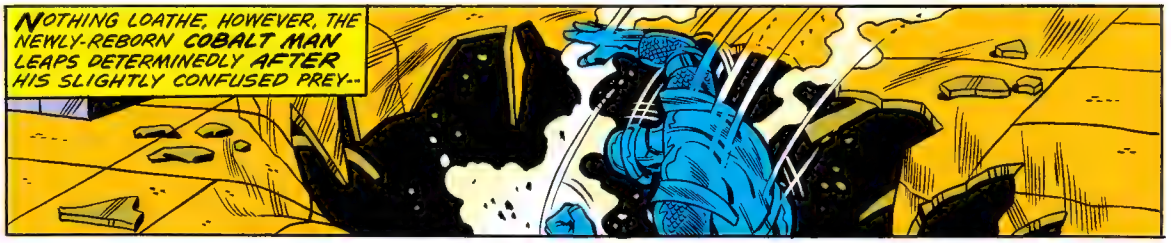

YOU'VE GOT YOUR PRIORITIES ALL MIXED UP, ROBERTS. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP FIRST-- AND PLENTY OF IT.
HELP ME WITH HIM, TED. HE'S COLLAPSED--AND EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
S-SURE THING, BRUCE. BUT I STILL DON'T--
JUST MOVE, LAD! MAYBE YOU ESCAPED THE WORST OF IT--
--BUT THE AIR UP HERE ISN'T EXACTLY DOING YOU ANY GOOD EITHER!
...CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I THOUGHT... HE WAS GOING TO WEAR THAT ARMOR OF HIS... THAT IT'D PROTECT HIM...!
SO DID I. BUT I DON'T THINK HE EVER INTENDED TO WEAR IT. I--
QUIET. BOTH OF YOU! HE'S COMING AROUND-- BUT-- THERE'S SOMETHING--
LORD IN HEAVEN! HE'S STARTING TO GLOW-- GLOW BLUE!
AND HIS MUSCLE TISSUE-- IT'S EXPANDING-- HE SEEMS TO BE GETTING LARGER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!
NOW-- HE'S ENTIRELY BATHED IN THAT EERIE BLUE GLOW-- FROM HEAD TO FOOT.
IT-IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
IT'S MORE THAN POSSIBLE, DOCTOR...
...IT'S WHAT I WORKED FOR-- WHAT I PLANNED FOR, ALL ALONG!
MR. ROBERTS-- PLEASE--
I DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LIE BACK-- GOT TO REST--!
REST? NO!
REST IS FOR THE DEAD--
--THE DEAD, DO YOU HEAR ME?--
--AND I'M NOT DEAD--
--NOT JUST YET!
HE-- PACKED A WALLOP-- MY HEART'S RACING!
NO! IT CAN'T HAPPEN-- NOT NOW!!
STOP HIM, SOMEBODY-- BEFORE HE HURTS HIMSELF!

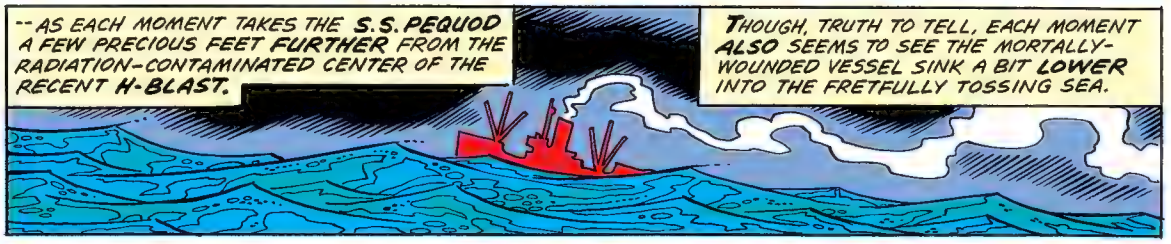

HURTS HIMSELF? FROM THE WAY HE SLUGGED YOU THREE OUTTA THE WAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES!
BUT WE'LL GET 'IM, KID-- 'CAUSE THAT'S OUR JOB.
HEY, LISTEN, YOU GUYS. THAT WALL-- IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO--
BLAM!
WHAT IN THE NAME'A--?
DON'T YOU SEE, YOU UNMITIGATED FOOLS?
YOU SEARCHED FOR A LIVING CORPSE NAMED RALPH ROBERTS--
AND YOU FOUND-- THE COBALT MAN!

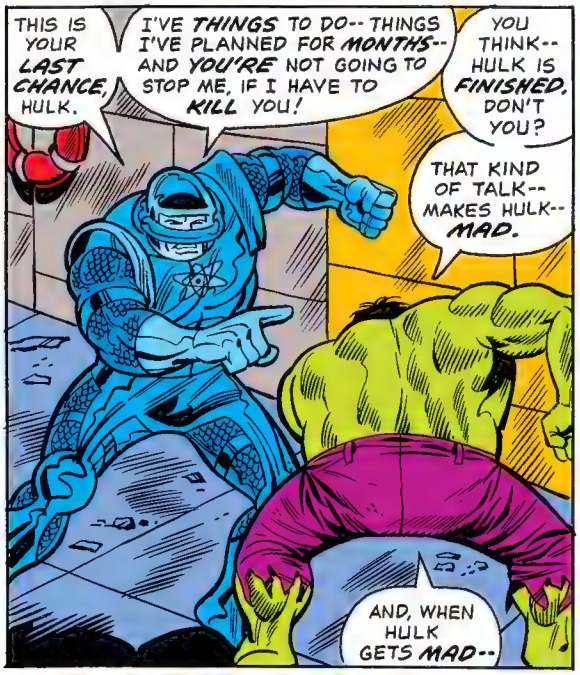

AND PERHAPS-- YOU'VE FOUND DEATH, AS WELL!
HEY-- L-LEGGO! MISTER, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
NO USE, CHARLIE. HE'S GONNA SMASH US!
NO!
IF THERE IS SMASHING TO DO ON THIS BOAT--
--HULK WILL DO IT!!
WHAT--? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?*
WHOMP
*IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE, LITERATURE-LOVER, TAKE ONE GIANT STEP BACKWARD. --ROY.
NOW I REMEMBER-- RUMORS I'VE HEARD, UNVERIFIED REPORTS-- THAT BRUCE BANNER IS THE HULK!
I'VE ALWAYS WRITTEN THEM OFF BEFORE-- AS MILITARY ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP BANNER'S DIS-APPEARANCE!
BUT NOW-- I KNOW THE TRUTH!
NOT THAT IT WILL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, IN THE END.
I DIDN'T START THIS MISSION TO HAVE IT INTERFERED WITH BY ANYONE-- NOT EVEN YOU!
YOU TALK A LOT.
BUT HULK WILL SHUT YOU UP-- WITH HIS FIST.
I THINK NOT, YOU GREEN-SKINNED CLOWN.
BLOM!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE THE POWER WHICH MY RE-VAMPED COBALT SUIT GIVES ME.
MAN IN BLUE-- IS RIGHT. HULK DIDN'T-- KNOW HOW STRONG HE WAS!
BUT NOW HULK KNOWS--
--AND HULK KNOWS WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT, TOO!

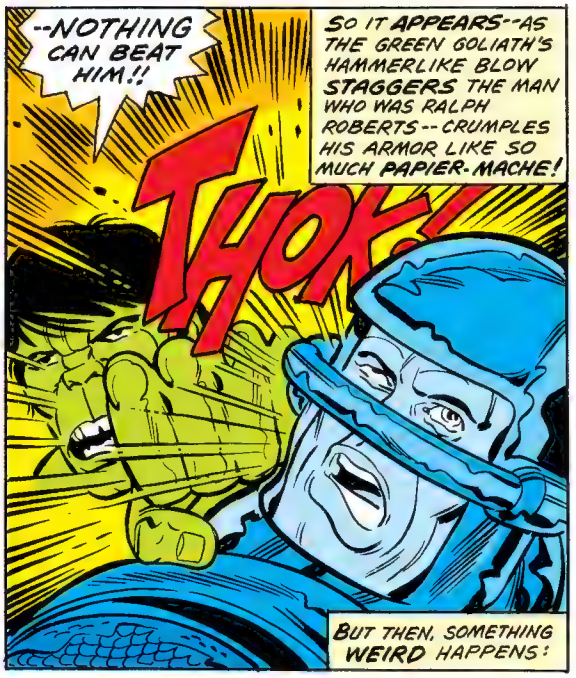

IF THE ONE CALLED COBALT MAN CAN USE METAL TO FIGHT--
SKRUTCH!
--THEN SO CAN--
.. THE HULK!
PLANG!
HAH! YOU DIDN'T LIKE THAT, DID YOU?
NOW HULK WILL FINISH WHAT HE STARTED-- WITH HIS FIST-- JUST LIKE HE SAID.
YOU CLAIM I TALK TOO MUCH, GREEN MAN--
--BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LED WITH YOUR MOUTH!
THAK!


HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.
FOOOM!*
*NO RELATION. --R.T.
THEN LET ME CLARIFY THINGS FOR YOU, MONSTER.
YOU BUTTED IN-- WHERE YOU HAD NO BUSINESS--
--AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT--
--IN SPADES!
SWAT!
HOW DID-- ALL THIS START?
HULK JUST REMEMBERS-- WEAKLING BANNER HIT BY BLUE MAN-- HE FELT DIZZY-- THEN I WAS THERE, BUT NOT AS STRONG AS BEFORE. THEN--
SPECIAL ASIDE FOR SCIENCE BUFFS: IT SHOULD BE READILY APPARENT THAT THE HULK'S UNACCUSTOMED WEAKNESS IS AN UNEXPECTED SIDE-EFFECT OF THE ATOMIC RADIATION BRUCE BANNER ABSORBED EARLIER. THIS IS DUE, NO DOUBT, TO A UNIQUE DELAYED REACTION WHICH--
UH OH. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH OUR ERUDITE EXPLANATION LATER, PEOPLE.
FOR, RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THE EVER-INCREDIBLE HULK HAS PLACES TO GO--
--LIKE DOWN!
WOM!


NOTHING LOATHE, HOWEVER, THE NEWLY-REBORN COBALT MAN LEAPS DETERMINEDLY AFTER HIS SLIGHTLY CONFUSED PREY--

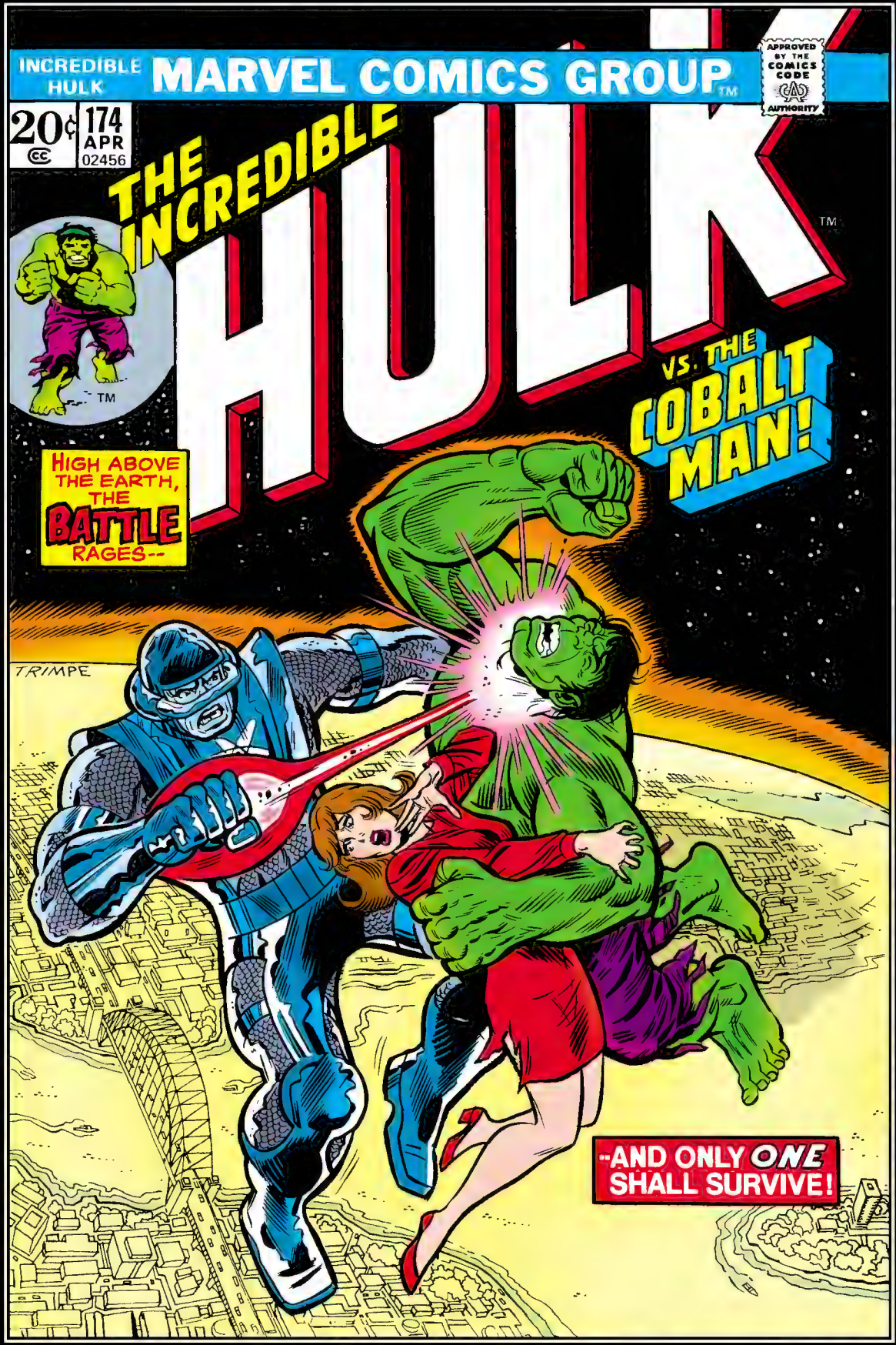

--AS EACH MOMENT TAKES THE S.S. PEQUOD A FEW PRECIOUS FEET FURTHER FROM THE RADIATION-CONTAMINATED CENTER OF THE RECENT H-BLAST.
THOUGH, TRUTH TO TELL, EACH MOMENT ALSO SEEMS TO SEE THE MORTALLY-WOUNDED VESSEL SINK A BIT LOWER INTO THE FRETFULLY TOSSING SEA.


THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, HULK.
I'VE THINGS TO DO-- THINGS I'VE PLANNED FOR MONTHS-- AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME, IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU!
YOU THINK-- HULK IS FINISHED, DON'T YOU?
THAT KIND OF TALK-- MAKES HULK-- MAD.
AND, WHEN HULK GETS MAD--


--NOTHING CAN BEAT HIM!!
SO IT APPEARS--AS THE GREEN GOLIATH'S HAMMERLIKE BLOW STAGGERS THE MAN WHO WAS RALPH ROBERTS-- CRUMPLES HIS ARMOR LIKE SO MUCH PAPIER-MACHE!
THOK!
BUT THEN, SOMETHING WEIRD HAPPENS!

FOR, EVEN AS THE HULK LIFTS THE STUNNED COBALT MAN HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD--
HUH? HULK STARTING TO FEEL WEAK AGAIN-- WEAKER--
HULK'S SKIN-- STARTING TO TURN PINK--!
PINK! THAT'S BANNER'S COLOR-- THE COLOR OF WEAKNESS!
HULK HATES THAT COLOR!
HATES IT!

HATES IT!
PHTOOM!
NOW WHAT DID HULK DO??
WATER! WATER EVERY-WHERE!
PINK IS EVERYWHERE, TOO-- ON HULK'S HAND-- HULK'S CHEST--
AND WITH IT COMES--THE WEAKNESS--
-- THE WEAKNESS--
--AND-- I GUESS--
--DEATH*
THEN, CONSCIOUSNESS LEAVES BRUCE BANNER-- AND-- AND IT IS LEFT FOR HIS FELLOW MAN TO HELP HIM--
BUT, IT'S BEEN SAID-- THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.
ABANDON SHIP!
THIS TUB'S SINKING LIKE A ROCK! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!!
SHE'S DONE FOR! BUT, AT LEAST I KNOW RALPH WAS WEARING HIS COBALT ARMOR-- AND I SAW BRUCE BANNER BECOME THE HULK!
AT LEAST I CAN BE SURE THEY'RE BOTH SAFE, SOMEHOW-- SOME WAY--
--'CAUSE WHAT COULD HURT A COUPLE OF POWERHOUSES LIKE THEM??
NEXT: THE DEADLY SECRET OF THE COBALT MAN!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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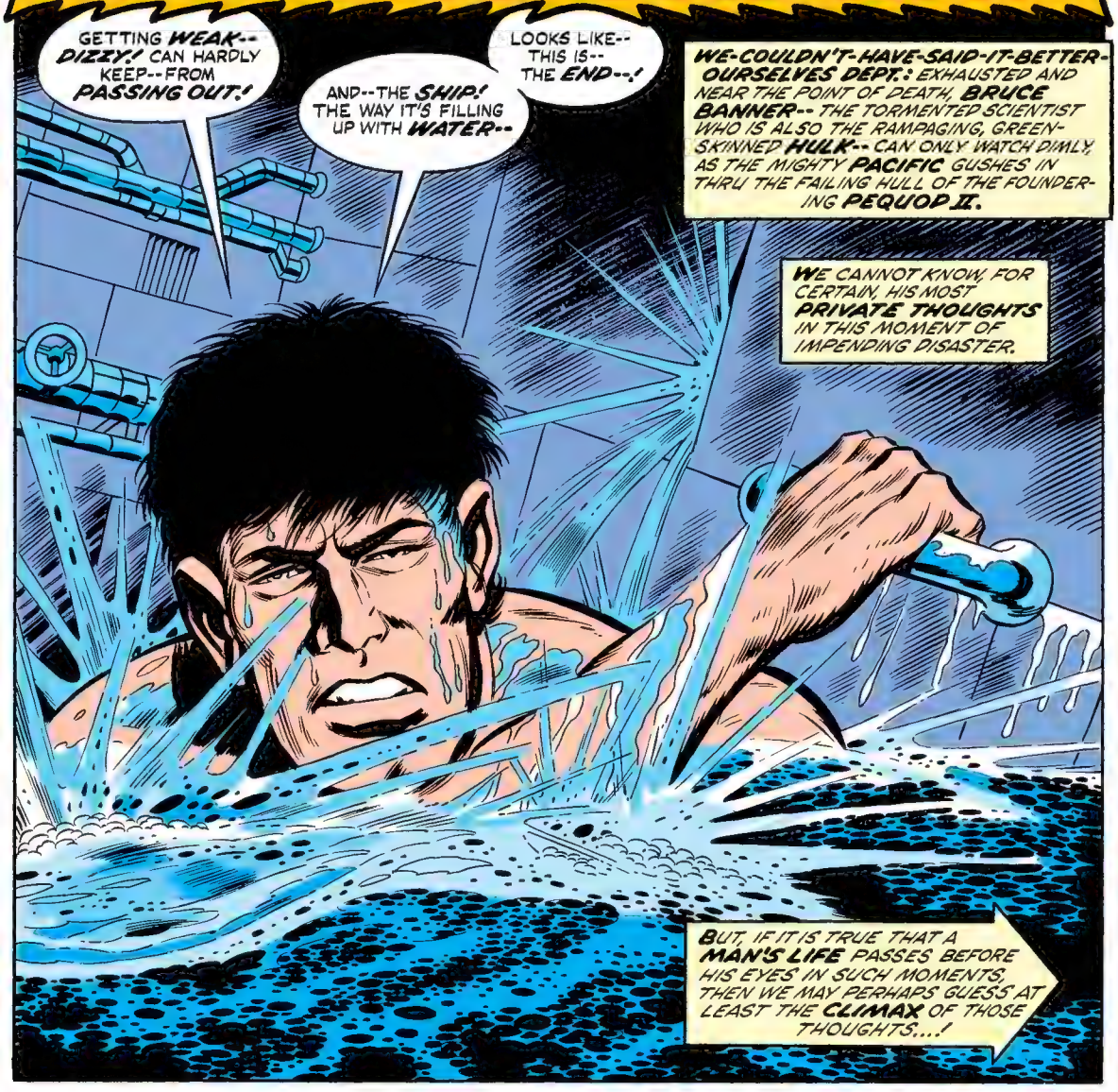
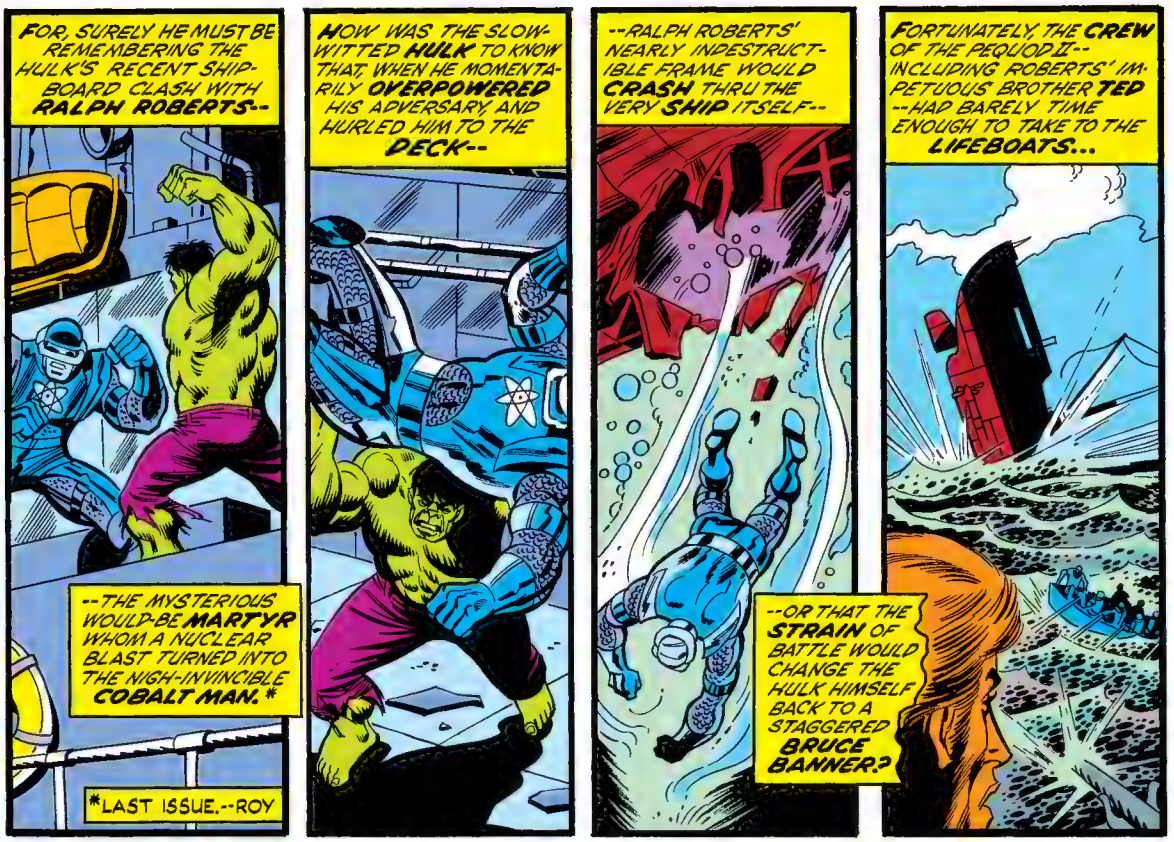
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
VS. THE COBALT MAN!
HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH, THE BATTLE RAGES--
TRIMPE
--AND ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ™

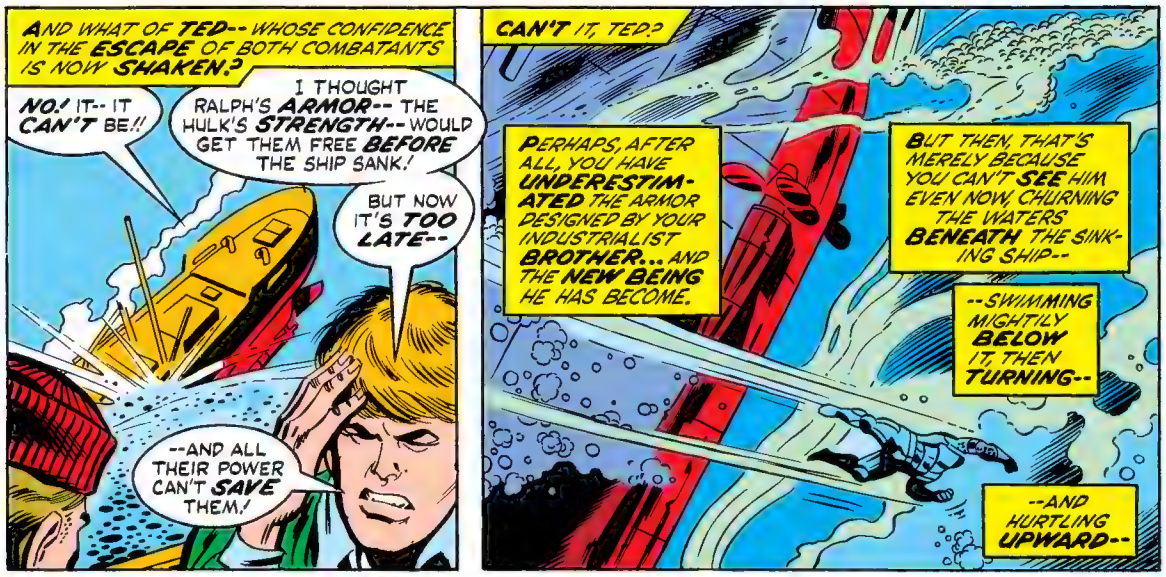
R. THOMAS * G. CONWAY * H. TRIMPE * J. ABEL * G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST * CAPTAIN KANGAROO
PLOT/EDITING SCRIPT ARTIST INKER DAVE HUNT, LETTERER HONORARY EDITOR

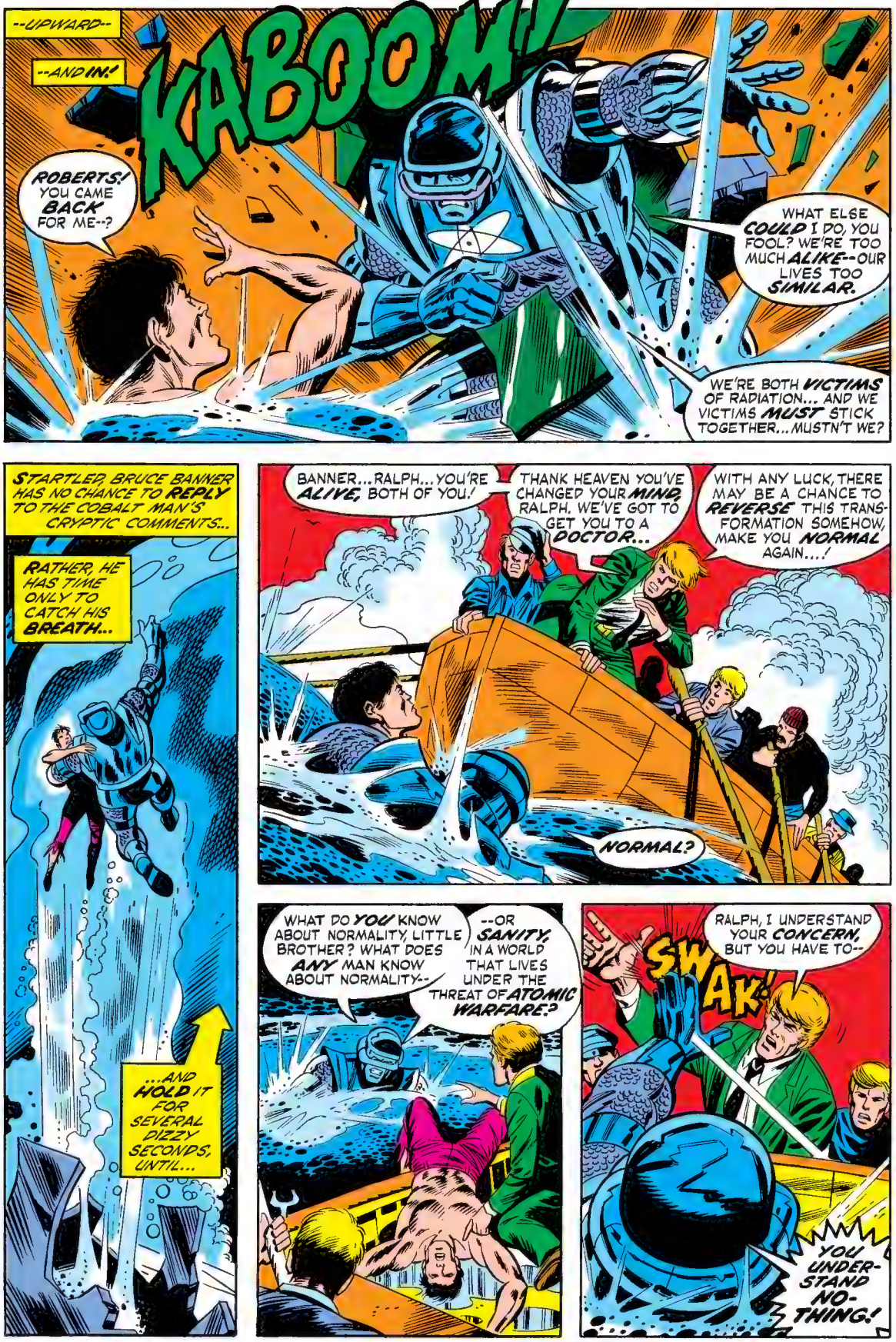
DOOMSDAY --DOWN UNDER!

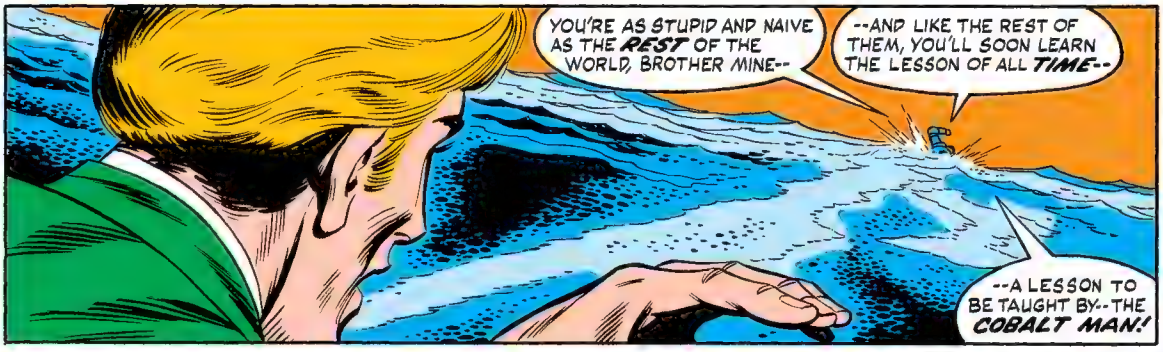

GETTING WEAK-- DIZZY! CAN HARDLY KEEP-- FROM PASSING OUT!
AND--THE SHIP! THE WAY IT'S FILLING UP WITH WATER--
LOOKS LIKE-- THIS IS-- THE END--!
WE-COULDN'T-HAVE-SAID-IT-BETTER-OURSELVES DEPT.: EXHAUSTED AND NEAR THE POINT OF DEATH, BRUCE BANNER-- THE TORMENTED SCIENTIST WHO IS ALSO THE RAMPAGING, GREEN-SKINNED HULK-- CAN ONLY WATCH DIMLY, AS THE MIGHTY PACIFIC GUSHES IN THRU THE FAILING HULL OF THE FOUNDERING PEQUOD II.
WE CANNOT KNOW, FOR CERTAIN, HIS MOST PRIVATE THOUGHTS IN THIS MOMENT OF IMPENDING DISASTER.
BUT, IF IT IS TRUE THAT A MAN'S LIFE PASSES BEFORE HIS EYES IN SUCH MOMENTS, THEN WE MAY PERHAPS GUESS AT LEAST THE CLIMAX OF THOSE THOUGHTS...!


FOR, SURELY HE MUST BE REMEMBERING THE HULK'S RECENT SHIP-BOARD CLASH WITH RALPH ROBERTS--
--THE MYSTERIOUS WOULD-BE MARTYR WHOM A NUCLEAR BLAST TURNED INTO THE NIGH-INVINCIBLE COBALT MAN.*
*LAST ISSUE.--ROY
HOW WAS THE SLOW-WITTED HULK TO KNOW THAT, WHEN HE MOMENTARILY OVERPOWERED HIS ADVERSARY, AND HURLED HIM TO THE DECK--
--RALPH ROBERTS' NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE FRAME WOULD CRASH THRU THE VERY SHIP ITSELF--
--OR THAT THE STRAIN OF BATTLE WOULD CHANGE THE HULK HIMSELF BACK TO A STAGGERED BRUCE BANNER?
FORTUNATELY, THE CREW OF THE PEQUOD II--INCLUDING ROBERTS' IMPETUOUS BROTHER TED --HAD BARELY TIME ENOUGH TO TAKE TO THE LIFEBOATS...

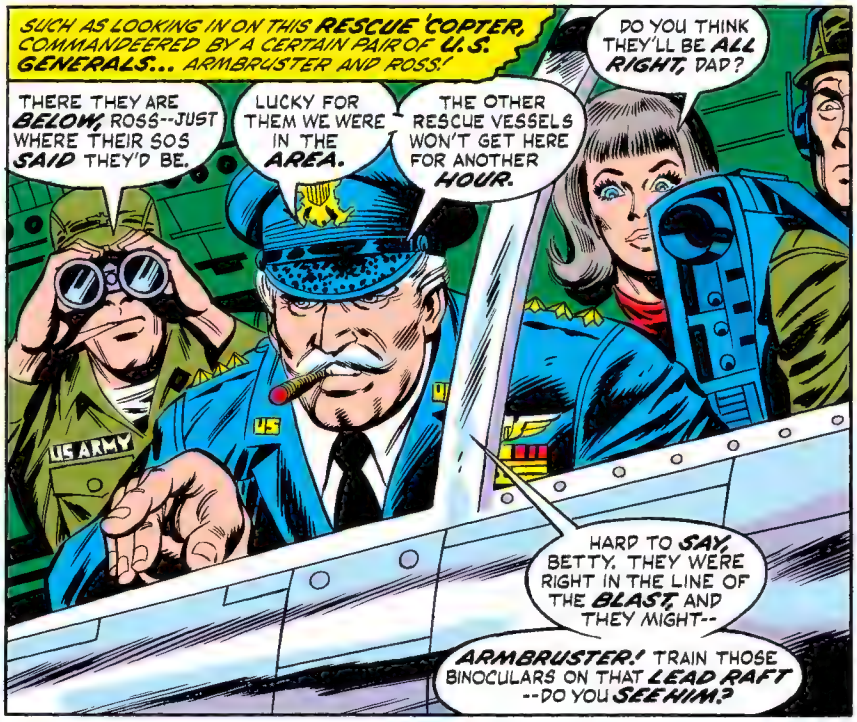
BUT, THAT IS SCANT COMFORT TO ONE WHO KNOWS THAT, MERE MOMENTS FROM NOW, THE SEA WILL RUSH UNKINDLY INTO HIS TORTURED LUNGS--
--AND WHO KNOWS THAT THE WORLD'S LAST MEMORY OF HIM WILL BE AS A RAMPANT, SUB-HUMAN BEAST WHO DESTROYED HIMSELF!


AND WHAT OF TED-- WHOSE CONFIDENCE IN THE ESCAPE OF BOTH COMBATANTS IS NOW SHAKEN?
NO! IT-- IT CAN'T BE!!
I THOUGHT RALPH'S ARMOR-- THE HULK'S STRENGTH-- WOULD GET THEM FREE BEFORE THE SHIP SANK!
BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE--
--AND ALL THEIR POWER CAN'T SAVE THEM!
CAN'T IT, TED?
PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE ARMOR DESIGNED BY YOUR INDUSTRIALIST BROTHER... AND THE NEW BEING HE HAS BECOME.
BUT THEN, THAT'S MERELY BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE HIM EVEN NOW, CHURNING THE WATERS BENEATH THE SINKING SHIP--
--SWIMMING MIGHTILY BELOW IT, THEN TURNING--
--AND HURTLING UPWARD--


--UPWARD--
--AND IN!
KABOOM!!
ROBERTS! YOU CAME BACK FOR ME--?
WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, YOU FOOL? WE'RE TOO MUCH ALIKE--OUR LIVES TOO SIMILAR.
WE'RE BOTH VICTIMS OF RADIATION... AND WE VICTIMS MUST STICK TOGETHER...MUSTN'T WE?
STARTLED, BRUCE BANNER HAS NO CHANCE TO REPLY TO THE COBALT MAN'S CRYPTIC COMMENTS...
RATHER, HE HAS TIME ONLY TO CATCH HIS BREATH...
...AND HOLD IT FOR SEVERAL DIZZY SECONDS, UNTIL...
BANNER...RALPH...YOU'RE ALIVE, BOTH OF YOU!
THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND, RALPH. WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR...
WITH ANY LUCK, THERE MAY BE A CHANCE TO REVERSE THIS TRANSFORMATION SOMEHOW, MAKE YOU NORMAL AGAIN...!
NORMAL?
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NORMALITY, LITTLE BROTHER? WHAT DOES ANY MAN KNOW ABOUT NORMALITY--
--OR SANITY, IN A WORLD THAT LIVES UNDER THE THREAT OF ATOMIC WARFARE?
RALPH, I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN, BUT YOU HAVE TO--
SWAK!
YOU UNDERSTAND NOTHING!

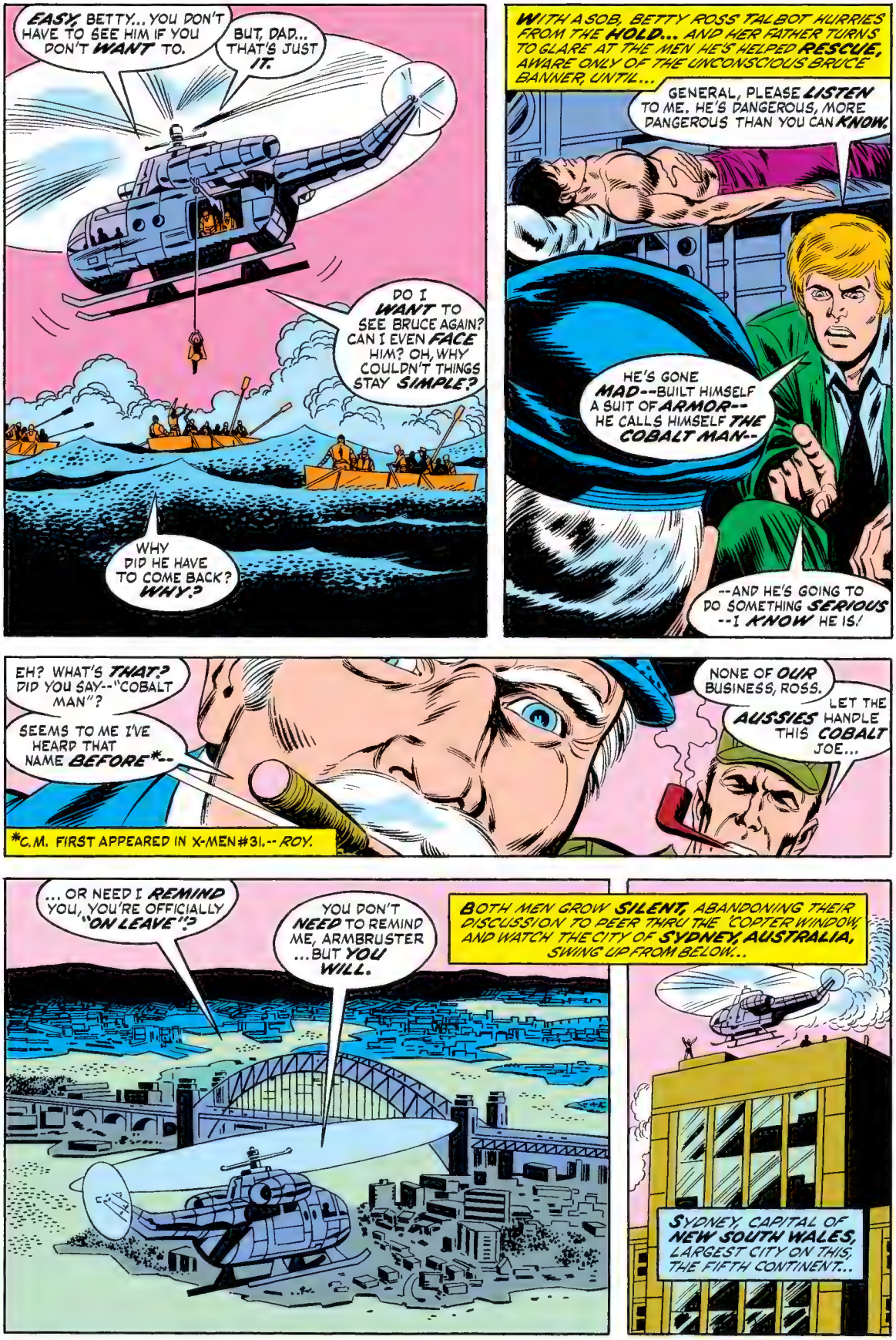

YOU'RE AS STUPID AND NAIVE AS THE REST OF THE WORLD, BROTHER MINE--
--AND LIKE THE REST OF THEM, YOU'LL SOON LEARN THE LESSON OF ALL TIME--
--A LESSON TO BE TAUGHT BY--THE COBALT MAN!

YOUR GUESS IS A GOOD AS OURS, READER (THOUGH TO BE FAIR, OURS IS PROBABLY A LITTLE BETTER)...
BUT UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THE COBALT MAN MEANS, WE'LL HAVE TO SATISFY OURSELVES WITH OTHER THINGS...

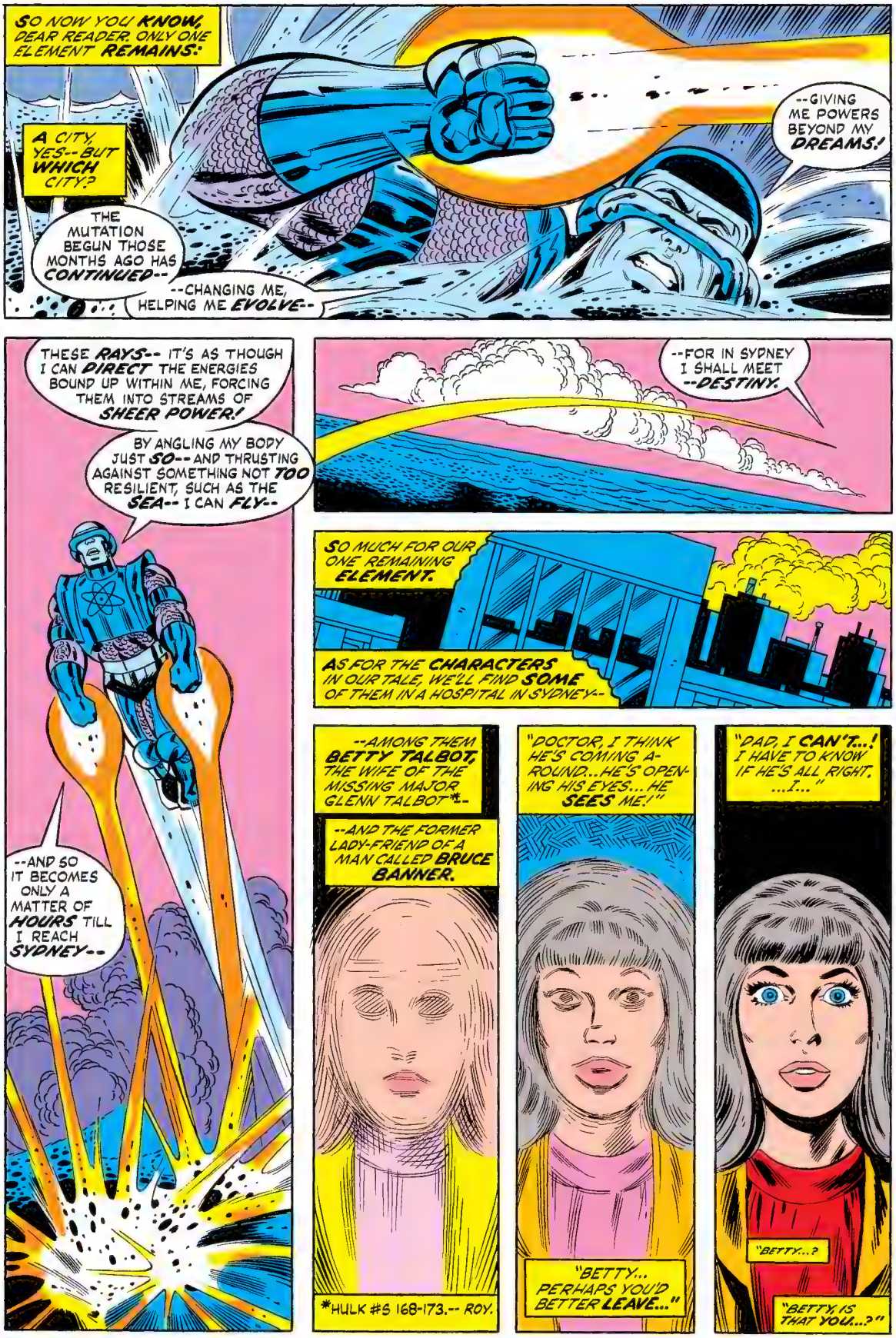

SUCH AS LOOKING IN ON THIS RESCUE 'COPTER, COMMANDEERED BY A CERTAIN PAIR OF U.S. GENERALS... ARMBRUSTER AND ROSS!
THERE THEY ARE BELOW, ROSS--JUST WHERE THEIR SOS SAID THEY'D BE.
LUCKY FOR THEM WE WERE IN THE AREA.
THE OTHER RESCUE VESSELS WON'T GET HERE FOR ANOTHER HOUR.
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DAD?
US ARMY
HARD TO SAY, BETTY. THEY WERE RIGHT IN THE LINE OF THE BLAST, AND THEY MIGHT--
ARMBRUSTER! TRAIN THOSE BINOCULARS ON THAT LEAD RAFT --DO YOU SEE HIM?

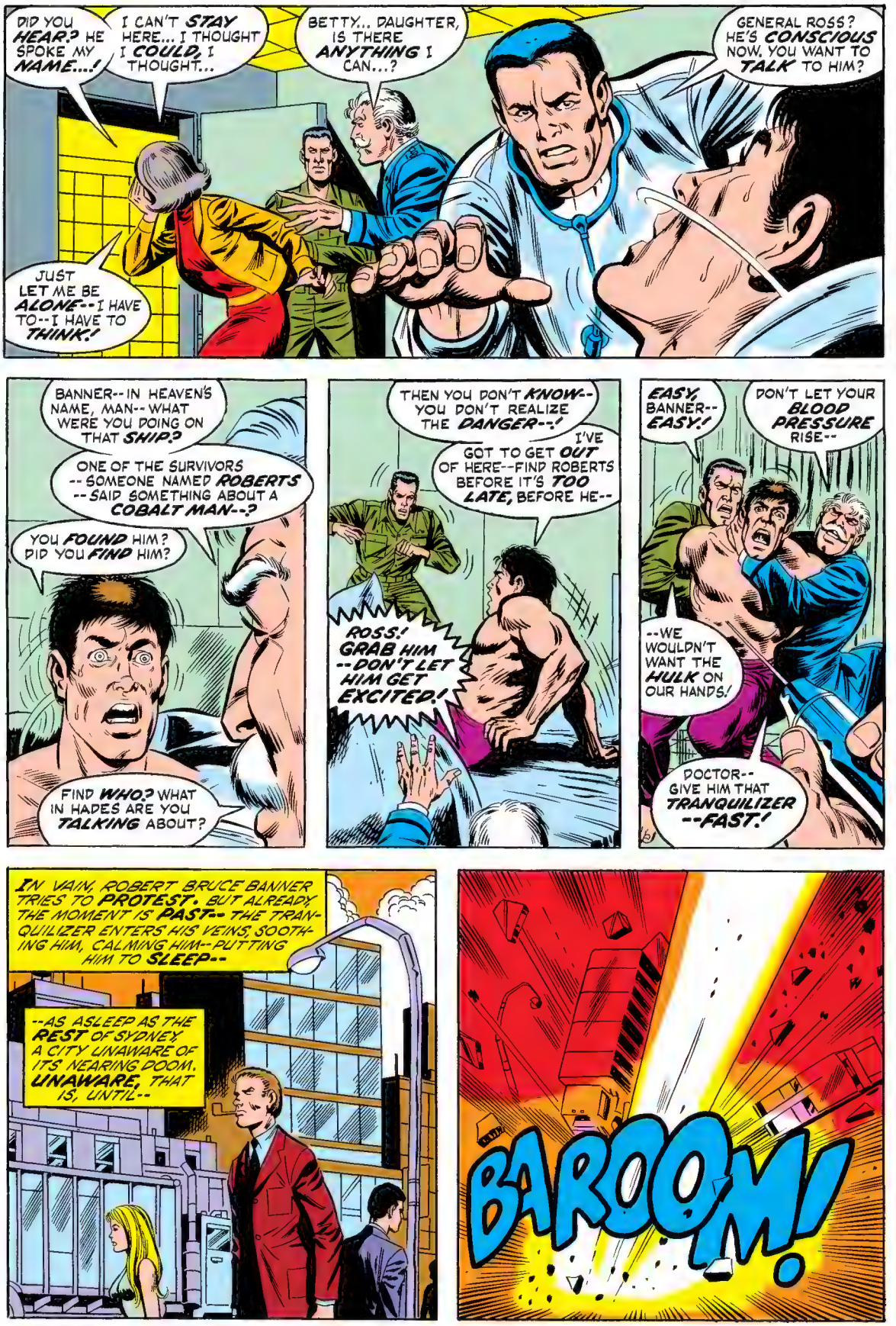
"SEE WHO? I DON'T--
" BLAST! NOW HOW'D HE GET OUT HERE? SOMETIMES I THINK THAT BANNER JOKER IS FOLLOWING US. "

BANNER? DID YOU SAY BANNER?
BRUCE IS HERE --AND HE'S ALIVE? OH, NO--
NO!

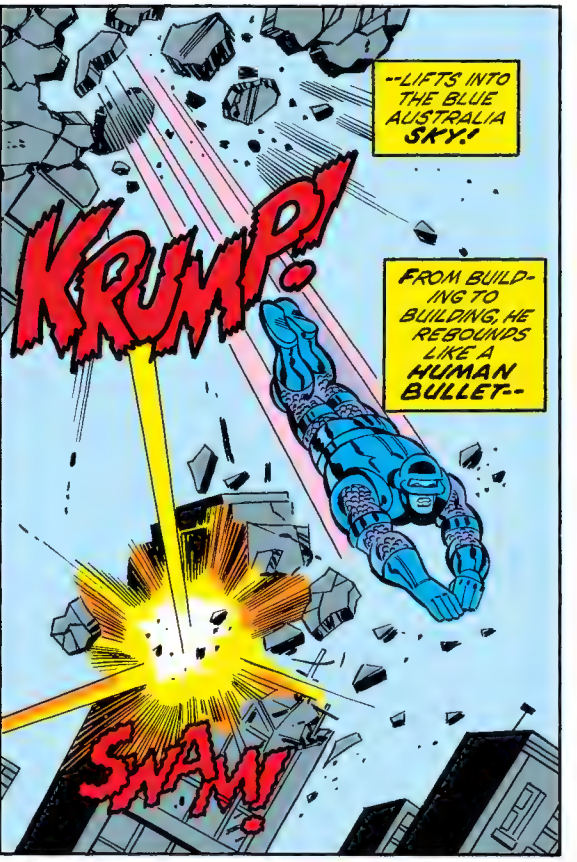

EASY, BETTY... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE HIM IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
BUT, DAD... THAT'S JUST IT.
DO I WANT TO SEE BRUCE AGAIN? CAN I EVEN FACE HIM? OH, WHY COULDN'T THINGS STAY SIMPLE?
WHY DID HE HAVE TO COME BACK? WHY?
WITH A SOB, BETTY ROSS TALBOT HURRIES FROM THE HOLD... AND HER FATHER TURNS TO GLARE AT THE MEN HE'S HELPED RESCUE, AWARE ONLY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS BRUCE BANNER, UNTIL...
GENERAL, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME. HE'S DANGEROUS, MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU CAN KNOW.
HE'S GONE MAD--BUILT HIMSELF A SUIT OF ARMOR-- HE CALLS HIMSELF THE COBALT MAN--
--AND HE'S GOING TO DO SOMETHING SERIOUS --I KNOW HE IS!
EH? WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU SAY--"COBALT MAN"?
SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE*--
NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, ROSS.
LET THE AUSSIES HANDLE THIS COBALT JOE...
*C.M. FIRST APPEARED IN X-MEN #31.-- ROY.
...OR NEED I REMIND YOU, YOU'RE OFFICIALLY "ON LEAVE"?
YOU DON'T NEED TO REMIND ME, ARMBRUSTER ...BUT YOU WILL.
BOTH MEN GROW SILENT, ABANDONING THEIR DISCUSSION TO PEER THRU THE 'COPTER WINDOW, AND WATCH THE CITY OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, SWING UP FROM BELOW...
SYDNEY, CAPITAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES, LARGEST CITY ON THIS, THE FIFTH CONTINENT...

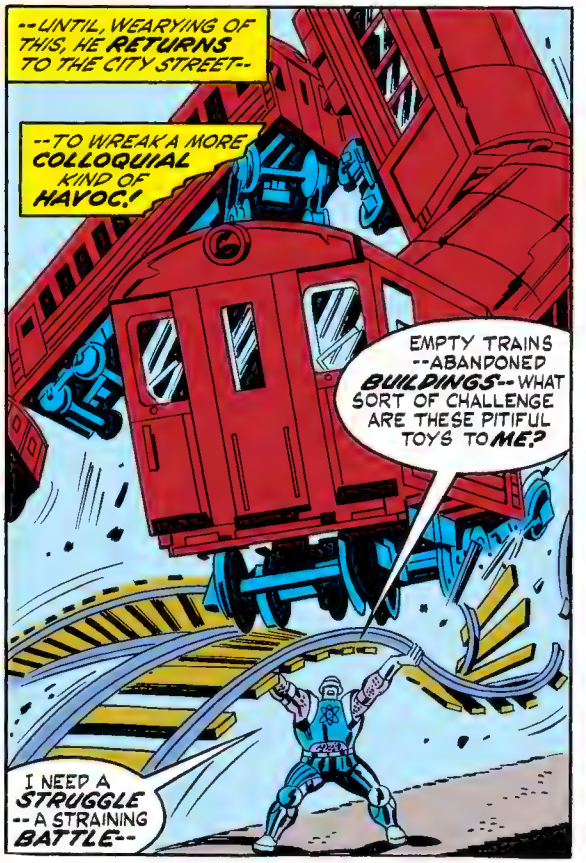
...AND ULTIMATE DESTINATION OF THE TRANSFORMED RALPH ROBERTS, NOW SOME MILES AWAY TO THE NORTH-EAST...
...IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE RADIATION FALL-OUT FROM THE RECENT ATMOSPHERIC NUCLEAR TEST.
POWER-- FLOODING ME, CHANGING MY CELLS-- MY GENES--
--FILLING ME WITH ENERGY--
--MORE ENERGY THAN I'VE EVER KNOWN!
HOW DID IT BEGIN, YOU ASK? IN THE BEGINNING, WE ANSWER: AND THE BEGINNING WAS HERE, SIX MONTHS AGO IN THE LABORATORY OF RALPH ROBERTS...
IT BEGAN WITH A TEST OF ROBERTS' OLD COBALT ARMOR...
...AND IT CONTINUED WITH AN EXPLOSION...
...AND A NEAR-FATAL BATH OF RADIATION.
...WANT IT STRAIGHT, I KNOW, RALPH. SO HERE IT IS:
THE RADIATION FROM THE EXPLOSION --AND THE RADIATION YOU'D ALREADY PICKED UP FROM YOUR WORK-- WILL KILL YOU INSIDE A YEAR.
THE END...
...PLUS ONE MONTH:
I'VE BEEN A FOOL... WE'VE ALL BEEN FOOLS, TO THINK WE COULD LEARN TO LIVE WITH NUCLEAR ENERGY.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME, PERHAPS... BUT NOT FOR THE WORLD...
I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM THE TRUTH OF THIS MADNESS --I'VE GOT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY CAN NEVER FORGET!
AND I KNOW HOW! YES I DO KNOW HOW--
--BY DESTROYING A CITY IN A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION--AND BY DOING IT AS--
THE COBALT MAN!

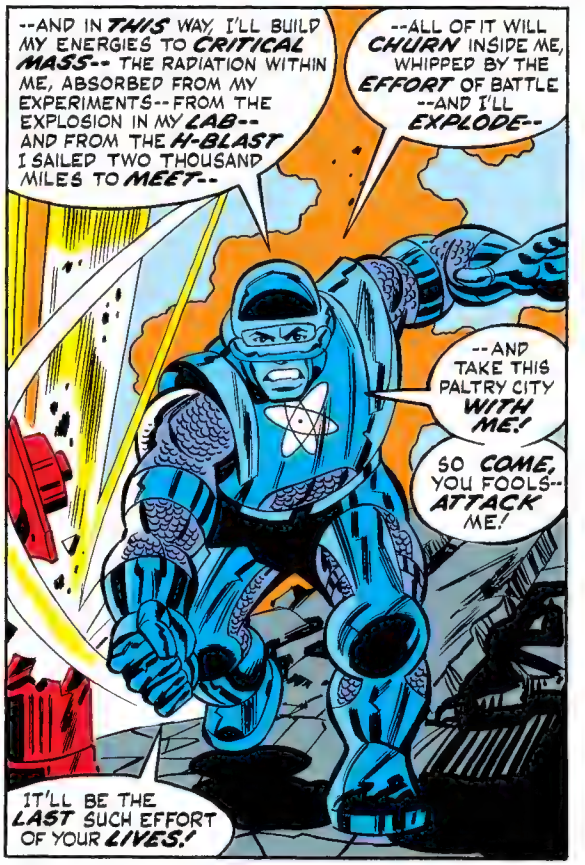

SO NOW YOU KNOW, DEAR READER, ONLY ONE ELEMENT REMAINS:-
A CITY, YES--BUT WHICH CITY?
THE MUTATION BEGUN THOSE MONTHS AGO HAS CONTINUED--
--CHANGING ME, HELPING ME EVOLVE--
--GIVING ME POWERS BEYOND MY DREAMS!
THESE RAYS-- IT'S AS THOUGH I CAN DIRECT THE ENERGIES BOUND UP WITHIN ME, FORCING THEM INTO STREAMS OF SHEER POWER!
BY ANGLING MY BODY JUST SO-- AND THRUSTING AGAINST SOMETHING NOT TOO RESILIENT, SUCH AS THE SEA-- I CAN FLY--
--AND SO IT BECOMES ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS TILL I REACH SYDNEY--
--FOR IN SYDNEY I SHALL MEET --DESTINY.
SO MUCH FOR OUR ONE REMAINING ELEMENT.
AS FOR THE CHARACTERS IN OUR TALE, WE'LL FIND SOME OF THEM IN A HOSPITAL IN SYDNEY--
--AMONG THEM BETTY TALBOT, THE WIFE OF THE MISSING MAJOR GLENN TALBOT*--
--AND THE FORMER LADY-FRIEND OF A MAN CALLED BRUCE BANNER.
*HULK #S 168-173.-- ROY.
"DOCTOR, I THINK HE'S COMING A-ROUND...HE'S OPENING HIS EYES...HE SEES ME!"
"BETTY... PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER LEAVE..."
"DAD, I CAN'T...! I HAVE TO KNOW IF HE'S ALL RIGHT. ...I..."
"BETTY...?
"BETTY, IS THAT YOU...?"


DID YOU HEAR? HE SPOKE MY NAME...!
I CAN'T STAY HERE... I THOUGHT I COULD, I THOUGHT...
BETTY... DAUGHTER, IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN...?
GENERAL ROSS? HE'S CONSCIOUS NOW. YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM?
JUST LET ME BE ALONE--I HAVE TO--I HAVE TO THINK!
BANNER--IN HEAVEN'S NAME, MAN--WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON THAT SHIP?
ONE OF THE SURVIVORS --SOMEONE NAMED ROBERTS --SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A COBALT MAN--?
YOU FOUND HIM? DID YOU FIND HIM?
FIND WHO? WHAT IN HADES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THEN YOU DON'T KNOW--YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DANGER--!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--FIND ROBERTS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, BEFORE HE--
ROSS! GRAB HIM --DON'T LET HIM GET EXCITED!
EASY, BANNER--EASY!
DON'T LET YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE RISE--
--WE WOULDN'T WANT THE HULK ON OUR HANDS!
DOCTOR--GIVE HIM THAT TRANQUILIZER --FAST!
IN VAIN, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER TRIES TO PROTEST. BUT ALREADY, THE MOMENT IS PAST-- THE TRANQUILIZER ENTERS HIS VEINS, SOOTHING HIM, CALMING HIM--PUTTING HIM TO SLEEP--
--AS ASLEEP AS THE REST OF SYDNEY, A CITY UNAWARE OF ITS NEARING DOOM. UNAWARE, THAT IS, UNTIL--
BA-ROOM!

RISING OUT OF THE SMOKE AND RUBBLE: THE FIGURE OF A MAN--A GIANT MAN, GLOWING BLUE--AN ARMORED DEMON WHO LIFTS TWO GLOVED HANDS AND SENDS A BURST OF AZUREFIRE INTO A NEARBY TRUCK--
ZAROOM!
--AND, AS THE PASSERSBY CALL FOR THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY--

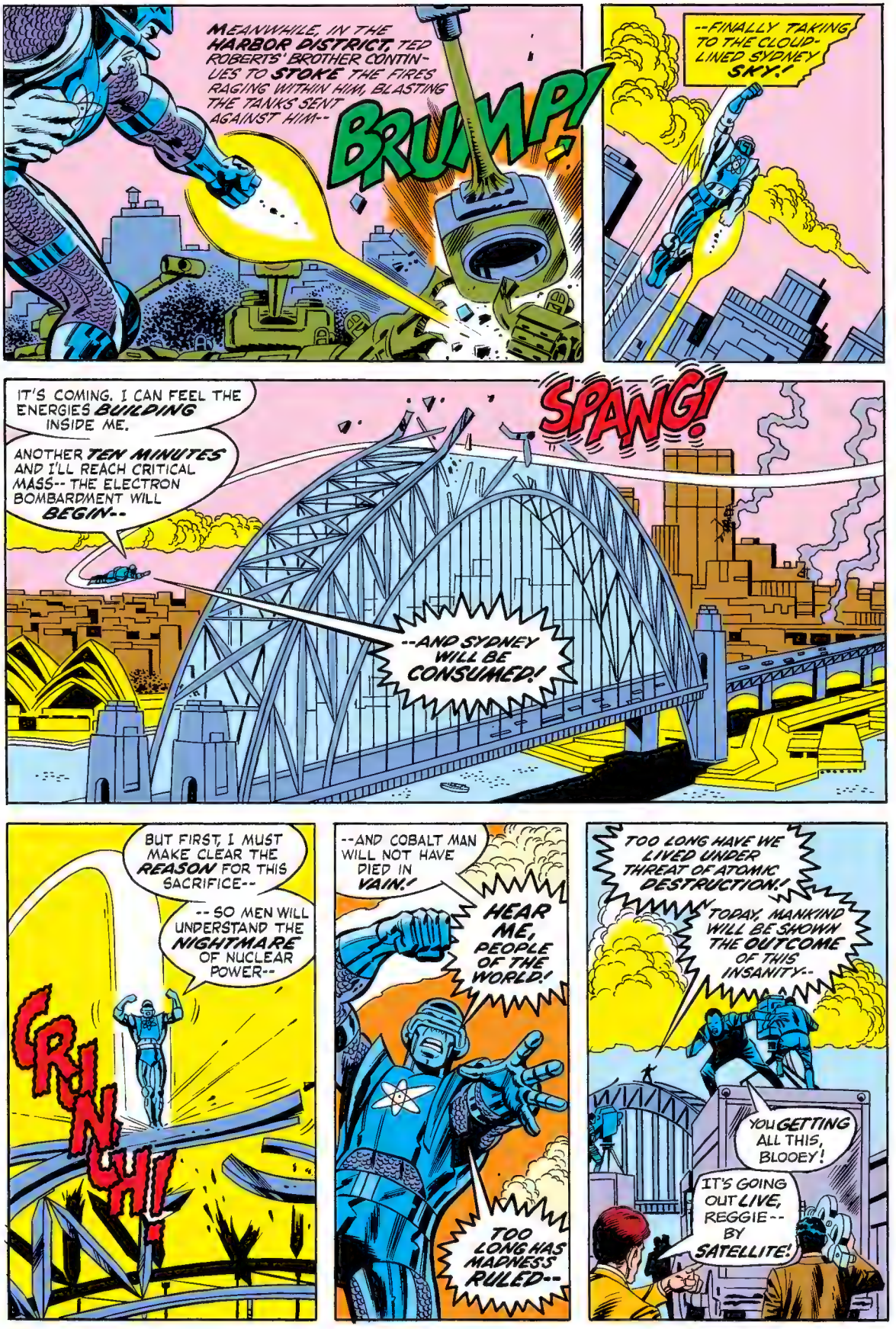

--LIFTS INTO THE BLUE AUSTRALIA SKY!
KRUMP!
FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING, HE REBOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN BULLET--
SWAM!

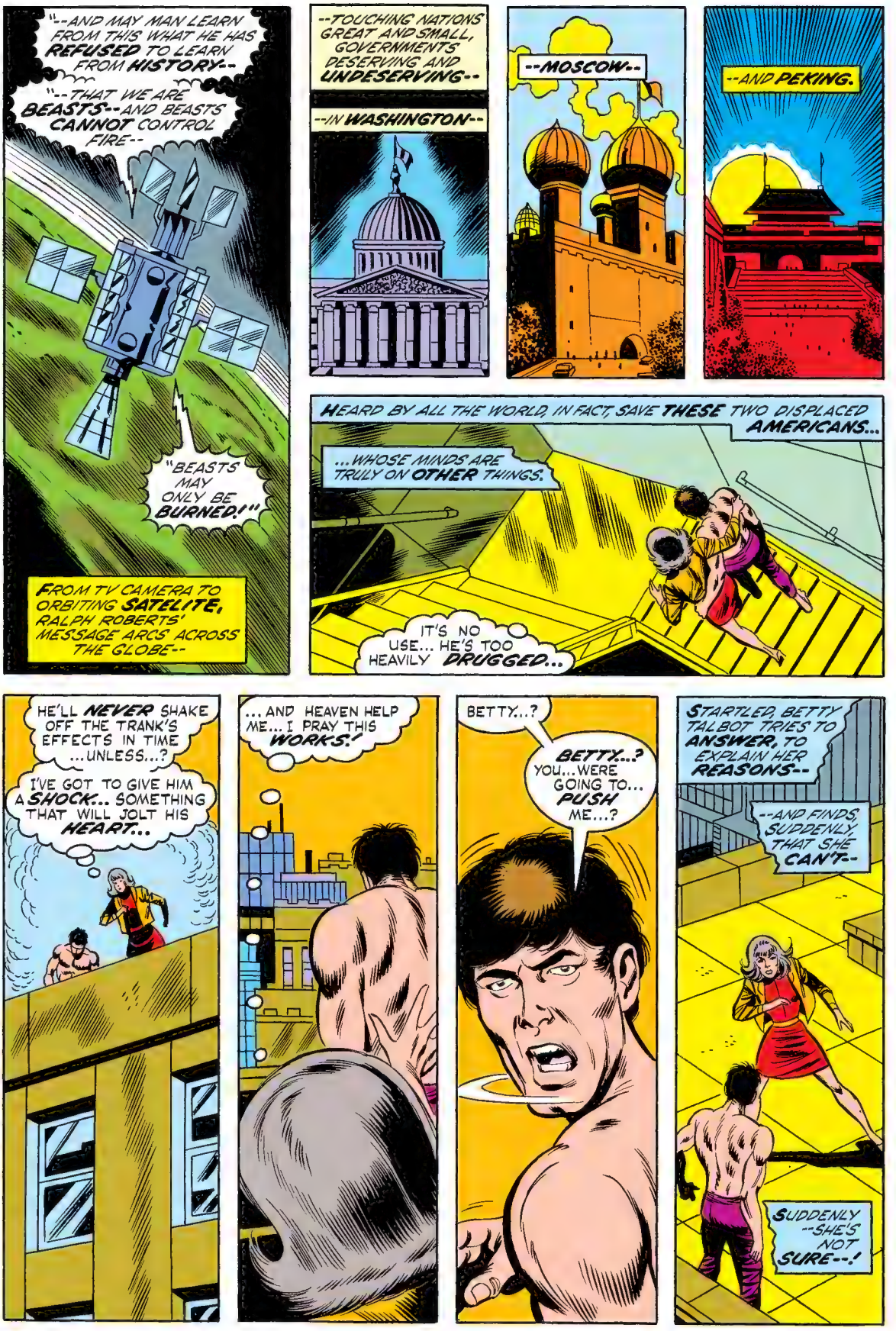

--UNTIL, WEARYING OF THIS, HE RETURNS TO THE CITY STREET--
--TO WREAK A MORE COLLOQUIAL KIND OF HAVOC!
EMPTY TRAINS --ABANDONED BUILDINGS--WHAT SORT OF CHALLENGE ARE THESE PITIFUL TOYS TO ME?
I NEED A STRUGGLE --A STRAINING BATTLE--


--AND IN THIS WAY, I'LL BUILD MY ENERGIES TO CRITICAL MASS-- THE RADIATION WITHIN ME, ABSORBED FROM MY EXPERIMENTS--FROM THE EXPLOSION IN MY LAB-- AND FROM THE H-BLAST I SAILED TWO THOUSAND MILES TO MEET--
--ALL OF IT WILL CHURN INSIDE ME, WHIPPED BY THE EFFORT OF BATTLE --AND I'LL EXPLODE--
--AND TAKE THIS PALTRY CITY WITH ME!
SO COME, YOU FOOLS--ATTACK ME!
IT'LL BE THE LAST SUCH EFFORT OF YOUR LIVES!

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: CAPITAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES, APPROXIMATELY FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES FROM MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA'S SECOND LARGEST CITY; POPULATION IN 1970, 2,646,800.
AT THIS MOMENT: A CITY SHIFTING INTO HIGH GEAR...
...ITS POLICE ANSWERING THE CALLS OF A FRIGHTENED CITIZENRY...
BREEEEEEE
...EVEN AS ITS ARMED FORCES MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO DEAL WITH THIS ODDLY HUMANIZED MENACE!
...JUST ANSWER ME THIS, COLONEL: ARE YOU READY TO RELINQUISH CONTROL TO ARMBRUSTER AND MYSELF, UNDER THE TERMS OF THE ANZUS TREATY?
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, GENERAL. ANZUS WAS SIGNED AS A MUTUAL DEFENSE PACT--
I'M NOT SURE IT APPLIES TO OUR INTERNAL AFFAIRS. IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WITH YOU AMERICAN BLOKES--A COUNTRY INTO A BIT OF TROUBLE, AND YOU--
RELAX, COLONEL... WE DON'T WANT TO GRAB ANYTHING YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE US.
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE HAD EXPERIENCE DEALING WITH THESE SUPER-POWERED THREATS. I CAN--
GENERAL ROSS, YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING.
YOU'RE ON LEAVE...
IF ANYONE IS TO TAKE CHARGE HERE... IT'S ME.
AND MISTER, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO.
GOT THE SET-UP? FINE. NOW... ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER CHARACTER WE'RE SUPPOSED TO INTRODUCE? SOMEBODY... SOMEBODY WHOSE NAME BEGINS WITH AN H? GIVE US A SECOND, WE'LL THINK OF IT... OH! OH, YEAH... DIG IT:
MRS. TALBOT? CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?
I NEED YOUR HELP--WE ALL NEED YOUR HELP, DESPERATELY!
401-A
WARD

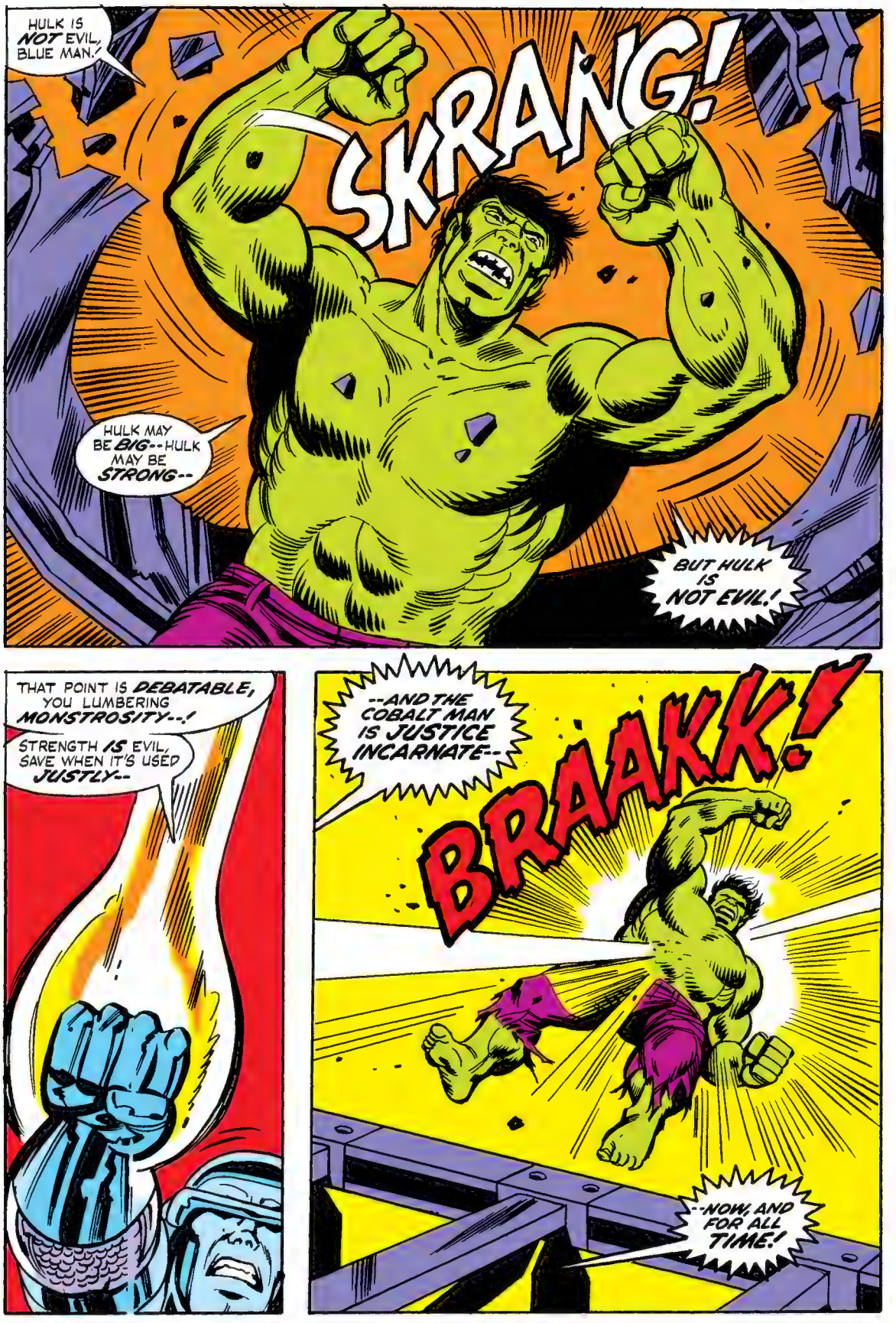
Y-YOU'RE TED ROBERTS, A-AREN'T YOU? I SAW YOU WITH BRUCE... ON THAT RAFT.
WHAT DO Y-YOU WANT? I CAN'T HELP YOU-- I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD? IT'S MY BROTHER-- THE COBALT MAN!
HE'S ATTACK-ING THE CITY-- DESTROYING IT--
AND NO ONE CAN STOP HIM! NO ONE, THAT IS, BUT THE HULK.
YOU MEAN BRUCE? BUT HOW--?
HOW CAN YOU HELP? SIMPLE:
AND SO, A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS TED ROBERTS DISTRACTS THE GUARD OUTSIDE BRUCE BANNER'S PRIVATE ROOM...
...BETTY TALBOT STEELS HERSELF, AND...
BRUCE...? OH NO, THEY'VE DRUGGED YOU!
YOU'RE TOO RELAXED TO BECOME THE HULK... UNLESS...
HERE ...TAKE THESE.
I DON'T KNOW WHY DAD HAS LEFT THEM IN THIS ROOM-- AND I DON'T CARE--
--BUT THOSE CAPSULES SHOULD ACT AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE TRANQUILIZER THE DOCTORS GAVE YOU.
NOW, DON'T TALK... DON'T SAY A WORD.
IT'S HARD ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE HERE... WITH YOU..! IF YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING, I CAN PRETEND I STILL DON'T CARE...
...JUST AS I'VE PRETENDED ALL ALONG!

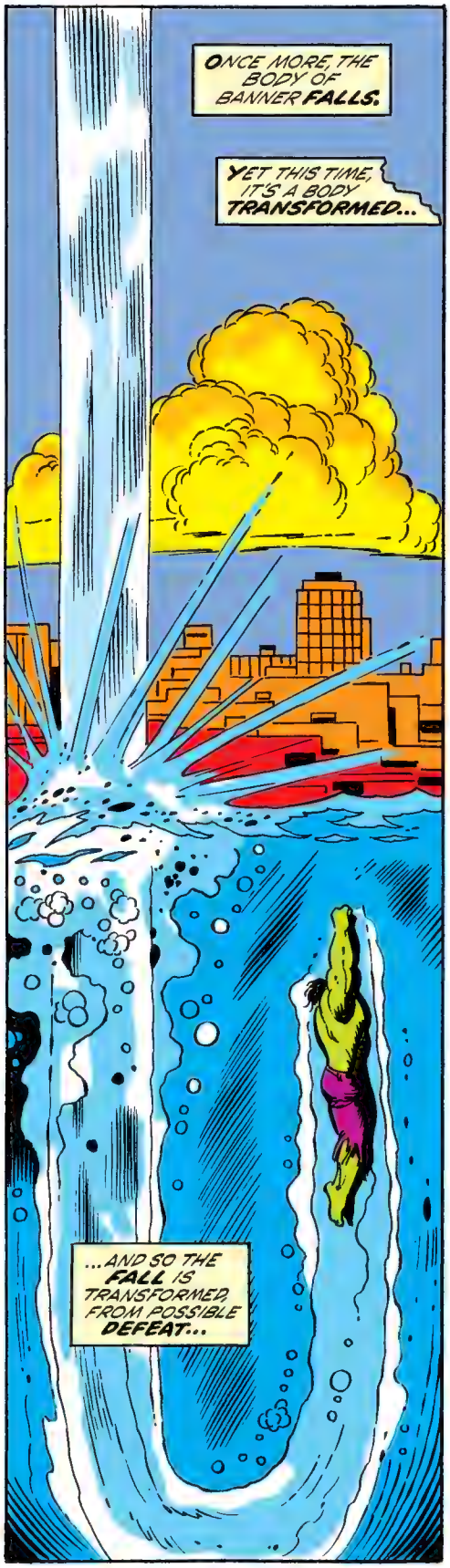

MEANWHILE, IN THE HARBOR DISTRICT, TED ROBERTS' BROTHER CONTINUES TO STOKE THE FIRES RAGING WITHIN HIM, BLASTING THE TANKS SENT AGAINST HIM--
BRUMP!
--FINALLY TAKING TO THE CLOUD-LINED SYDNEY SKY!
IT'S COMING. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGIES BUILDING INSIDE ME.
ANOTHER TEN MINUTES AND I'LL REACH CRITICAL MASS-- THE ELECTRON BOMBARDMENT WILL BEGIN--
SPANG!
--AND SYDNEY WILL BE CONSUMED!
BUT FIRST, I MUST MAKE CLEAR THE REASON FOR THIS SACRIFICE--
-- SO MEN WILL UNDERSTAND THE NIGHTMARE OF NUCLEAR POWER--
CRUNCH!
--AND COBALT MAN WILL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN!
HEAR ME, PEOPLE OF THE WORLD!
TOO LONG HAS MADNESS RULED--
TOO LONG HAVE WE LIVED UNDER THREAT OF ATOMIC DESTRUCTION!
TODAY, MANKIND WILL BE SHOWN THE OUTCOME OF THIS INSANITY--
YOU GETTING ALL THIS, BLOOEY!
IT'S GOING OUT LIVE, REGGIE-- BY SATELLITE!


"--AND MAY MAN LEARN FROM THIS WHAT HE HAS REFUSED TO LEARN FROM HISTORY--
"--THAT WE ARE BEASTS--AND BEASTS CANNOT CONTROL FIRE--
"BEASTS MAY ONLY BE BURNED!"
FROM TV CAMERA TO ORBITING SATELITE, RALPH ROBERTS' MESSAGE ARCS ACROSS THE GLOBE--
--TOUCHING NATIONS GREAT AND SMALL, GOVERNMENTS DESERVING AND UNDESERVING--
--IN WASHINGTON--
--MOSCOW--
--AND PEKING.
HEARD BY ALL THE WORLD, IN FACT, SAVE THESE TWO DISPLACED AMERICANS...
...WHOSE MINDS ARE TRULY ON OTHER THINGS.
IT'S NO USE... HE'S TOO HEAVILY DRUGGED...
HE'LL NEVER SHAKE OFF THE TRANK'S EFFECTS IN TIME ...UNLESS...?
I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM A SHOCK... SOMETHING THAT WILL JOLT HIS HEART...
...AND HEAVEN HELP ME... I PRAY THIS WORKS!
BETTY...?
BETTY...? YOU...WERE GOING TO... PUSH ME...?
STARTLED, BETTY TALBOT TRIES TO ANSWER, TO EXPLAIN HER REASONS--
--AND FINDS, SUDDENLY, THAT SHE CAN'T--
SUDDENLY --SHE'S NOT SURE--!

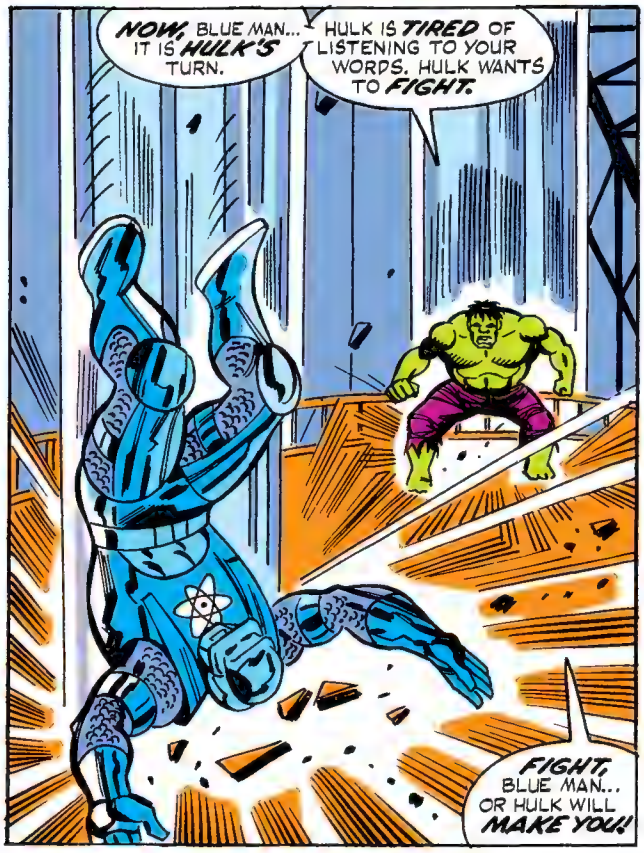
BETTY... I KNOW WE HAVEN'T... BEEN CLOSE FOR SO LONG... BUT DON'T... DON'T LET IT...
SOMETHING HAPPENS IN BETTY TALBOT'S MIND--
FOR AN INSTANT, SHE STRUGGLES TO BREAK AWAY FROM ROBERT BRUCE BANNER'S GRASP-
--AND DOES--
--AND SCREAMS--
NOOOOOOOO!
--AND THEN STANDS STARING AS THE MAN SHE ONCE LOVED FALLS DREAMILY AWAY--
--AND SHE WONDERS HOW MUCH OF WHAT'S JUST HAPPENED IS ACCIDENT--
--HOW MUCH, TWISTED FATE.
BRUCE BANNER, HOWEVER, DOESN'T WONDER.
FALLING, HE FEELS PANIC WELLING UP WITHIN HIM.
FALLING, HE FEELS HIS HEARTBEAT INCREASE.
FALLING, HE BEGINS TO CHANGE.
AND WHEN HE LANDS, IT ISN'T AS BRUCE BANNER..
...IT'S AS THE HULK!
HOW DID HULK GET INTO CITY? WHERE IS BOAT... HULK WAS ON BOAT, FIGHTING BLUE-MAN!*
BANNER DID THIS... HULK REMEMBERS NOW, BANNER CAME AND SENT HULK AWAY.
SOMEDAY HULK WILL FIND BANNER AND HURT HIM...
*MEANING THE COBALT MAN, AND MEANING LAST ISSUE.--R.T.
...BUT NOT NOW.
NOW HULK WILL FIND THE ONE HE WAS FIGHTING BEFORE.
HULK WILL SHOW HIM ...NO ONE IS STRONGER THAN HULK!

OKAY, ENOUGH OF THIS PUSSY-FOOTING AROUND. WE'VE BEEN BUILDING UP TO THIS FIGHT ALL ISSUE, SO LET'S GET TO IT.
FORTUNATELY FOR THE COBALT MAN, HE'S ALREADY FINISHED HIS SPEECH...
AND FORTUNATELY FOR THE POPULACE OF SYDNEY, HE'S ONLY BEGINNING HIS CHAIN REACTION, WHEN...
KRA-
BOOM!
SO, BANNER-- THIS IS THE WAY YOU SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE, BY ATTACKING ME-- SIDING WITH ALL THE REST!
I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU'D AGREE WITH MY FEELINGS, SINCE YOU'RE AS MUCH A VICTIM AS I AM, BUT SINCE YOU DON'T--
--I CAN ONLY DO--
THIS!
WHAM!
YOU HIT HULK HARDER THAN BEFORE...YOU HURT HULK!
HOW DID YOU GET STRONGER, BLUE MAN? HULK WANTS TO KNOW, SO HE CAN GET STRONGER, TOO!
WHY? SO YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH CAN DO MORE HARM THAN IT ALREADY HAS?
I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THE MISTAKE I MADE, BANNER--
YOU CAN NO MORE CONTROL YOUR EVIL HALF THAN MANKIND CAN CONTROL WAR!
EVIL? DID YOU CALL HULK EVIL?

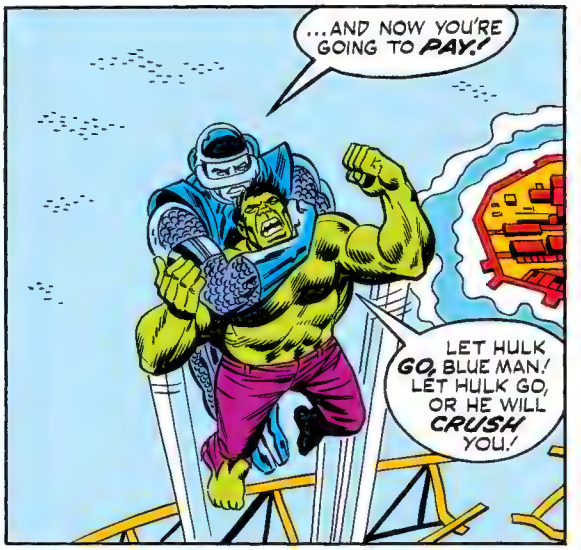

HULK IS NOT EVIL, BLUE MAN.!
SKRANG!
HULK MAY BE BIG--HULK MAY BE STRONG--
BUT HULK IS NOT EVIL.!
THAT POINT IS DEBATABLE, YOU LUMBERING MONSTROSITY--!
STRENGTH IS EVIL, SAVE WHEN IT'S USED JUSTLY--
--AND THE COBALT MAN IS JUSTICE INCARNATE--
BRAAKK!
--NOW, AND FOR ALL TIME!

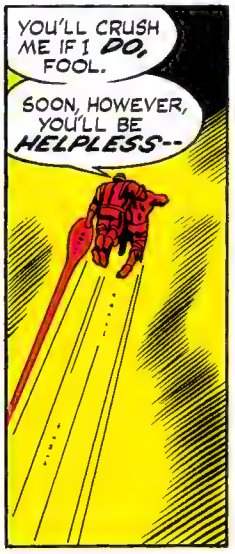

ONCE MORE, THE BODY OF BANNER FALLS.
YET THIS TIME, IT'S A BODY TRANSFORMED...
...AND SO THE FALL IS TRANSFORMED FROM POSSIBLE DEFEAT...

...TO VICTORY!
CHUMP!

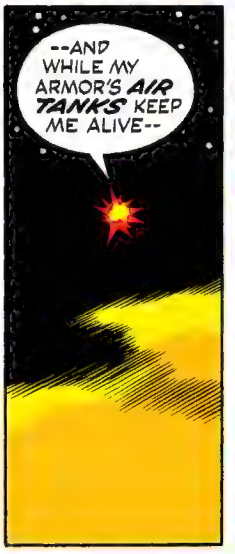

NOW, BLUE MAN... IT IS HULK'S TURN.
HULK IS TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS. HULK WANTS TO FIGHT.
FIGHT, BLUE MAN... OR HULK WILL MAKE YOU!

MAKE ME? YOU INSUFFERABLE BUFFOON ...YOU CAN'T MAKE THE COBALT MAN DO ANYTHING!
IT'S TIME I TAUGHT YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL... YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH MY PLANS LONG ENOUGH...

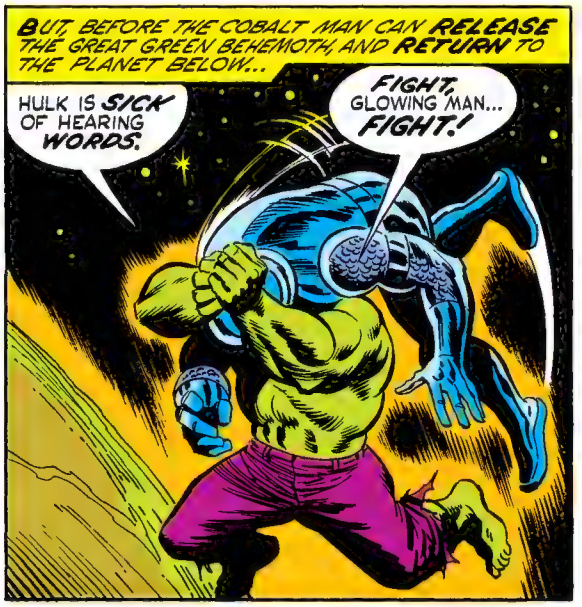

...AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
LET HULK GO, BLUE MAN! LET HULK GO, OR HE WILL CRUSH YOU!

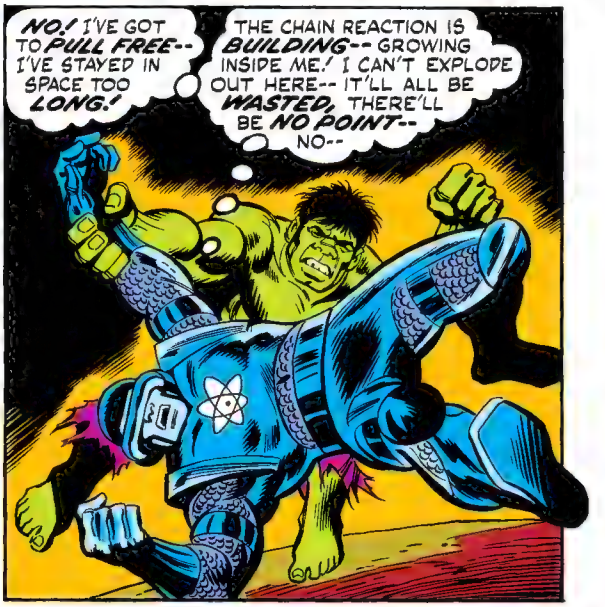

YOU'LL CRUSH ME IF I DO, FOOL.
SOON, HOWEVER, YOU'LL BE HELPLESS--

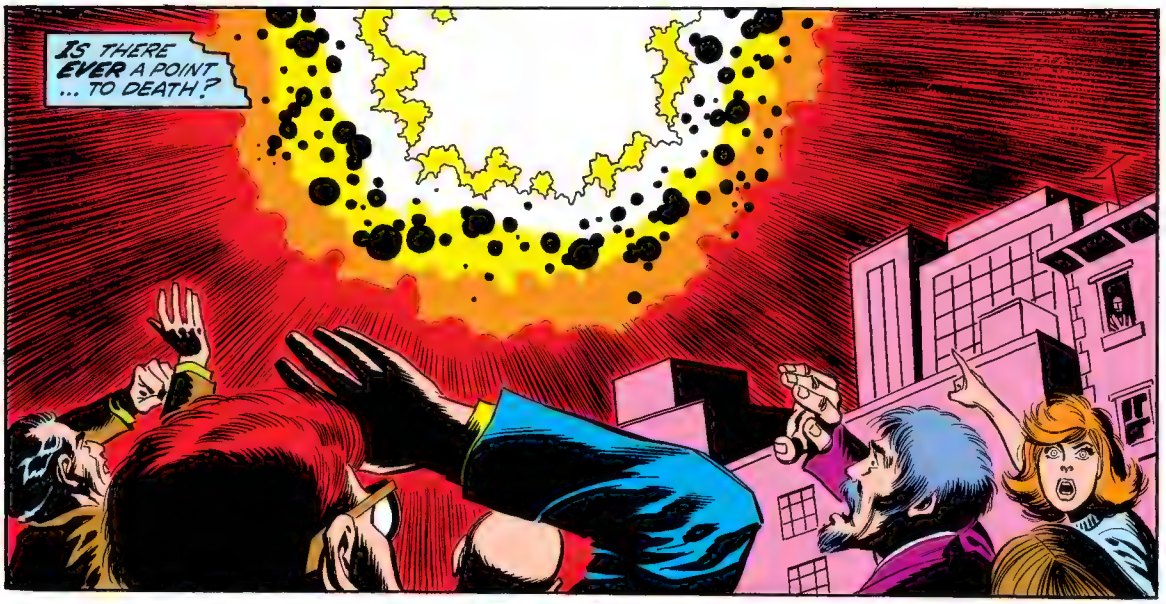
--FOR SOON, WE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE--

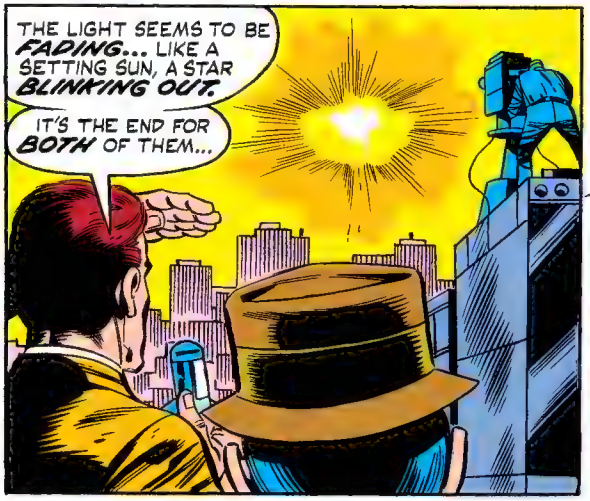

--AND WHILE MY ARMOR'S AIR TANKS KEEP ME ALIVE--

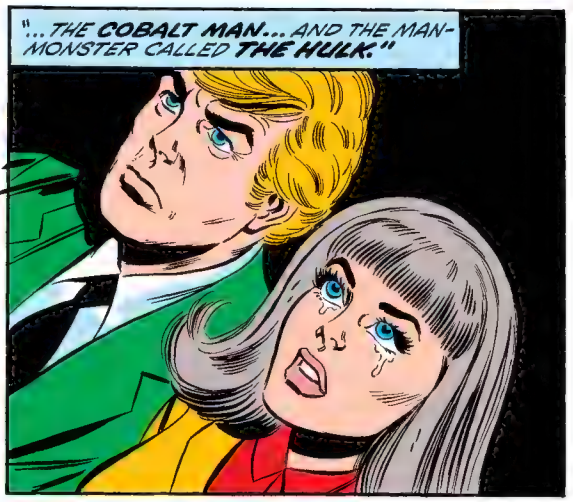
--YOU'LL BE BREATHING VACUUM!


BUT, BEFORE THE COBALT MAN CAN RELEASE THE GREAT GREEN BEHEMOTH, AND RETURN TO THE PLANET BELOW...
HULK IS SICK OF HEARING WORDS.
FIGHT, GLOWING MAN... FIGHT!

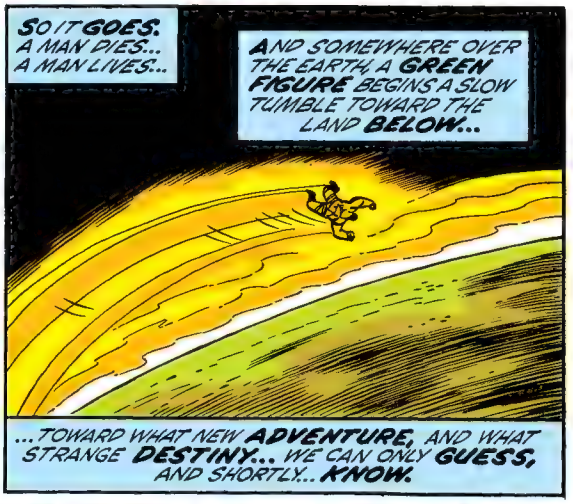

NO! I'VE GOT TO PULL FREE-- I'VE STAYED IN SPACE TOO LONG!
THE CHAIN REACTION IS BUILDING-- GROWING INSIDE ME! I CAN'T EXPLODE OUT HERE-- IT'LL ALL BE WASTED, THERE'LL BE NO POINT-- NO--







...WE SHOULD START WORK IMMEDIATELY ON DEVELOPING A COBALT BOMB.
AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE PARITY WITH OUR COMMUNIST FRIENDS, CAN WE?
ACH... QUITE SO, MR. PRESIDENT. QUITE SO.


SO IT GOES. A MAN DIES... A MAN LIVES...
AND SOMEWHERE OVER THE EARTH, A GREEN FIGURE BEGINS A SLOW TUMBLE TOWARD THE LAND BELOW...
...TOWARD WHAT NEW ADVENTURE, AND WHAT STRANGE DESTINY... WE CAN ONLY GUESS, AND SHORTLY... KNOW.

NEXT ISSUE: OUR JOLLY GREEN GIANT FACES A BIZARRE MYSTERY IN THE FAR-OFF **HIMALAYAS,** WHEN...

THE INHUMANS GET IT ON!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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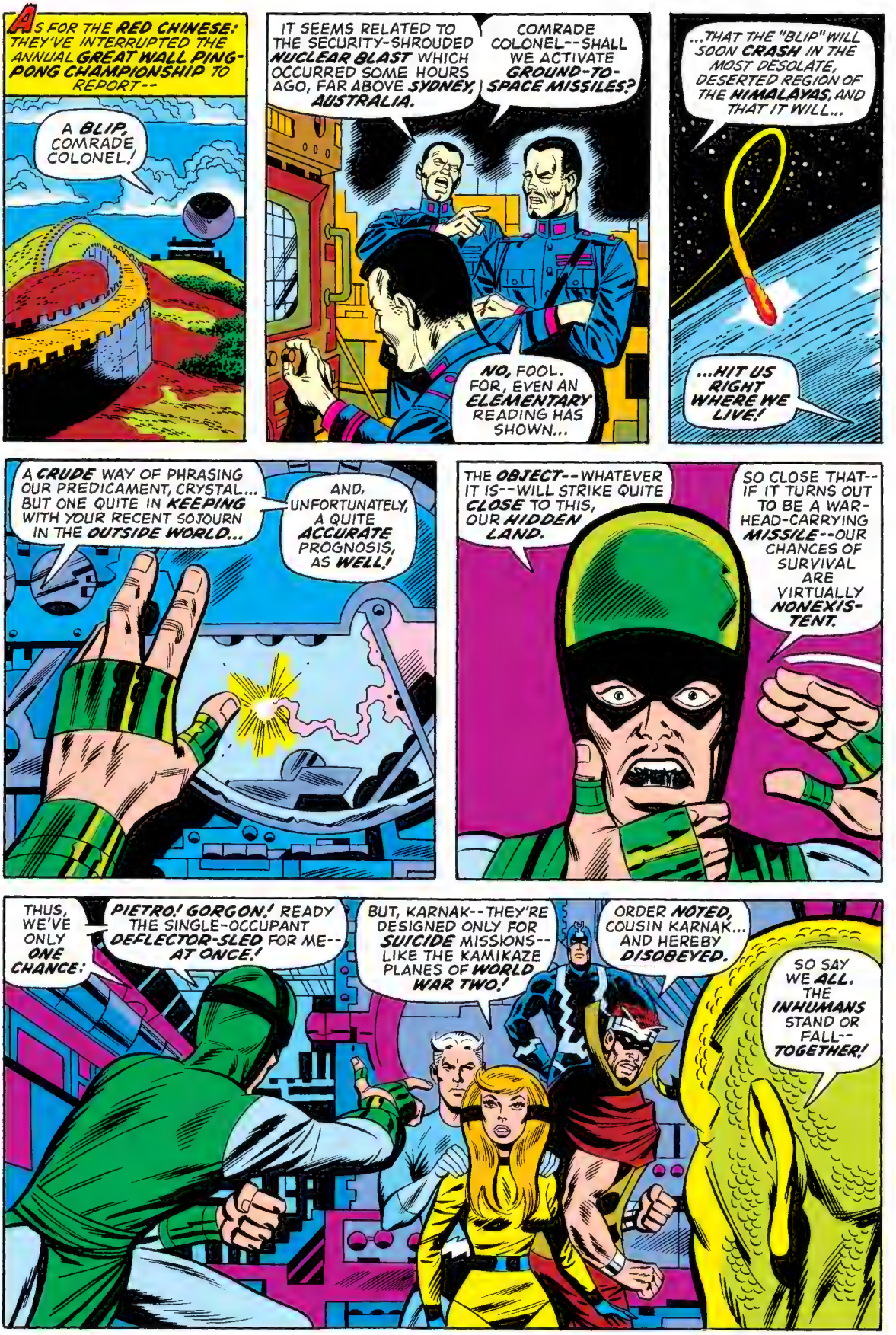
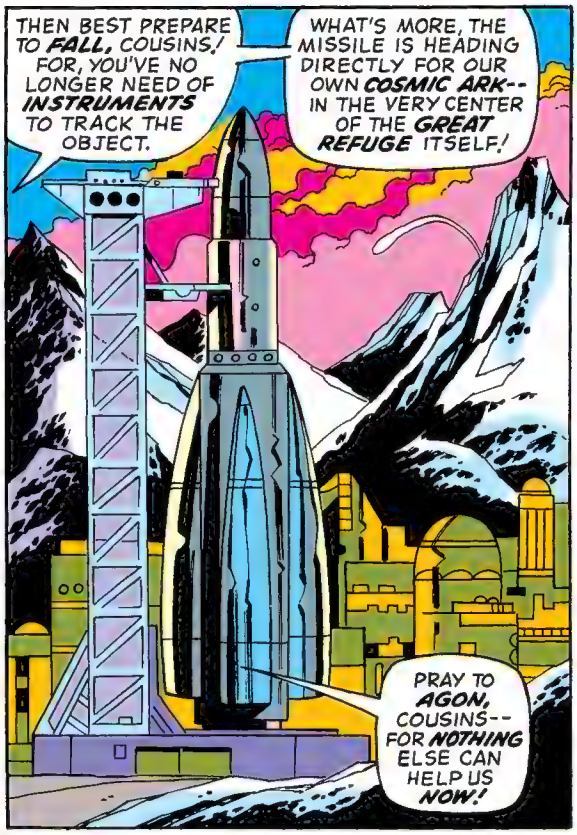
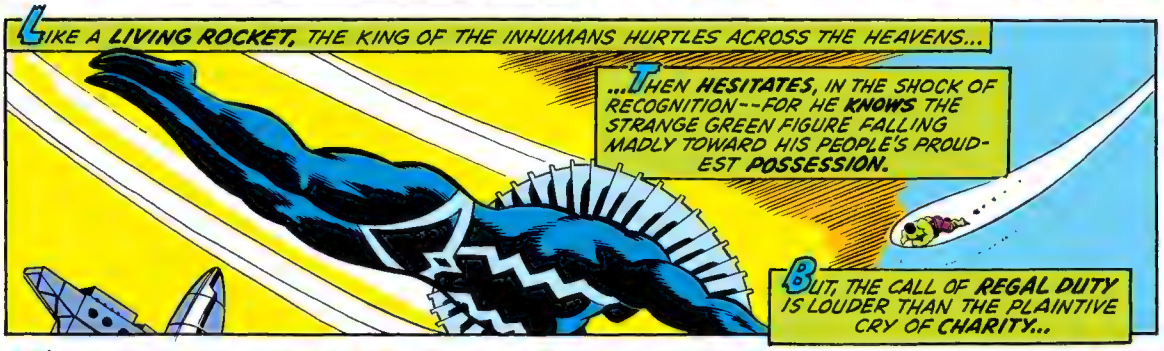
MAY
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
BATTLES THE UNCANNY INHUMANS!
FEATURING THE FULL UNLEASHED FURY OF BLACK BOLT!

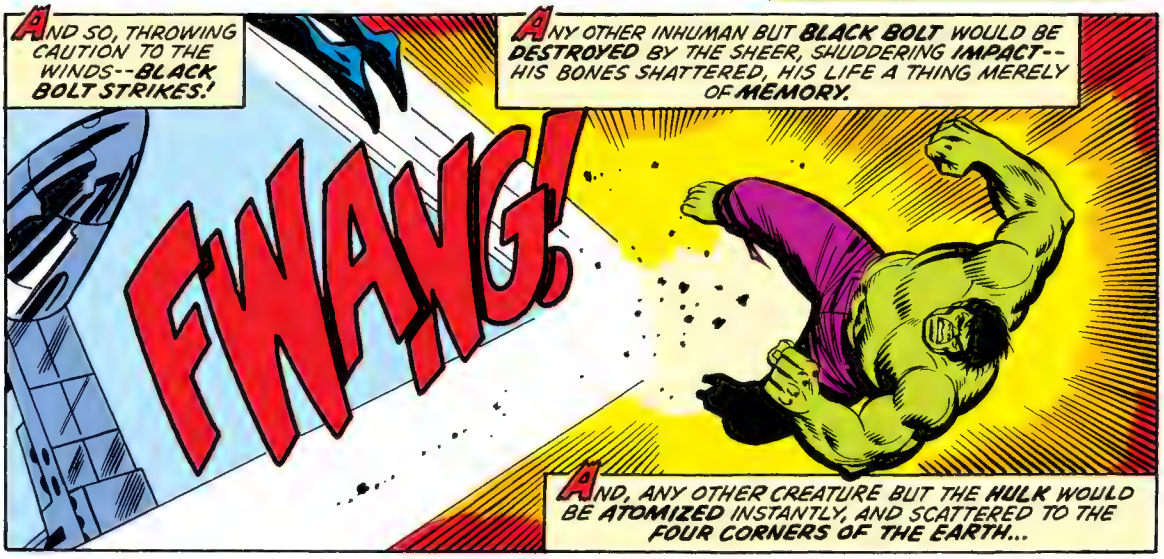
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
ROY THOMAS and HERB TRIMPE
WRITER/EDITOR ARTIST
JACK ABEL * ARTIE SIMEK * P. GOLDBERG
INKER LETTERING COLORIST
MAN-BRUTE IN THE HIDDEN LAND!
"WITHIN EACH OF US, OFTTIMES, THERE DWELLS A MIGHTY RAGING FURY."
—OLD ARABIAN PROVERB.
NO, PRINT FREAK (THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL PEOPLE WHO READ NOWADAYS, Y'KNOW)... IT'S NOT THE FLAME-TRESSED HUMAN TORCH YOU SEE STREAKING HIS FIERY WAY THRU THE EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE; NOR IS IT ONE OF THE RECENT SPURT OF UFO's-- ALL FLASHING LIGHTS AND INSTANT STATUS.
IT'S JUST BRUCE BANNER, BOY SCIENTIST--IN HIS AWESOME ALTER EGO OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
LAST ISSUE, OL' GREEN-SKIN BATTLED THE MODERATELY DERANGED COBALT MAN TO THE POINT OF CRITICAL MASS--AND NOW, THE FORCE OF THAT NUCLEAR BIG-BANG IS HURLING HIM HUNDREDS OF MILES ALONG THE PERIMETER OF SPACE.
BUT, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE THAN THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN THE PAGE. US, WE'RE GETTING WRITER'S CRAMP--!


AS FOR THE RED CHINESE: THEY'VE INTERRUPTED THE ANNUAL GREAT WALL PING-PONG CHAMPIONSHIP TO REPORT--
A BLIP, COMRADE COLONEL!
IT SEEMS RELATED TO THE SECURITY-SHROUDED NUCLEAR BLAST WHICH OCCURRED SOME HOURS AGO, FAR ABOVE SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
COMRADE COLONEL--SHALL WE ACTIVATE GROUND-TO-SPACE MISSILES?
NO, FOOL. FOR, EVEN AN ELEMENTARY READING HAS SHOWN...
...THAT THE "BLIP" WILL SOON CRASH IN THE MOST DESOLATE, DESERTED REGION OF THE HIMALAYAS, AND THAT IT WILL...
...HIT US RIGHT WHERE WE LIVE!
A CRUDE WAY OF PHRASING OUR PREDICAMENT, CRYSTAL... BUT ONE QUITE IN KEEPING WITH YOUR RECENT SOJOURN IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD...
AND, UNFORTUNATELY, A QUITE ACCURATE PROGNOSIS, AS WELL!
THE OBJECT--WHATEVER IT IS--WILL STRIKE QUITE CLOSE TO THIS, OUR HIDDEN LAND.
SO CLOSE THAT--IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE A WAR-HEAD-CARRYING MISSILE--OUR CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE VIRTUALLY NONEXIS-TENT.
THUS, WE'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE:
PIETRO! GORGON! READY THE SINGLE-OCCUPANT DEFLECTOR-SLED FOR ME--AT ONCE!
BUT, KARNAK--THEY'RE DESIGNED ONLY FOR SUICIDE MISSIONS--LIKE THE KAMIKAZE PLANES OF WORLD WAR TWO!
ORDER NOTED, COUSIN KARNAK... AND HEREBY DISOBEYED.
SO SAY WE ALL. THE INHUMANS STAND OR FALL--TOGETHER!

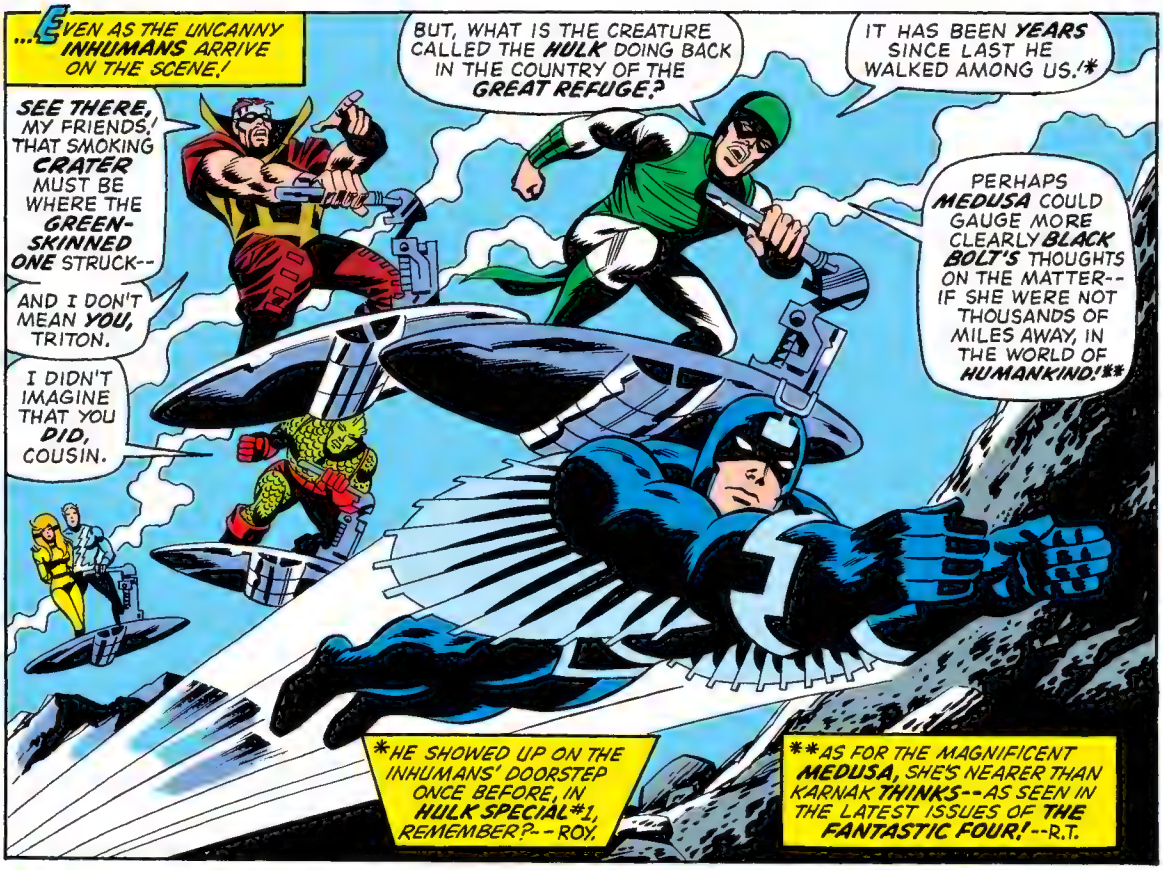

THEN BEST PREPARE TO FALL, COUSINS! FOR, YOU'VE NO LONGER NEED OF INSTRUMENTS TO TRACK THE OBJECT.
WHAT'S MORE, THE MISSILE IS HEADING DIRECTLY FOR OUR OWN COSMIC ARK-- IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE GREAT REFUGE ITSELF!
PRAY TO AGON, COUSINS-- FOR NOTHING ELSE CAN HELP US NOW!

THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE GREEN-GARBED SCIENTIST-PHILOSOPHER WHIRLS IN SURPRISE... AS THE CRACKLE OF ELECTRONS SIZZLES THE VERY AIR ABOUT HIM... AND A DARK-GARBED FORM LEAPS SUDDENLY SKYWARD.
IN YOUR ANXIETY, KARNAK, YOU FORGOT THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE INHUMANS-- BLACK BOLT HIMSELF!!
F-FORGIVE ME, COUSIN! I DID NOT THINK--
TOO LATE, LITTLE ONE. HE'S ALREADY BEYOND EARSHOT.


LIKE A LIVING ROCKET, THE KING OF THE INHUMANS HURTLES ACROSS THE HEAVENS...
...THEN HESITATES, IN THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION--FOR HE KNOWS THE STRANGE GREEN FIGURE FALLING MADLY TOWARD HIS PEOPLE'S PROUDEST POSSESSION.
BUT, THE CALL OF REGAL DUTY IS LOUDER THAN THE PLAINTIVE CRY OF CHARITY...


AND SO, THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS--BLACK BOLT STRIKES!
ANY OTHER INHUMAN BUT BLACK BOLT WOULD BE DESTROYED BY THE SHEER, SHUDDERING IMPACT-- HIS BONES SHATTERED, HIS LIFE A THING MERELY OF MEMORY.
FWANG!
AND, ANY OTHER CREATURE BUT THE HULK WOULD BE ATOMIZED INSTANTLY, AND SCATTERED TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH...

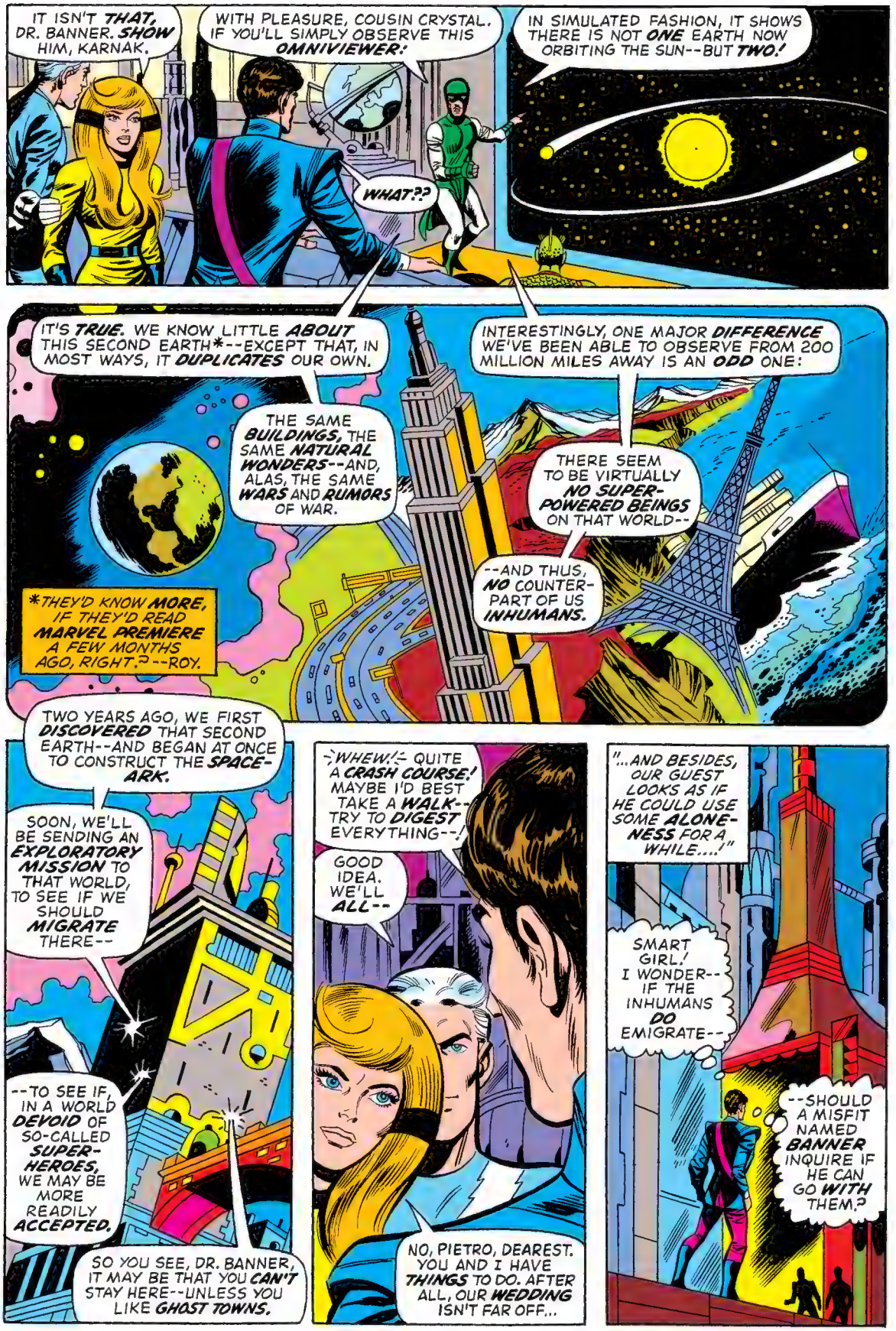
BUT, OUR GREEN GOLIATH IS MERELY.. STARTLED.
WHAT'S HAPPENING? HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.
BUT HULK IS GETTING TIRED OF BEING KNOCKED AROUND!
MUST BE SOME-THING--HULK CAN DO ABOUT IT!
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE IS NOT.
FOR, AS YOU DOUBTLESS ALREADY KNOW, THE HULK CANNOT FLY--MERELY LEAP GREAT DISTANCES.
THUS, STRUCK BY ANOTHER OBJECT, HE CAN ONLY REACT LIKE SOME HALF-HEARTED FLY BALL...
AND, WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN...
...HARD!
FR OOM
CUTAWAY DRAWING: THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN, HIGH IN THE MIST-SHROUDED HIMALAYAS.
ACTION/REACTION: THE HULK HAS STRUCK THE MOUNTAINSIDE LIKE A HUMAN BULLET, PASSING THRU SOLID LIKE A KNIFE THRU BUTTER--LIKE SHERMAN THRU GEORGIA.
BUT, ALAS, THE STONE HARDENS AGAIN, MERE MOMENTS LATER... FUSES INTO AN INSTANT TOMB AROUND THE MASSIVE MAN-MONSTER.
EVEN THE SOMEWHAT SLOW-WITTED HULK SENSES THAT HE IS...
TRAPPED!
...AND REACTS IN CUSTOMARY FASHION:
ARRR
BUT, THAT SINGLE OUTBURST HAS ROBBED HIS SOLID-STONE POCKET OF MOST OF ITS LIFE-GIVING OXYGEN...SOMETHING WHICH IS ESSENTIAL EVEN TO THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED HULK.
THUS, HIS HEAD REELS... AND HE PASSES OUT...


...EVEN AS THE UNCANNY INHUMANS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE!
BUT, WHAT IS THE CREATURE CALLED THE HULK DOING BACK IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GREAT REFUGE?
IT HAS BEEN YEARS SINCE LAST HE WALKED AMONG US.!*
SEE THERE, MY FRIENDS! THAT SMOKING CRATER MUST BE WHERE THE GREEN-SKINNED ONE STRUCK--
AND I DON'T MEAN YOU, TRITON.
I DIDN'T IMAGINE THAT YOU DID, COUSIN.
PERHAPS MEDUSA COULD GAUGE MORE CLEARLY BLACK BOLT'S THOUGHTS ON THE MATTER--IF SHE WERE NOT THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, IN THE WORLD OF HUMANKIND!**
*HE SHOWED UP ON THE INHUMANS' DOORSTEP ONCE BEFORE, IN HULK SPECIAL #1, REMEMBER?--ROY.
**AS FOR THE MAGNIFICENT MEDUSA, SHE'S NEARER THAN KARNAK THINKS--AS SEEN IN THE LATEST ISSUES OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!--R.T.

AS FOR THIS TALE, IT DOESN'T REALLY NEED THE SCARLET-TRESSED SUPER-FEMME...FOR, EVEN THE OUTSIDER/MUTANT NAMED QUICKSILVER CAN GUESS WHAT BLACK BOLT IS PLANNING TO DO NEXT:
GET BACK, EVERYONE!
HE'S GOING TO USE HIS SONIC POWERS--TO SHATTER THE ENTIRE HILLSIDE!
WAIT! SOMETHING IS EMERGING FROM THE APERTURE! A HAND--!

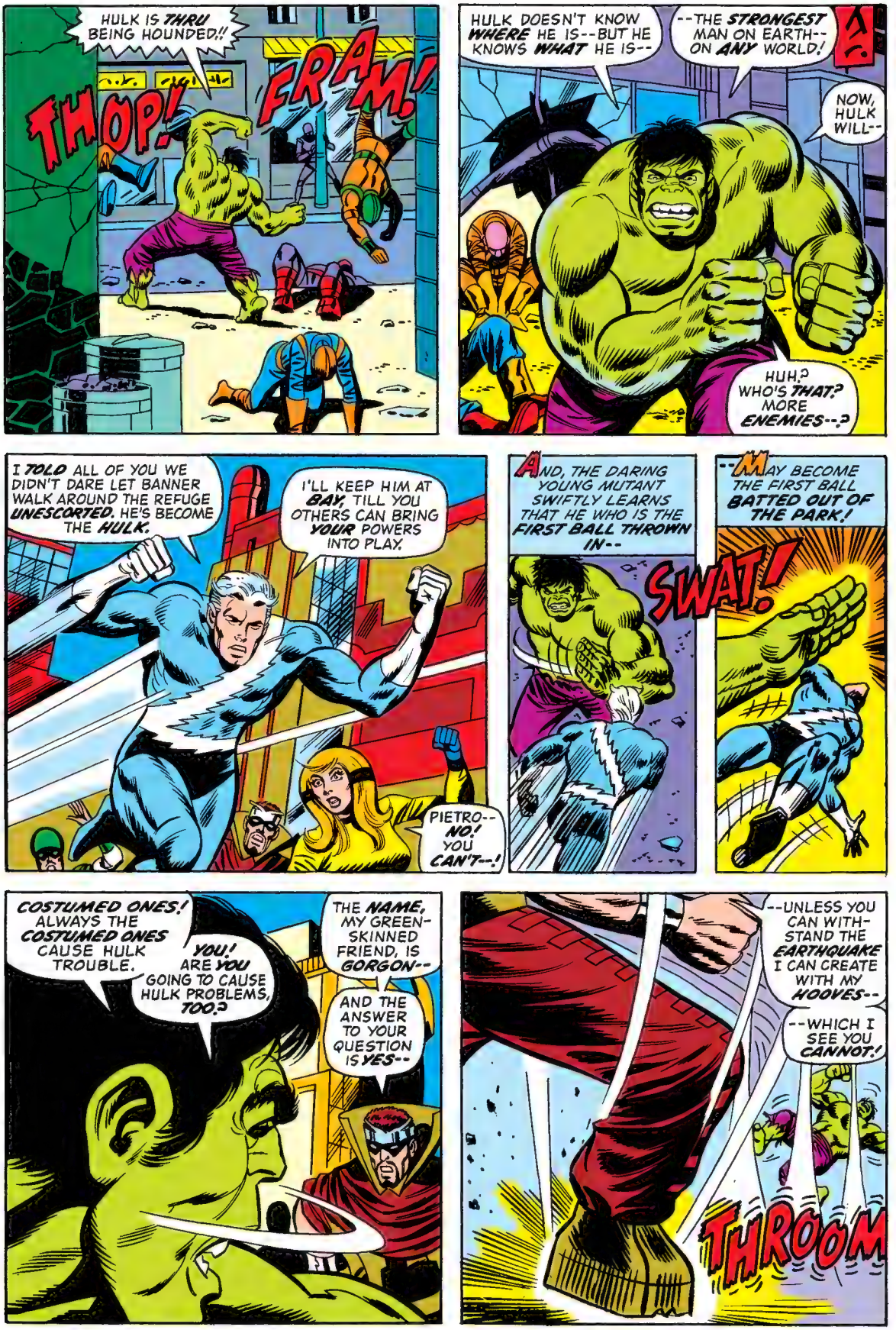
WHAT'S MORE, KARNAK IS IN FOR A SECOND SURPRISE A FEW SECONDS LATER, WHEN A DECIDEDLY NON-HULKIAN FORM STUMBLES INTO VIEW...
GENES OF AGON! THAT IS NOT THE MONSTER BLACK BOLT STRUCK!
SORRY--TO DISAPPOINT YOU--WHOEVER YOU ARE.
BUT, IF YOU'LL JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME--MAYBE I CAN PULL HIM OUT OF A HAT FOR YOU.
IF YOU REALLY WANT HIM, THAT IS--!

I KNOW WHO HE IS--FROM MY ACCESS TO THE EXTENSIVE MICROFILM FILES OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
HE IS DR. BRUCE BANNER--THE HUMAN PHYSICIST WHO BECOMES THE RAMPAGING HULK, IN MOMENTS OF EXTREME STRESS.
I COULD'VE TOLD YOU THAT--AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY MICROFILM FILES!
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS--WHO ARE YOU??
WHAT KIND OF TREACHERY IS THIS? FIRST, YOU TRY TO DESTROY OUR CITY--OUR PRECIOUS ARK--AND NOW YOU CLAIM--
AS EVER, OLD FRIEND, YOUR BRAWN SURPASSES YOUR POWERS OF COMPREHENSION.
FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, THIS IS A FAR DIFFERENT BEING THAN THE ONE WHICH MENACED OUR FUTURE!
WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE DEVIL--?
THERE WILL BE TIME FOR TALK LATER, DR. BANNER... IN THE GREAT REFUGE.
WHICH YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE AGAIN... FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THIS, AS YOU MUST HAVE GUESSED, IS THE ARK OF WHICH GORGON SPOKE...AND OF WHICH WE FEEL JUSTLY PROUD.
ARK? WHAT'S IT FOR?
IS "THE STARLOST" RUNNING ON PRIME-TIME IN THIS SUPER-SCIENTIFIC SHANGRI-LA OF YOURS?
YOUR ARCANE REMARKS CONFUSE ME, DR. BANNER... SO I'LL ASSUME THEY ARE OF NO IMPORT.
COME ALONG. WE MUST GET YOU SUITABLE CLOTHING...
...AFTER ALL, WE ARE NOT NAKED BARBARIANS HERE!
THANKS, KARNAK--THAT IS WHAT THEY CALL YOU, ISN'T IT?
YOU KNOW, I COULD GET TO LIKE IT HERE!
ALAS, YOU'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE.
HUH? AM I ALREADY AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN?


IT ISN'T THAT, DR. BANNER. SHOW HIM, KARNAK.
WITH PLEASURE, COUSIN CRYSTAL. IF YOU'LL SIMPLY OBSERVE THIS OMNIVIEWER!
WHAT??
IN SIMULATED FASHION, IT SHOWS THERE IS NOT ONE EARTH NOW ORBITING THE SUN--BUT TWO!
IT'S TRUE. WE KNOW LITTLE ABOUT THIS SECOND EARTH*--EXCEPT THAT, IN MOST WAYS, IT DUPLICATES OUR OWN.
THE SAME BUILDINGS, THE SAME NATURAL WONDERS--AND, ALAS, THE SAME WARS AND RUMORS OF WAR.
INTERESTINGLY, ONE MAJOR DIFFERENCE WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO OBSERVE FROM 200 MILLION MILES AWAY IS AN ODD ONE:
THERE SEEM TO BE VIRTUALLY NO SUPER-POWERED BEINGS ON THAT WORLD--
--AND THUS, NO COUNTER-PART OF US INHUMANS.
*THEY'D KNOW MORE, IF THEY'D READ MARVEL PREMIERE A FEW MONTHS AGO, RIGHT?--ROY.
TWO YEARS AGO, WE FIRST DISCOVERED THAT SECOND EARTH--AND BEGAN AT ONCE TO CONSTRUCT THE SPACE-ARK.
SOON, WE'LL BE SENDING AN EXPLORATORY MISSION TO THAT WORLD, TO SEE IF WE SHOULD MIGRATE THERE--
--TO SEE IF, IN A WORLD DEVOID OF SO-CALLED SUPER-HEROES, WE MAY BE MORE READILY ACCEPTED.
SO YOU SEE, DR. BANNER, IT MAY BE THAT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE--UNLESS YOU LIKE GHOST TOWNS.
WHEW!-- QUITE A CRASH COURSE! MAYBE I'D BEST TAKE A WALK--TRY TO DIGEST EVERYTHING--!
GOOD IDEA. WE'LL ALL--
NO, PIETRO, DEAREST. YOU AND I HAVE THINGS TO DO. AFTER ALL, OUR WEDDING ISN'T FAR OFF...
"...AND BESIDES, OUR GUEST LOOKS AS IF HE COULD USE SOME ALONE-NESS FOR A WHILE...!"
SMART GIRL! I WONDER--IF THE INHUMANS DO EMIGRATE--
--SHOULD A MISFIT NAMED BANNER INQUIRE IF HE CAN GO WITH THEM?

AT LEAST THAT MIGHT HELP ME FORGET BETTY ROSS--
--WHO ISN'T EVEN BETTY ROSS ANY MORE, BUT BETTY TALBOT--
--THE GIRL I LOVE--BUT WHO'S MARRIED TO SOMEONE ELSE!
YES, BY HEAVEN--I'LL DO IT! I'VE NOTHING TO KEEP ME ON EARTH! I'LL--
YOU THERE! PALESKIN!
WHAT IS A PINKABOO LIKE YOU DOING IN THE GREAT REFUGE?
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M TALKING TO YOU, HUMAN!
HUH? I'M... SORRY. I DIDN'T HEAR...
DON'T GET SMART WITH ME, HUMAN!
I'VE ALWAYS SAID IT: GIVE THEM A METER, AND THEY TAKE A LEAGUE!
LOOK, I DON'T QUITE--
DON'T TALK BACK TO US, HUMAN!
AND DON'T LET THE SUN SET ON YOU INSIDE THE HIDDEN LAND!
WAIT! I'M HUMAN, YES--BUT I'M A GUEST OF BLACK BOLT!
BLACK BOLT! THERE ARE THOSE OF US WHO TIRE OF HEARING THAT NAME.
ESPECIALLY IF HE'S BECOME A HUMAN-LOVER!
PLEASE, I--
-UNNH!-
I'M WARNING ALL OF YOU--
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE--DON'T SHOVE ME AGAIN!
HEAR THAT, ENTOS?...
...THE HUMAN'S WARNING US!
PUSH HIM ONE TIME FOR ME, MULLOX!
NO--DON'T! I BEG OF YOU--!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. NOW HE'S BEGGING, INSTEAD OF DEMANDING.
THOK!
BEG SOME MORE, PALESKIN! BEG FOR--

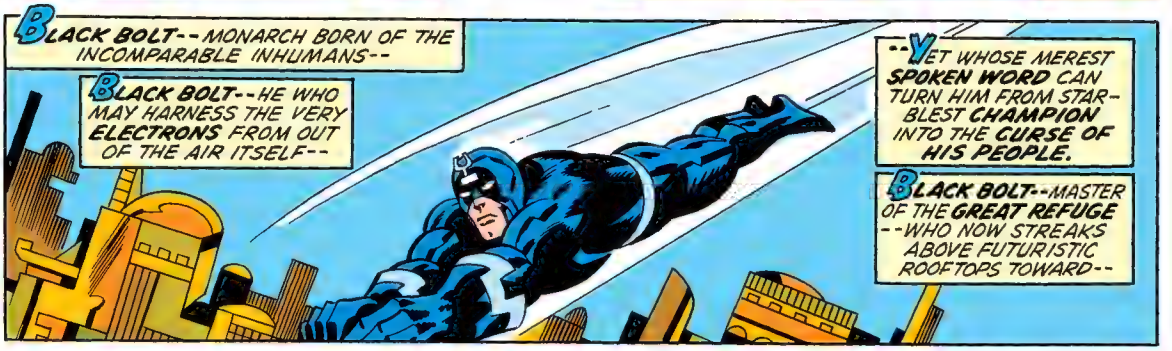
FREEZE THE TIME: THE SHUDDERING SECOND WHEN A VOICE BREAKS IN MID-SENTENCE--AND SOMETHING ISN'T QUITE SO FUNNY ANY LONGER.
CAPTURE THE MOMENT: THAT DROPLET OF ETERNITY WHEN A LAUGH BECOMES A GASP--AND MIRTH IS TRANSMUTED INTO HORROR.
GRAB THE INSTANT--WHEN ALL THE BILLS COME DUE!
LOOK AT HIM! WHY IS HE HOLDING HIS HEAD SO STRANGELY?
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING! SEE--HE'S CHANGING--GROWING LARGER--SHREDDING HIS VERY GARMENTS!
HIS FACE--IT'S DIFFERENT NOW! HE'S NO LONGER AFRAID OF US--NO LONGER SOME FRAIL, WHIMPERING HUMAN!
NO--HE'S NOT HUMAN, NOW--NOR AN INHUMAN! AND--WHAT IS WORST OF ALL--
--HE IS ANGRY!
ANGRY? YES, HULK IS ANGRY!
WHEREVER HULK GOES, MEN HOUND HIM--MEN, OR THINGS THAT ARE NOT QUITE MEN.
HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH!
THRA
KRO

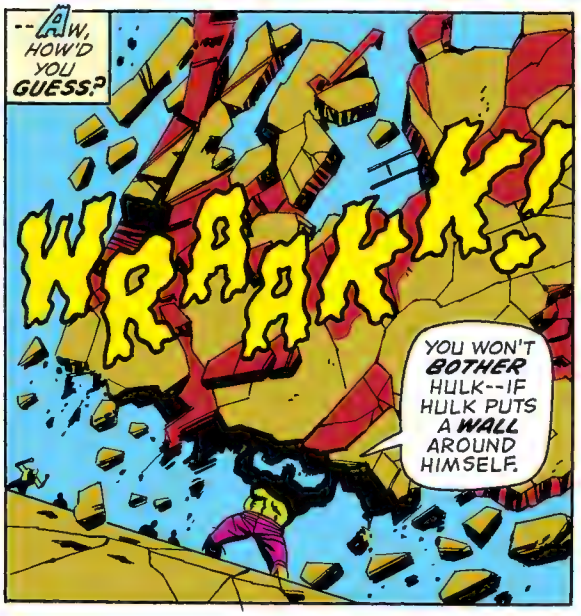

HULK IS THRU BEING HOUNDED!!
THOP!
FRAM!
HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS--BUT HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS--
--THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH--ON ANY WORLD!
NOW, HULK WILL--
HUH? WHO'S THAT? MORE ENEMIES--?
I TOLD ALL OF YOU WE DIDN'T DARE LET BANNER WALK AROUND THE REFUGE UNESCORTED. HE'S BECOME THE HULK.
I'LL KEEP HIM AT BAY, TILL YOU OTHERS CAN BRING YOUR POWERS INTO PLAY.
PIETRO--NO! YOU CAN'T--!
AND, THE DARING YOUNG MUTANT SWIFTLY LEARNS THAT HE WHO IS THE FIRST BALL THROWN IN--
SWAT!
--MAY BECOME THE FIRST BALL BATTED OUT OF THE PARK!
COSTUMED ONES! ALWAYS THE COSTUMED ONES CAUSE HULK TROUBLE.
YOU! ARE YOU GOING TO CAUSE HULK PROBLEMS, TOO?
THE NAME, MY GREEN-SKINNED FRIEND, IS GORGON--
AND THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS YES--
--UNLESS YOU CAN WITH-STAND THE EARTHQUAKE I CAN CREATE WITH MY HOOVES--
--WHICH I SEE YOU CANNOT!
THROOM

WELL DONE, COUSIN! STILL, YOU MIGHT DESTROY THE REFUGE ITSELF WITH TOO MANY STAMPS OF THOSE HOOVES!
PERHAPS MY SEA-BORN SINEWS CAN HANDLE THE SITUATION MORE DEFTLY.
FISH! YOU SMELL LIKE A FISH!
AND HULK DOES NOT LIKE FISH!
THEY REMIND HIM TOO MUCH OF THE ONE CALLED NAMOR --WHO IS ALWAYS PICK-ING FIGHTS WITH HULK.
PHRAKK!
BACK, BROTHERS! MY ULTRA-SENSI-TIVE HANDS CAN FIND THE WEAK SPOT IN ANY-THING--IN ANY STRUCTURE!
PERHAPS THEY CAN FIND THE MONSTER'S WEAK SPOT, AS WELL--
--IF ONLY INDIRECTLY!
YOU HIT THE STREET-- NOT HULK.
WOM!
WHY IS EVERYONE AFRAID TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH HULK?
HITTING STREETS WILL NOT DO YOU ANY GOOD.
PERHAPS IT WILL, GREEN ONE--
--WHEN YOU ARE BURIED BENEATH RUBBLE WHICH ONCE RESTED UPON THAT STREET!
DREKKK!
NICELY PLACED, KARNAK!
I HOPE WE'VE MERELY CONFINED HIM--WITH-OUT HARMING HIM.
WHILE I SADLY FEAR--THAT WE MAY NOT HAVE DONE EITHER.
OBSERVE!
YOU TRIED--TO CAPTURE HULK-- BUT--

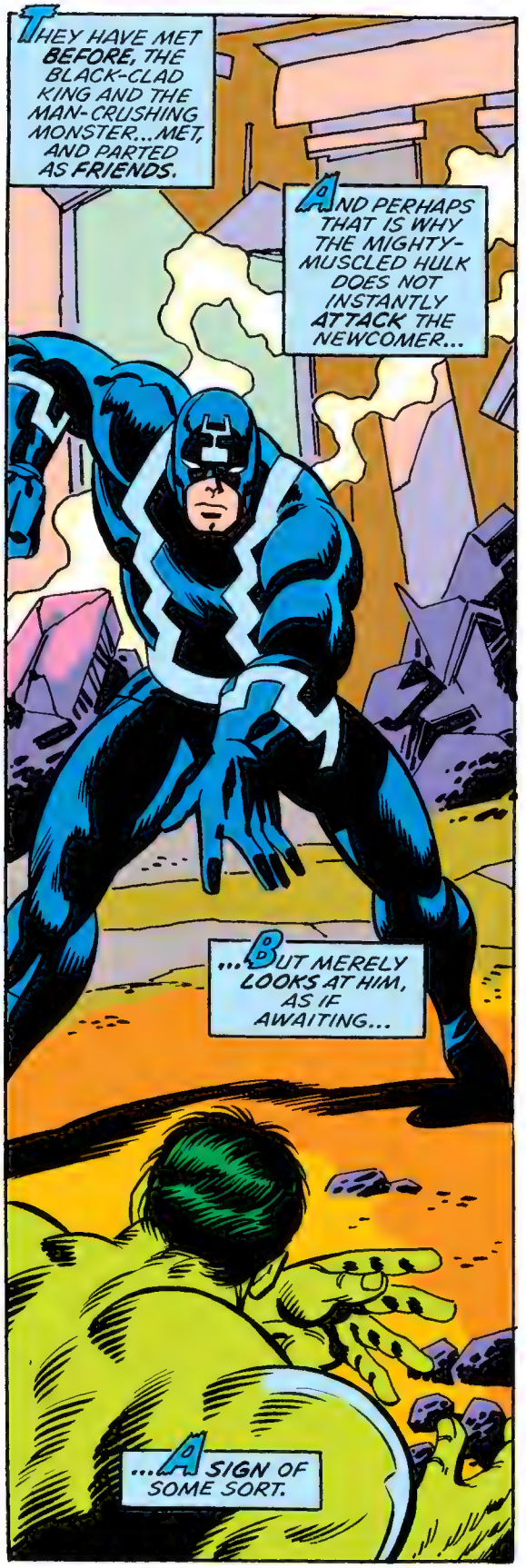
HULK MUST BE FREE!
FRA-
AMAZING! NOTHING CAN STOP HIM!
NOTHING, PERHAPS, BUT ONE WEAPON--THE ONE WE DARE NOT USE!

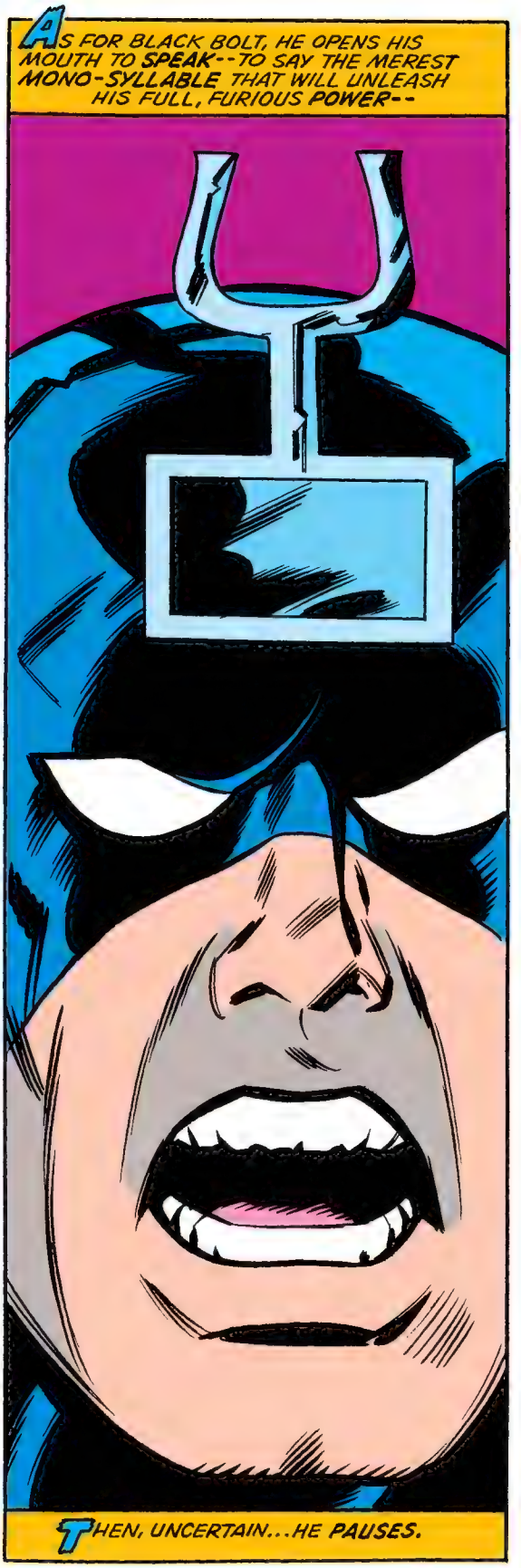
BUT, EVEN AS THOSE ENIGMATIC WORDS ESCAPE GORGON'S TIGHT LIPS, WE'VE DECIDED NOT TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE ANY LONGER... BUT TO LEAP INSTANTLY ACROSS THE CITY TO SHOW YOU THAT STRANGE SECRET WEAPON.
IT IS A TALL, DARK-GARBED FIGURE WHO HAS WATCHED, CLOSE-MOUTHED AND GRIM, AS HIS FELLOW INHUMANS HAVE BEEN STALEMATED BY THE MARAUDING MAN-BRUTE IN THEIR MIDST.
IN SHORT, IT IS--BLACK BOLT!


BLACK BOLT--MONARCH BORN OF THE INCOMPARABLE INHUMANS--
BLACK BOLT--HE WHO MAY HARNESS THE VERY ELECTRONS FROM OUT OF THE AIR ITSELF--
--YET WHOSE MEREST SPOKEN WORD CAN TURN HIM FROM STARBLEST CHAMPION INTO THE CURSE OF HIS PEOPLE.
BLACK BOLT--MASTER OF THE GREAT REFUGE--WHO NOW STREAKS ABOVE FUTURISTIC ROOFTOPS TOWARD--

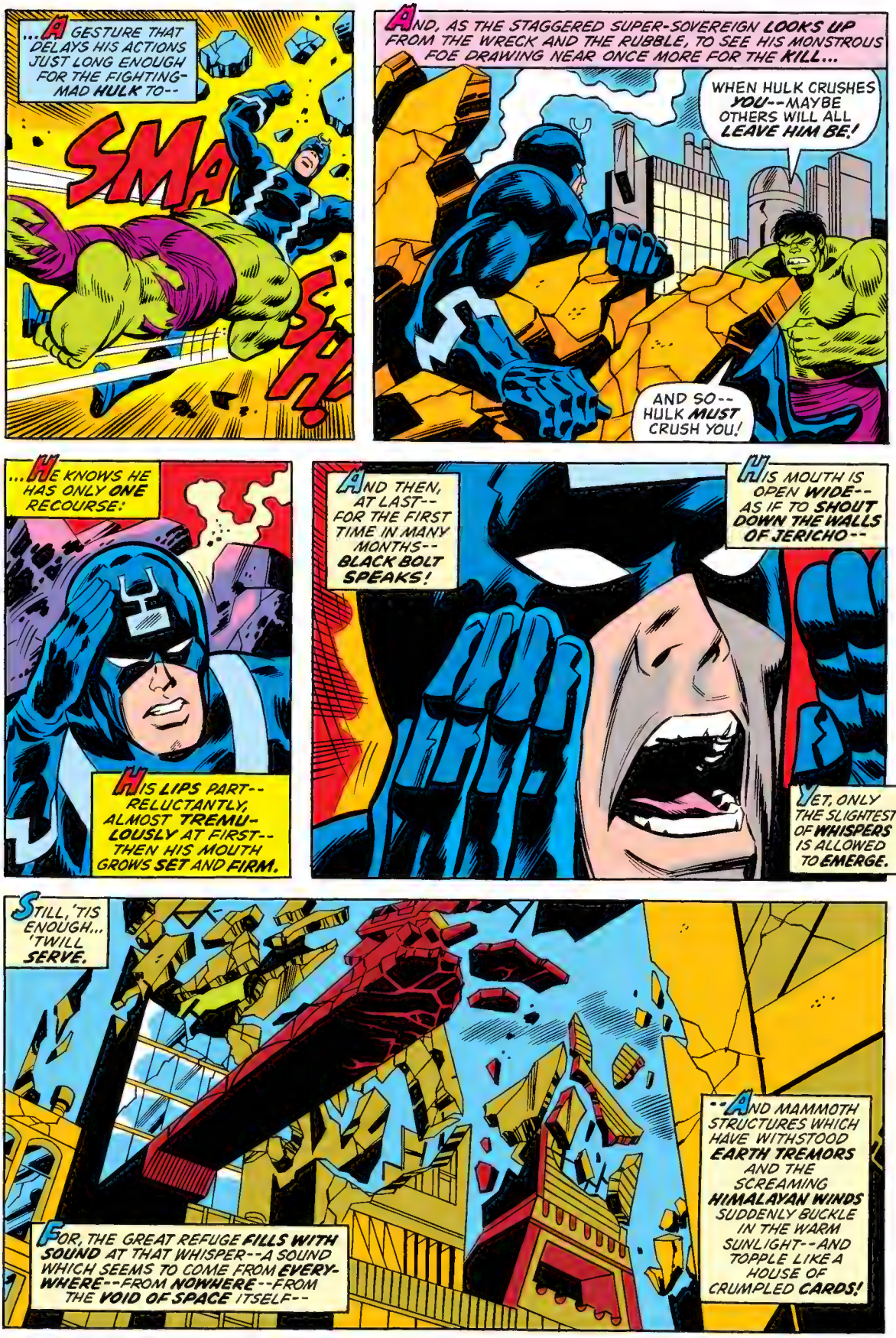

--AW, HOW'D YOU GUESS?
WRAAK!
YOU WON'T BOTHER HULK--IF HULK PUTS A WALL AROUND HIMSELF.

SO, THAT'S JUST WHAT HULK IS GOING TO--
ARRRH!
ZOT!


THEY HAVE MET BEFORE, THE BLACK-CLAD KING AND THE MAN-CRUSHING MONSTER...MET, AND PARTED AS FRIENDS.
AND PERHAPS THAT IS WHY THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED HULK DOES NOT INSTANTLY ATTACK THE NEWCOMER...
...BUT MERELY LOOKS AT HIM, AS IF AWAITING...
...A SIGN OF SOME SORT.


AS FOR BLACK BOLT, HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SPEAK--TO SAY THE MEREST MONO-SYLLABLE THAT WILL UNLEASH HIS FULL, FURIOUS POWER--
THEN, UNCERTAIN...HE PAUSES.

BUT, ALREADY IT IS TOO LATE. FOR, WHAT THE HULK HAS SEEN IS SOMEHOW FRAUGHT WITH VAGUE MENACE--
AND SO, HE ATTACKS!
YOU ARE NOT DIFFERENT-- AS SOMETHING MADE ME THINK YOU WOULD BE.
YOU ARE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, YOU WANT TO HURT HULK.
BUT HULK WILL HURT YOU FIRST!
NO, CREATURE THAT ONCE WAS BRUCE BANNER--THE LAST THING BLACK BOLT WANTS TO DO IS HARM YOU. BUT, YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE THAT NOW, WILL YOU--
--ONCE A WARNING ELECTRO-BLAST HAS STOPPED YOU, STARTLED, IN YOUR TRACKS!?
ZAPP!
SO THAT'S HOW YOU SMASHED HULK'S WALL BEFORE!
WELL, YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN.
NOT AFTER HULK HAS FINISHED WITH YOU!
BLACK BOLT! DON'T GIVE UP! WE'RE COMING TO HELP YOU!
BUT, EVEN IN MID-BATTLE, THE INHUMAN MONARCH WAVES HIS WOULD-BE RESCUERS AWAY WITH A SINGLE IMPERIOUS GESTURE...


...A GESTURE THAT DELAYS HIS ACTIONS JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THE FIGHTING-MAD HULK TO--
SMA
SH!
AND, AS THE STAGGERED SUPER-SOVEREIGN LOOKS UP FROM THE WRECK AND THE RUBBLE, TO SEE HIS MONSTROUS FOE DRAWING NEAR ONCE MORE FOR THE KILL...
WHEN HULK CRUSHES YOU--MAYBE OTHERS WILL ALL LEAVE HIM BE!
AND SO--HULK MUST CRUSH YOU!
...HE KNOWS HE HAS ONLY ONE RECOURSE:
HIS LIPS PART--RELUCTANTLY, ALMOST TREMULOUSLY AT FIRST--THEN HIS MOUTH GROWS SET AND FIRM.
AND THEN, AT LAST--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MONTHS--BLACK BOLT SPEAKS!
HIS MOUTH IS OPEN WIDE--AS IF TO SHOUT DOWN THE WALLS OF JERICHO--
YET, ONLY THE SLIGHTEST OF WHISPERS IS ALLOWED TO EMERGE.
STILL, 'TIS ENOUGH... 'TWILL SERVE.
FOR, THE GREAT REFUGE FILLS WITH SOUND AT THAT WHISPER--A SOUND WHICH SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERYWHERE--FROM NOWHERE--FROM THE VOID OF SPACE ITSELF--
--AND MAMMOTH STRUCTURES WHICH HAVE WITHSTOOD EARTH TREMORS AND THE SCREAMING HIMALAYAN WINDS SUDDENLY BUCKLE IN THE WARM SUNLIGHT--AND TOPPLE LIKE A HOUSE OF CRUMPLED CARDS!

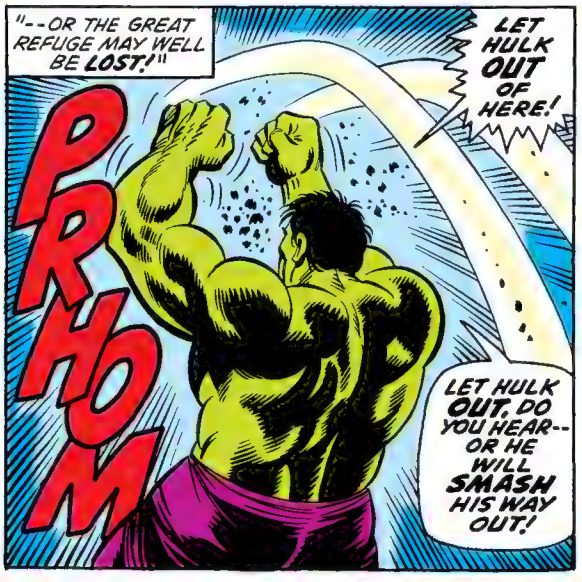
IN CONTROL OF HIS AWESOME VOCAL CHORDS MORE NOW THAN IN AN EARLIER DAY, BLACK BOLT HAS ATTUNED IT TO AFFECT HIS FELLOW INHUMANS LESS THAN ONCE IT WOULD HAVE.
STILL, THAT STONE-SHATTERING SOUND TAKES ITS TOLL, BOTH ON THEM...
...AND ON HIMSELF!
AND THE HULK? WHAT OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK?
HAH! THE ONE IN BLACK COSTUME IS DOWN! HE COULDN'T STOP HULK!
AND NOW, HULK WILL FINISH HIM!
YES! HULK WILL SMASH HIM-- DESTROY HIM--
--AS SOON AS HULK'S EARS--
--STOP--
--RINGING.
AND SO HE COLLAPSES, DOES THE HULK...
...LIKE A BIG GREEN ACCORDION.
THRUKKK!

THE HULK IS DOWN--AND OUT!
BUT-- BLACK BOLT! IS HE--?
ALREADY HE STIRS, CRYSTAL.
DON'T YOU SEE? HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT:

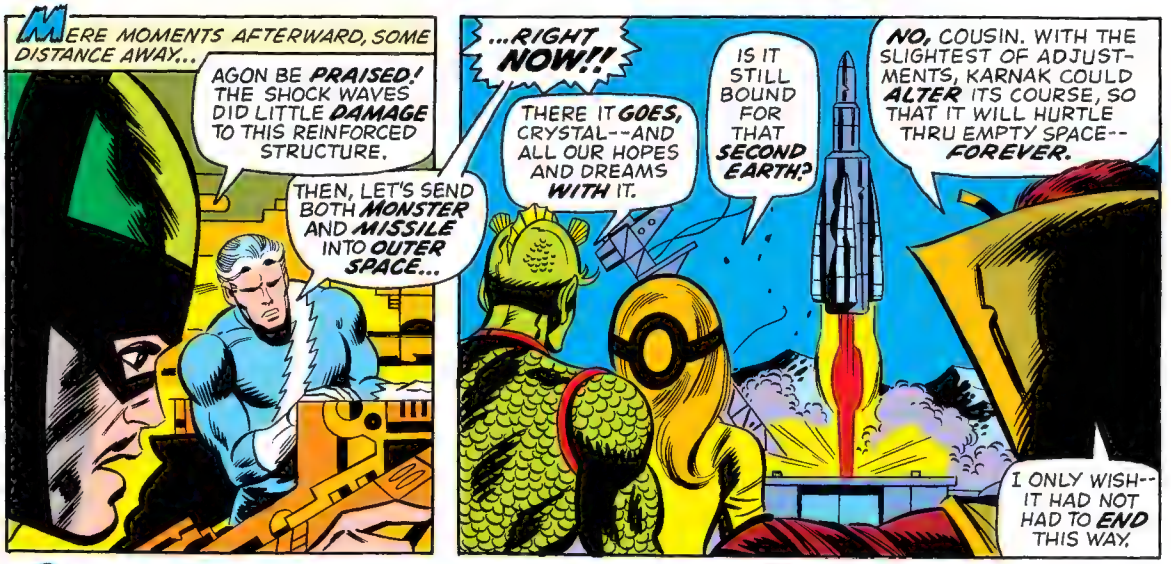
HIS EARLIER ELECTRO-BLAST WAS A PROBE-- ANALYZING THE MONSTER'S PHYSICAL MAKEUP SO THAT ONLY HE WOULD BE SEVERELY AFFECTED BY THOSE SONIC WAVES-- NOT WE!
BUT, TRITON--WHY DOES HE NOW POINT TOWARD THE SPACE ARK?
I BELIEVE I KNOW--AND I WISH THAT I DID NOT! GORGON--HELP ME--!

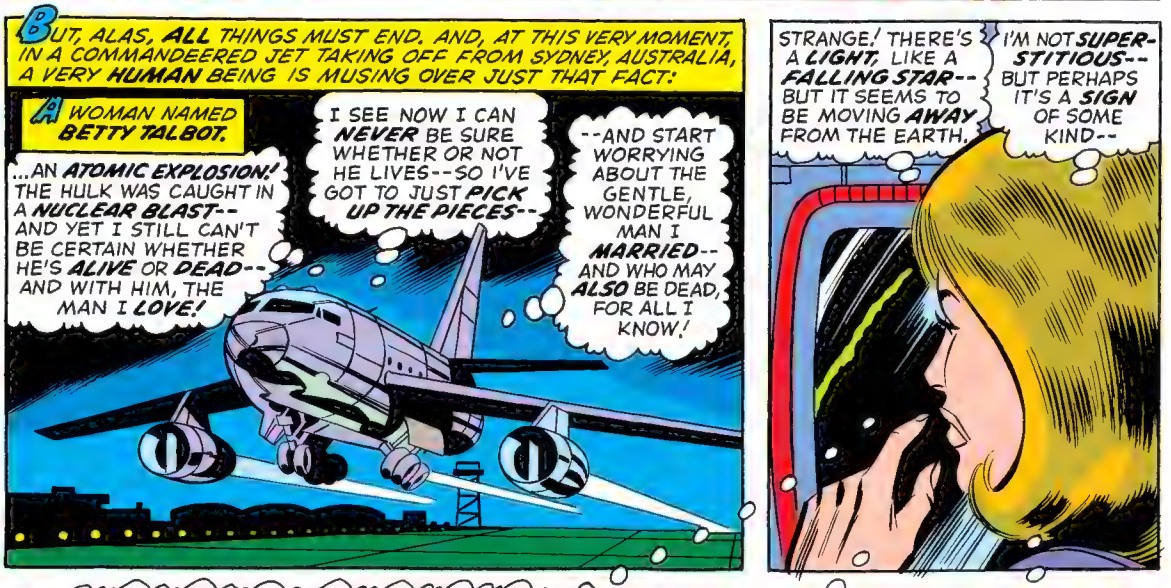
BLACK BOLT SENSES THAT THE HULK IS MERELY STUNNED --AND WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTROL WHEN HE AWAKENS.
HE MUST BE SENT OFF INTO SPACE--FOR THE SAKE OF ALL THE HIDDEN LAND!
BUT, COUSIN-- WHAT OF OUR OWN PLANS FOR THE ARK?
WE'LL BUILD ANOTHER-- ONE DAY SOON.

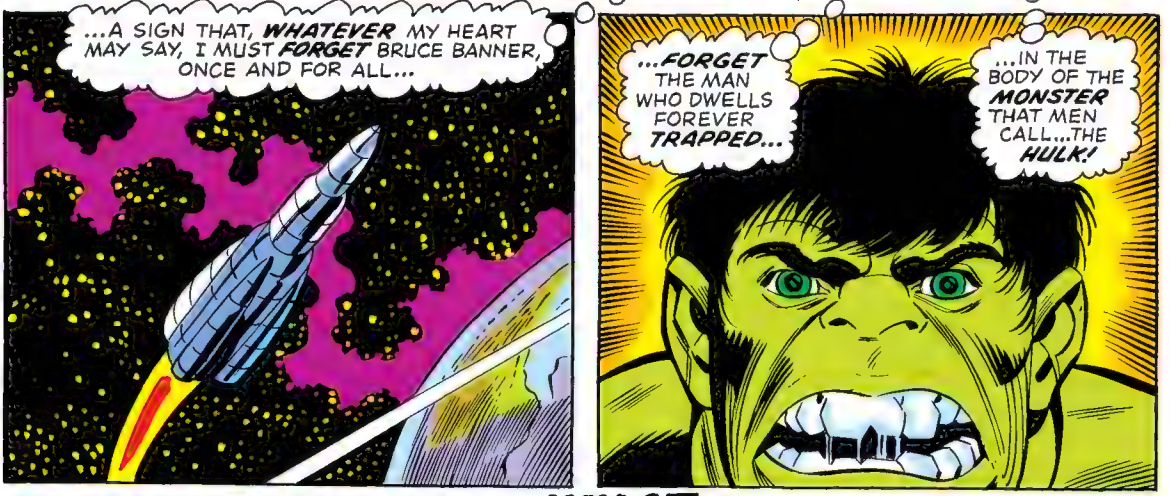
FOR, ALREADY THE GREEN BEHEMOTH WAS STIRRING-- WHEN WE LAID HIM UPON THE CHAMBER FLOOR WITHIN.
HURRY, KARNAK! YOU ALONE KNOW HOW THE ARK MAY BE LAUNCHED, FROM THE CONTROL CENTER SOME BLOCKS AWAY.
GO THERE-- INITIATE EMERGENCY LAUNCH PROCEDURES--


"--OR THE GREAT REFUGE MAY WELL BE LOST!"
LET HULK OUT OF HERE!
PRHOM
LET HULK OUT, DO YOU HEAR-- OR HE WILL SMASH HIS WAY OUT!

TRY TO KEEP UP WITH ME, KARNAK! IT TAKES TWO MEN TO ACTIVATE THE SPACE ARK, AS I RECALL!
I ONLY PRAY THAT THE CONTROL CENTER IS STILL INTACT!
IF NOT-- THEN MAY AGON HAVE MERCY ON US ALL!


MERE MOMENTS AFTERWARD, SOME DISTANCE AWAY...
AGON BE PRAISED! THE SHOCK WAVES DID LITTLE DAMAGE TO THIS REINFORCED STRUCTURE.
THEN, LET'S SEND BOTH MONSTER AND MISSILE INTO OUTER SPACE...
...RIGHT NOW!!
THERE IT GOES, CRYSTAL--AND ALL OUR HOPES AND DREAMS WITH IT.
IS IT STILL BOUND FOR THAT SECOND EARTH?
NO, COUSIN. WITH THE SLIGHTEST OF ADJUSTMENTS, KARNAK COULD ALTER ITS COURSE, SO THAT IT WILL HURTLE THRU EMPTY SPACE--FOREVER.
I ONLY WISH--IT HAD NOT HAD TO END THIS WAY.


BUT, ALAS, ALL THINGS MUST END. AND, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN A COMMANDEERED JET TAKING OFF FROM SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, A VERY HUMAN BEING IS MUSING OVER JUST THAT FACT:
A WOMAN NAMED BETTY TALBOT.
...AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION! THE HULK WAS CAUGHT IN A NUCLEAR BLAST--AND YET I STILL CAN'T BE CERTAIN WHETHER HE'S ALIVE OR DEAD--AND WITH HIM, THE MAN I LOVE!
I SEE NOW I CAN NEVER BE SURE WHETHER OR NOT HE LIVES--SO I'VE GOT TO JUST PICK UP THE PIECES--
--AND START WORRYING ABOUT THE GENTLE, WONDERFUL MAN I MARRIED--AND WHO MAY ALSO BE DEAD, FOR ALL I KNOW!
STRANGE! THERE'S A LIGHT, LIKE A FALLING STAR--BUT IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING AWAY FROM THE EARTH.
I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS--BUT PERHAPS IT'S A SIGN OF SOME KIND--


...A SIGN THAT, WHATEVER MY HEART MAY SAY, I MUST FORGET BRUCE BANNER, ONCE AND FOR ALL...
...FORGET THE MAN WHO DWELLS FOREVER TRAPPED...
...IN THE BODY OF THE MONSTER THAT MEN CALL...THE HULK!

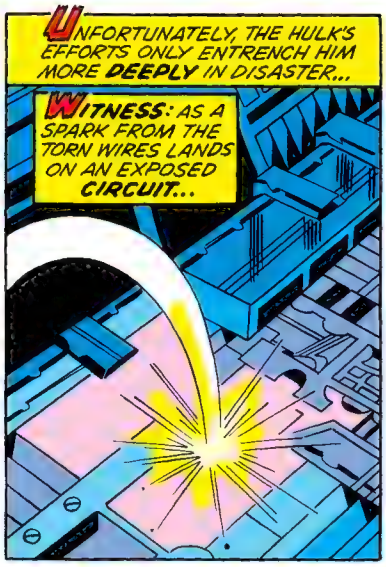
NO MATTER WHAT GORGON SAYS--

NEXT: COUNTER-EARTH!

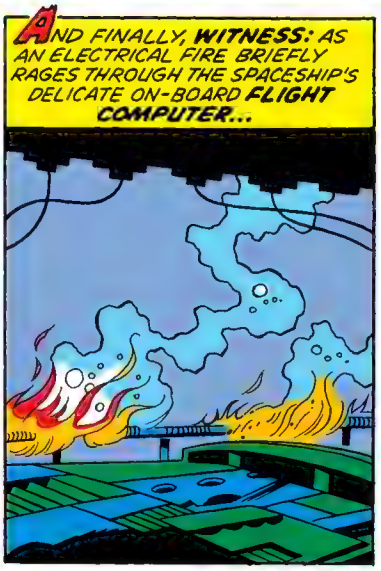
INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢ CC
176 JUNE 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
TM
SO! YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PRESIDENT, ARE YOU?
EVEN THE HULK CAN'T FIGHT AN ENTIRE WORLD!
HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED YET--? I AM THE PRESIDENT!!
AND I SENTENCE YOU--TO DEATH!
CRISIS ON COUNTER EARTH!

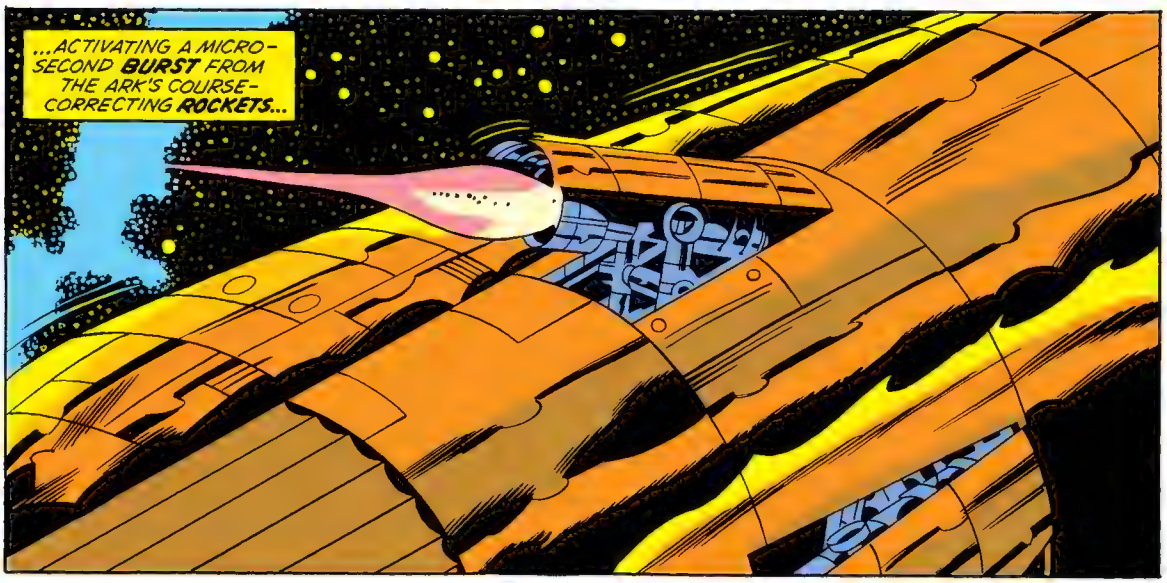
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM
A MARVEL MASTERWORK BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER * HERB TRIMPE, ARTIST
JACK ABEL, INKER * ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
STAN GOLDBERG, COLORIST
STORY CONCEIVED AND EDITED BY: ROY THOMAS
CRISIS ON COUNTER-EARTH!
TAKE-OFF PLUS TWELVE HOURS: AND STILL THE GREEN BEHEMOTH CALLED THE HULK POUNDS THE WALLS OF HIS PRESSURIZED PRISON...
KRUMP!
...UNAWARE THAT THOSE WALLS ARE ALL THAT STAND BETWEEN HIM AND AIRLESS SPACE, AND THAT THE EARTH WHOSE PEACE HE SEEKS...
...IS ALREADY A MILLION MILES AWAY.

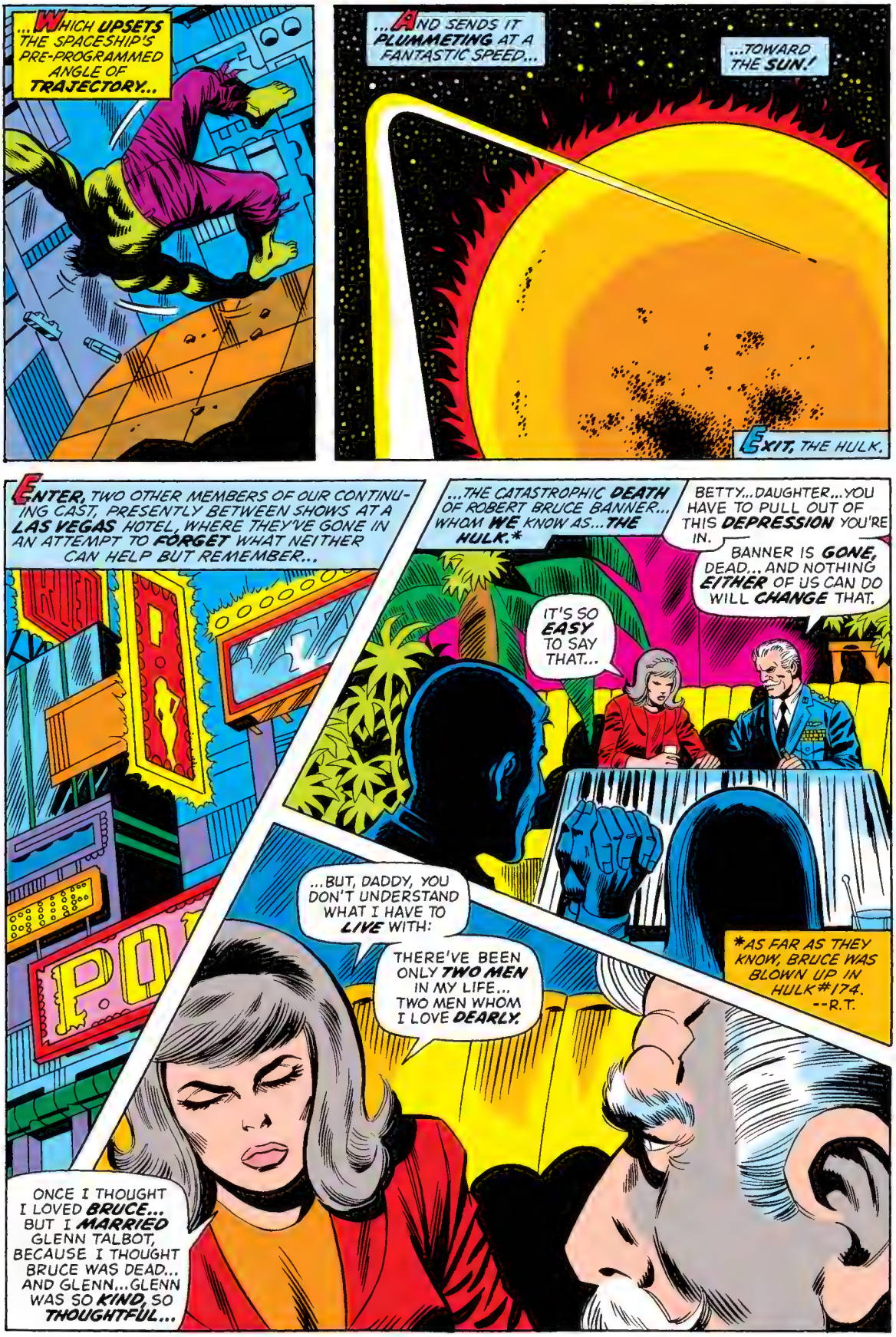
STRANGE MEN DID THIS! STRANGE MEN TRICKED HULK--LOCKED HIM IN SMALL ROOM!*
BUT HULK WILL GET OUT, EVEN IF HE HAS TO TEAR ROOM TO PIECES!
HULK WILL GET OUT! HULK WILL BE FREE!
*GREENSKIN'S REFERING TO THE INHUMANS, WHOSE "SPACE ARK" HE STUMBLED INTO IN OUR LAST ISSUE.--RT.

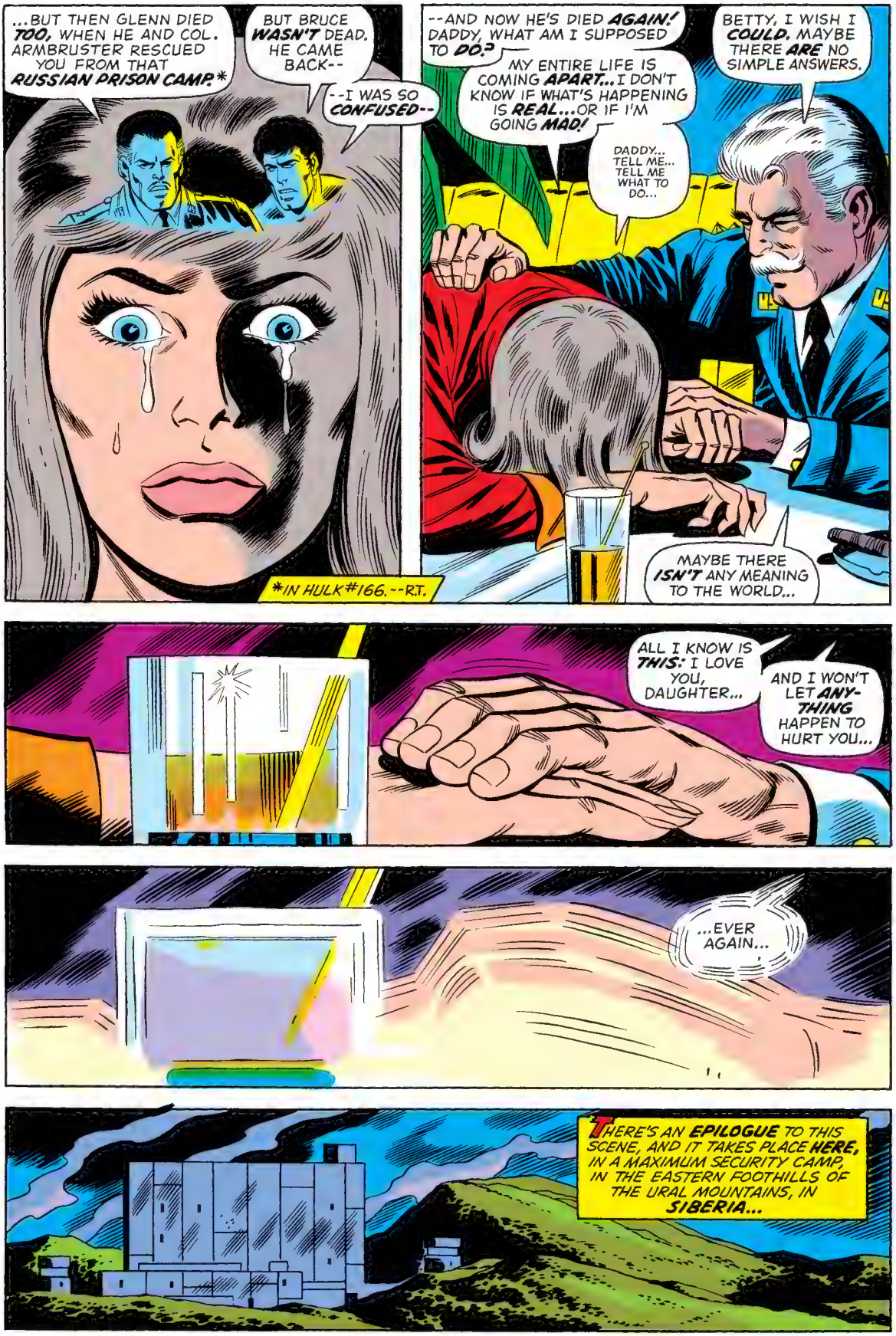

UNFORTUNATELY, THE HULK'S EFFORTS ONLY ENTRENCH HIM MORE DEEPLY IN DISASTER...
WITNESS: AS A SPARK FROM THE TORN WIRES LANDS ON AN EXPOSED CIRCUIT...

WITNESS: AS THE CIRCUIT SHORTS-OUT, SENDING UP MORE SPARKS, WHICH STARTLE AND CONFUSE OUR BEWILDERED GREEN GIANT...

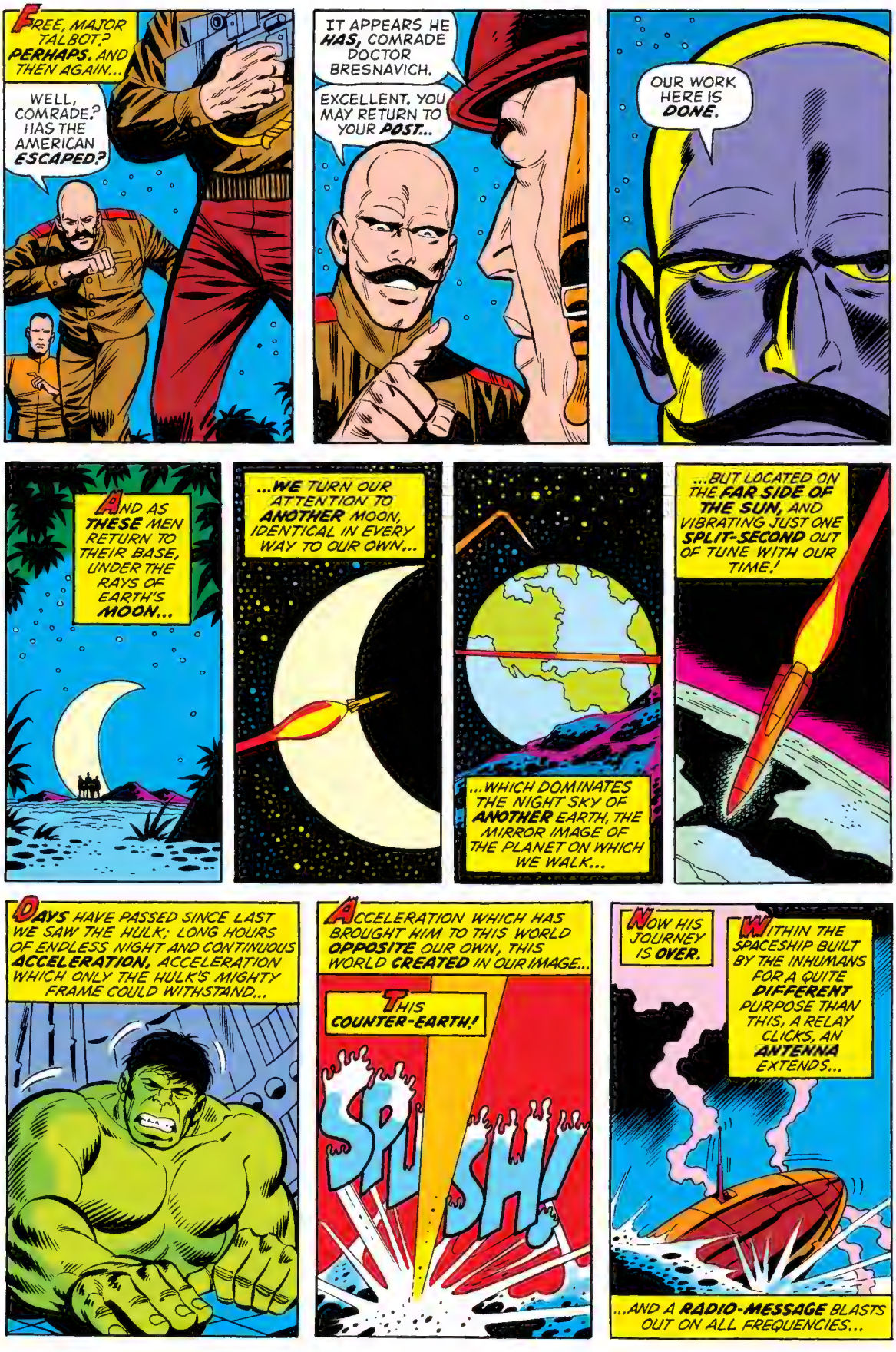

AND FINALLY, WITNESS: AS AN ELECTRICAL FIRE BRIEFLY RAGES THROUGH THE SPACESHIP'S DELICATE ON-BOARD FLIGHT COMPUTER...

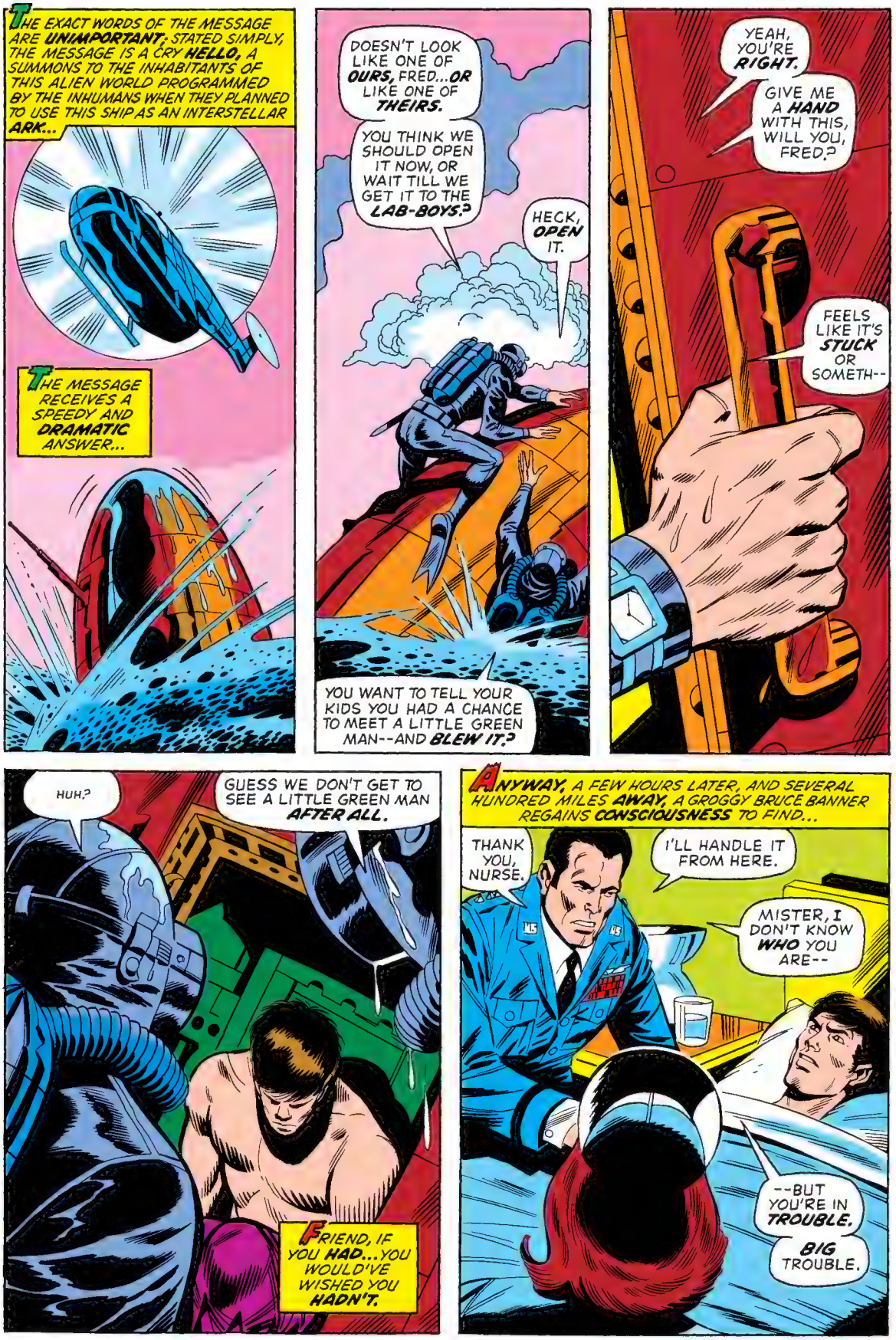

...ACTIVATING A MICRO-SECOND BURST FROM THE ARK'S COURSE-CORRECTING ROCKETS...


...WHICH UPSETS THE SPACESHIP'S PRE-PROGRAMMED ANGLE OF TRAJECTORY...
...AND SENDS IT PLUMMETING AT A FANTASTIC SPEED...
...TOWARD THE SUN!
EXIT, THE HULK.
ENTER, TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF OUR CONTINUING CAST, PRESENTLY BETWEEN SHOWS AT A LAS VEGAS HOTEL, WHERE THEY'VE GONE IN AN ATTEMPT TO FORGET WHAT NEITHER CAN HELP BUT REMEMBER...
...THE CATASTROPHIC DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE BANNER... WHOM WE KNOW AS...THE HULK.*
BETTY...DAUGHTER...YOU HAVE TO PULL OUT OF THIS DEPRESSION YOU'RE IN.
BANNER IS GONE, DEAD... AND NOTHING EITHER OF US CAN DO WILL CHANGE THAT.
IT'S SO EASY TO SAY THAT...
...BUT, DADDY, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I HAVE TO LIVE WITH:
THERE'VE BEEN ONLY TWO MEN IN MY LIFE... TWO MEN WHOM I LOVE DEARLY.
*AS FAR AS THEY KNOW, BRUCE WAS BLOWN UP IN HULK #174. --R.T.
ONCE I THOUGHT I LOVED BRUCE... BUT I MARRIED GLENN TALBOT, BECAUSE I THOUGHT BRUCE WAS DEAD... AND GLENN...GLENN WAS SO KIND, SO THOUGHTFUL...


...BUT THEN GLENN DIED TOO, WHEN HE AND COL. ARMBRUSTER RESCUED YOU FROM THAT RUSSIAN PRISON CAMP.*
BUT BRUCE WASN'T DEAD. HE CAME BACK--
--I WAS SO CONFUSED--
*IN HULK #166. --R.T.
--AND NOW HE'S DIED AGAIN! DADDY, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
MY ENTIRE LIFE IS COMING APART... I DON'T KNOW IF WHAT'S HAPPENING IS REAL... OR IF I'M GOING MAD!
DADDY... TELL ME... TELL ME WHAT TO DO...
BETTY, I WISH I COULD. MAYBE THERE ARE NO SIMPLE ANSWERS.
MAYBE THERE ISN'T ANY MEANING TO THE WORLD...
ALL I KNOW IS THIS: I LOVE YOU, DAUGHTER...
AND I WON'T LET ANY-THING HAPPEN TO HURT YOU...
...EVER AGAIN...
THERE'S AN EPILOGUE TO THIS SCENE, AND IT TAKES PLACE HERE, IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY CAMP, IN THE EASTERN FOOTHILLS OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS, IN SIBERIA...

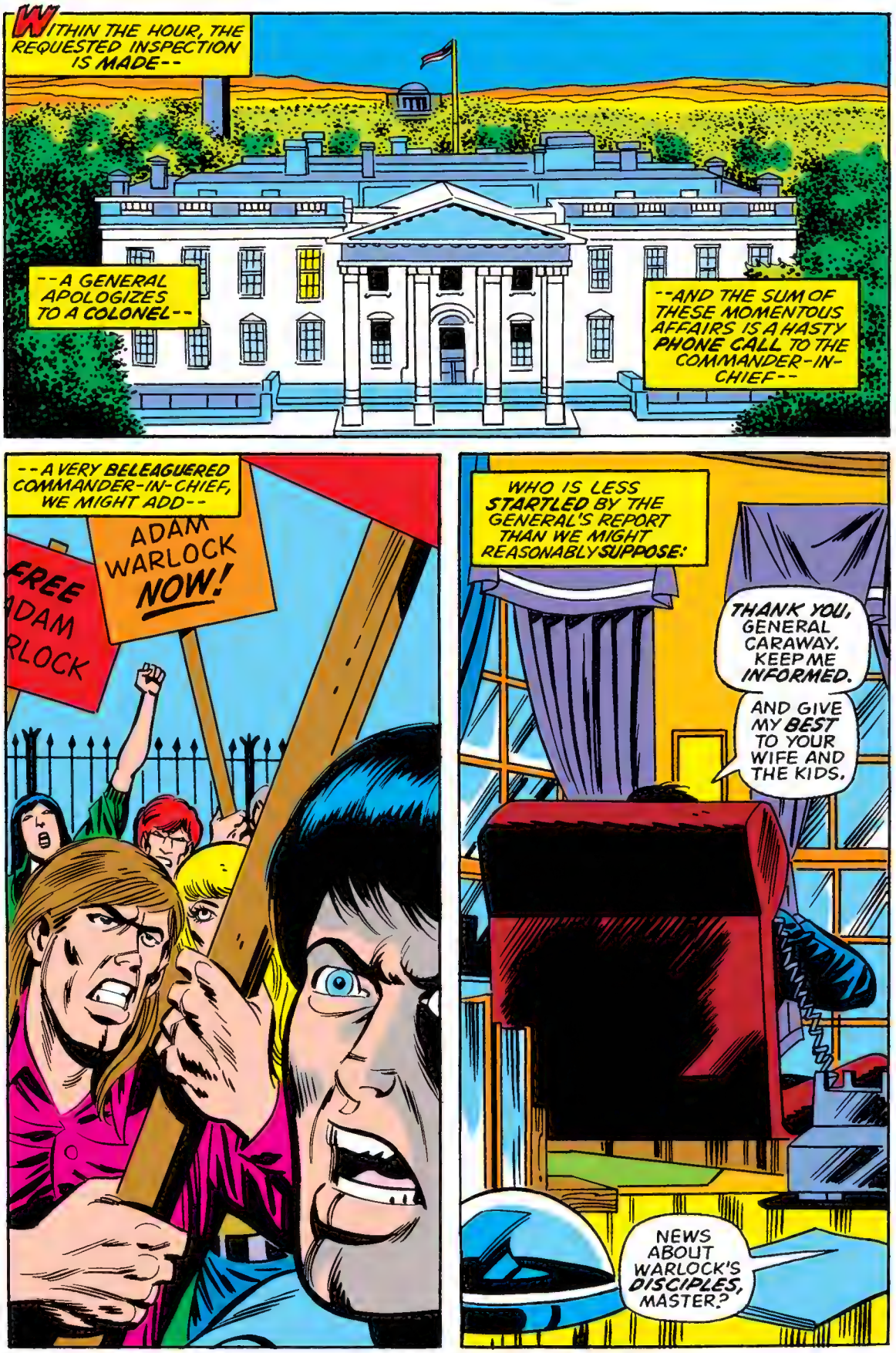
IT WAS JUST LUCK I NOTICED HOW RUSTY THE LOCK ON MY CELL WAS...
...BUT I'LL NEED MORE THAN LUCK TO MAKE IT OUT OF THIS COMPOUND ALIVE!
AND I WILL MAKE IT OUT--OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!
SUDDENLY...
SPOTLIGHTS! ONE OF THE GUARDS MUST'VE DISCOVERED THE DUMMY I LEFT IN MY BUNK!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE NOW--OR I'M A DEAD MAN!
DID IT!
KROW!
KRAK
BAREEEEEE
I'M OVER THE WALL--BUT THAT'S THE EASY PART!
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT OVER THE MOUNTAINS, CROSS A THOUSAND MILES OF WILDERNESS--
--ALL WITHOUT BEING RECAPTURED!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
THE ESCAPING MAN'S FEARS SEEM JUSTIFIED. A MOMENT LATER, AS THE GATES OF THE PRISON COMPOUND BREAK OPEN, AND BOTH GUARDS AND DOGS CHARGE FORTH IN PURSUIT OF A FLEEING AMERICAN MAJOR...
AWROOO
AW ROOOO
AWROO
...A MAJOR WE'VE SEEN BEFORE, IN THE THOUGHTS OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS'S DAUGHTER, BETTY...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEET THE "LATE" MAJOR GLENN TALBOT...
...A MAN WHOSE REPORTED DEATH... HAS BEEN GREATLY EXAGGERATED.
THE DOGS--THEIR BAYING'S LOWER, MORE DISTANT!
GOOD LORD... I'VE LOST THEM! I'M FREE!

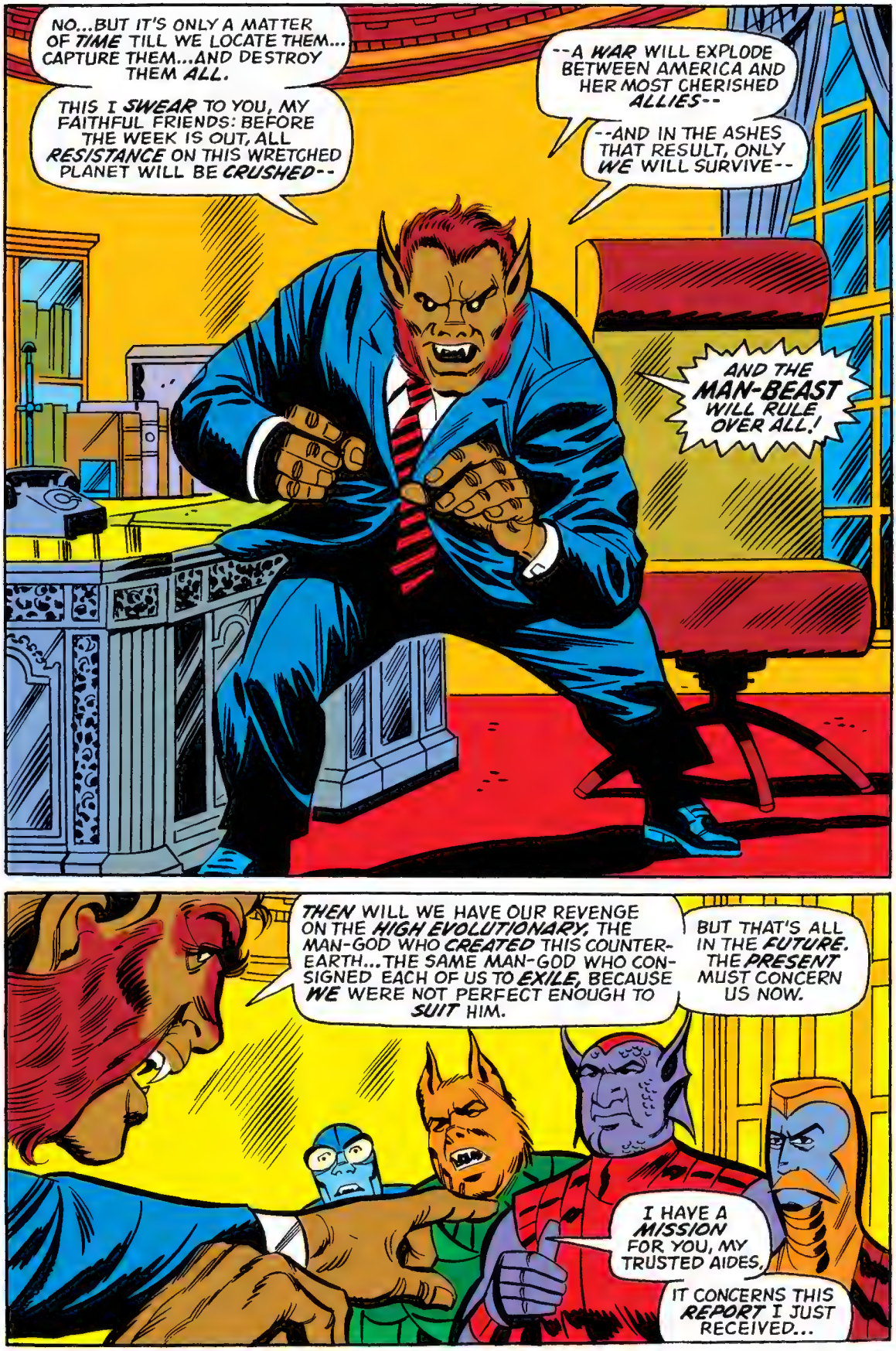

FREE, MAJOR TALBOT? PERHAPS. AND THEN AGAIN...
WELL, COMRADE? ¡¡HAS THE AMERICAN ESCAPED?
IT APPEARS HE HAS, COMRADE DOCTOR BRESNAVICH.
EXCELLENT. YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR POST...
OUR WORK HERE IS DONE.
AND AS THESE MEN RETURN TO THEIR BASE, UNDER THE RAYS OF EARTH'S MOON...
...WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO ANOTHER MOON, IDENTICAL IN EVERY WAY TO OUR OWN...
...WHICH DOMINATES THE NIGHT SKY OF ANOTHER EARTH, THE MIRROR IMAGE OF THE PLANET ON WHICH WE WALK...
...BUT LOCATED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN, AND VIBRATING JUST ONE SPLIT-SECOND OUT OF TUNE WITH OUR TIME!
DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE LAST WE SAW THE HULK; LONG HOURS OF ENDLESS NIGHT AND CONTINUOUS ACCELERATION, ACCELERATION WHICH ONLY THE HULK'S MIGHTY FRAME COULD WITHSTAND...
ACCELERATION WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THIS WORLD OPPOSITE OUR OWN, THIS WORLD CREATED IN OUR IMAGE...
THIS COUNTER-EARTH!
SPLASH!
NOW HIS JOURNEY IS OVER.
WITHIN THE SPACESHIP BUILT BY THE INHUMANS FOR A QUITE DIFFERENT PURPOSE THAN THIS, A RELAY CLICKS, AN ANTENNA EXTENDS...
...AND A RADIO-MESSAGE BLASTS OUT ON ALL FREQUENCIES...


THE EXACT WORDS OF THE MESSAGE ARE UNIMPORTANT; STATED SIMPLY, THE MESSAGE IS A CRY HELLO, A SUMMONS TO THE INHABITANTS OF THIS ALIEN WORLD PROGRAMMED BY THE INHUMANS WHEN THEY PLANNED TO USE THIS SHIP AS AN INTERSTELLAR ARK...
THE MESSAGE RECEIVES A SPEEDY AND DRAMATIC ANSWER...
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE OF OURS, FRED...OR LIKE ONE OF THEIRS.
YOU THINK WE SHOULD OPEN IT NOW, OR WAIT TILL WE GET IT TO THE LAB-BOYS?
HECK, OPEN IT.
YOU WANT TO TELL YOUR KIDS YOU HAD A CHANCE TO MEET A LITTLE GREEN MAN--AND BLEW IT?
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS, WILL YOU, FRED?
FEELS LIKE IT'S STUCK OR SOMETH--
HUH?
GUESS WE DON'T GET TO SEE A LITTLE GREEN MAN AFTER ALL.
FRIEND, IF YOU HAD...YOU WOULD'VE WISHED YOU HADN'T.
ANYWAY, A FEW HOURS LATER, AND SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY, A GROGGY BRUCE BANNER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND...
THANK YOU, NURSE.
I'LL HANDLE IT FROM HERE.
MISTER, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE--
--BUT YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, BIG TROUBLE.

YOU...DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY, MISTER: YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN NAMED ROBERT BRUCE BANNER...
...BUT YOU'RE NOT.
BANNER IS ON A SPECIAL MISSION WITH GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS...
...WHICH MAKES YOU AN IMPOSTER.
TELL ME, "BANNER"...
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT... THIS MAN?
STARTLED, CONFUSED, BRUCE BANNER STARES AT THE PHOTO BEFORE HIM WITHOUT TRULY SEEING IT, ONLY DIMLY AWARE OF THE WORDS OF THE ARMY OFFICER STANDING OVER HIM...
HE'S THE GREATEST MENACE THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN:
HE CALLS HIMSELF WARLOCK, AND HE POSSESSES POWERS BEYOND THE ABILITY OF ANY NORMAL MAN...
HE CAN FLY, AND THAT JEWEL ON HIS FOREHEAD IS SOME SORT OF RAY...
...AND SINCE HE ARRIVED HERE THREE YEARS AGO, HE'S TURNING OUR WORLD UPSIDE-DOWN.*
SO TELL ME, MISTER: ARE YOU AN AGENT OF HIS?
ARE YOU A SPY FROM ADAM WARLOCK?
*MARVEL PREMIERE #1 --RT.
AND SUDDENLY...BRUCE BANNER REMEMBERS...
GOOD LORD, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, AS THE HULK!*
THIS ISN'T MY EARTH-- I'M TRAPPED HERE--I'M LOST!
HULK #158. --RT.
YES, BRUCE BANNER, THIS IS A DIFFERENT WORLD, ONE IN WHICH YOUR ALTER-EGO DOESN'T EXIST... ONE IN WHICH BRUCE BANNER WAS NEVER EXPOSED TO GAMMA RADIATION...
A WORLD WHERE NO ONE KNOWS THE CONSEQUENCES OF EXCITING YOU...
...CONSEQUENCES THIS MAN IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT...
LORD IN HEAVEN, YOU'RE CHANGING...!
YAAAAHH!
ONCE AGAIN, THE TRANSFORMATION HAS OCCURRED, HERE, AS ON HIS NATIVE PLANET.
ONCE AGAIN, DOCTOR BANNER HAS BECOME...

THE HULK!
WHERE IS HULK? WHAT HAPPENED TO TINY ROOM? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HULK, SOLDIER?
YOU WON'T ANSWER? THEN HULK WILL TELL YOU!
YOU TRAPPED HULK SOMEHOW... TRICKED HIM!
HULK WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HE THINKS OF YOUR TRAPS, PUNY MAN...
...HULK WILL ESCAPE THEM... LIKE THIS!
KRUMP
MORE SOLDIERS! EVERYWHERE HULK GOES, SOLDIERS COME AFTER HIM... SOLDIERS HOUND HIM!
LEAVE HULK ALONE, SOLDIERS!
LEAVE HULK ALONE--
--OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
WITH ONE BOUND OF HIS MIGHTY LEGS, THE GREAT GREEN BEHEMOTH IS GONE...
...LEAVING BEHIND WRECKAGE, INJURED MEN... AND ONE VERY BEWILDERED AIR FORCE OFFICER...
--HAVE TO SEE IT FOR YOURSELF, SIR! ONE MOMENT HE'S A NORMAL MAN LIKE YOU OR I--THE NEXT, HE'S A BLASTED MONSTER!
NO, SIR, I HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING.
SIR, IF THE GENERAL DOESN'T BELIEVE ME, I SUGGEST HE MAKE AN ON-THE-SPOT INSPECTION.
AND BY THE WAY, SIR... I RESIGN. WARS I CAN TAKE--BUT THIS IS SUICIDE!


WITHIN THE HOUR, THE REQUESTED INSPECTION IS MADE--
--A GENERAL APOLOGIZES TO A COLONEL--
--AND THE SUM OF THESE MOMENTOUS AFFAIRS IS A HASTY PHONE CALL TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF--
--A VERY BELEAGUERED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WE MIGHT ADD--
FREE ADAM WARLOCK
ADAM WARLOCK NOW!
WHO IS LESS STARTLED BY THE GENERAL'S REPORT THAN WE MIGHT REASONABLY SUPPOSE:
THANK YOU, GENERAL CARAWAY. KEEP ME INFORMED.
AND GIVE MY BEST TO YOUR WIFE AND THE KIDS.
NEWS ABOUT WARLOCK'S DISCIPLES, MASTER?


NO...BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL WE LOCATE THEM... CAPTURE THEM...AND DESTROY THEM ALL.
THIS I SWEAR TO YOU, MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS: BEFORE THE WEEK IS OUT, ALL RESISTANCE ON THIS WRETCHED PLANET WILL BE CRUSHED--
--A WAR WILL EXPLODE BETWEEN AMERICA AND HER MOST CHERISHED ALLIES--
--AND IN THE ASHES THAT RESULT, ONLY WE WILL SURVIVE--
AND THE MAN-BEAST WILL RULE OVER ALL!
THEN WILL WE HAVE OUR REVENGE ON THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY, THE MAN-GOD WHO CREATED THIS COUNTER-EARTH...THE SAME MAN-GOD WHO CONSIGNED EACH OF US TO EXILE, BECAUSE WE WERE NOT PERFECT ENOUGH TO SUIT HIM.
BUT THAT'S ALL IN THE FUTURE. THE PRESENT MUST CONCERN US NOW.
I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU, MY TRUSTED AIDES,
IT CONCERNS THIS REPORT I JUST RECEIVED...

SPEAKING QUICKLY, THE CREATURE KNOWN AS THE MAN-BEAST OUTLINES A PLAN...THEN DISMISSES HIS FOUR AIDES...
...WHO RECEIVE AN UNQUESTIONING SALUTE FROM THE GUARD OUTSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE...
...PROVING ONCE AGAIN THAT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM TO BE...
...AND THAT IDENTITY, LIKE BEAUTY, REMAINS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER.
PREPARE THE HELI-JET, SOLDIER.
WE WANT TO TAKE OFF AT ONCE.
AND SO, WITHIN THE NEXT TEN SECONDS, A BURST OF POWER PROPELLS A SLEEK CRAFT SKYWARD...
FOR THE MOMENT, ITS DESTINATION MUST REMAIN A MYSTERY...
...WHILE WE RETURN TEMPORARILY TO THE OFFICE OF...THE PRESIDENT?
YOU'VE HAD OUR PRISONER FOR TWO WEEKS NOW, LIZHARDUS.
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU STILL HAVEN'T BROKEN HIS SPIRIT?
REGRETTABLY... YES.
HIS WILL IS STRONG, STRONGER THAN ANY CREATURE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.
HE SHRUGS OFF EACH TEST AS THOUGH IT DIDN'T EXIST.
FRANKLY, MASTER... I THINK IT'S TIME FOR OPERATION SMEAR.
IT SEEMS THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE, DON'T YOU AGREE?
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE FOR THE MAN-BEAST'S ANSWER.
MEANTIME, LET'S LOOK IN ON OLD GREENSKIN...

...WHO ALWAYS DID KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE!
KROMP!
HULK IS TIRED OF RUNNING. HULK WANTS TO REST.
BUT SOMEHOW, HULK KNOWS SOLDIERS WON'T LET HIM. WELL, HULK HAS ANSWER FOR SOLDIERS WHO ATTACK HIM...
CRACK!
KPOW!
SWAT!
HULK ATTACKS THEM... AND HULK WILL KEEP ATTACKING...
...UNTIL SOLDIERS LEAVE HULK ALONE!
BWHAM
POOR HULK; HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THESE AREN'T THE SAME SOLDIERS HE'S FOUGHT ON THE REAL PLANET EARTH... HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THAT THESE MEN DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS...
...AND SO ATTACK BLINDLY, SEEKING ONLY TO GUARD A PRECIOUS OBJECT THREATENED BY THE HULK'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE...
...AN OBJECT WE RECOGNIZE AS THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BUT WHICH THE HULK SEES ONLY AS...
BIG STONE?
WITH A DOOR? WHAT IS THIS DUMB THING?

IT CAN'T BE A HOUSE... NOT WIDE ENOUGH.
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S TALL...
...AND SOLDIERS CAN'T REACH HULK IF HE'S ON TOP!
HULK WILL GET INSIDE BIG STONE.
WRAK!
HULK WILL CLIMB TO TOP OF BIG STONE, WHERE SOLDIERS CAN'T GET HIM...
...AND MAYBE THERE...
BUNT!
...HULK CAN REST.
FOR A TIME, THEN, THE HULK DOES REST...BUT HIS NEW-FOUND PEACE WILL BE SHATTERED VERY SHORTLY...
...BY THE ARRIVAL OF A CERTAIN FAMILIAR HELI-JET...
...AND THE DISEMBARKMENT OF ITS VERY FAMILIAR PASSENGERS.
GUARDS, AS THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, I'M BRINGING YOU ORDERS DIRECTLY ISSUED BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF:
YOU ARE TO CAPTURE THAT GREEN GIANT--EVEN EVEN IF IT MEANS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONUMENT!
ON MY COMMAND--
FIRE!
SPOW!
SPOW!

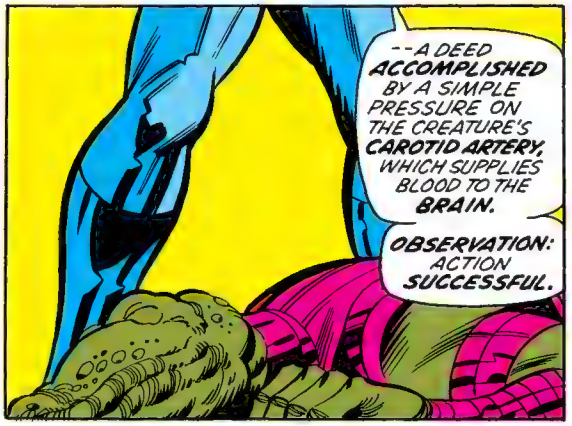
KACHOOM!
HULK UNDERSTANDS NOW. THERE IS NO PLACE HULK CAN GO...NOWHERE HE CAN REST.
IF SOLDIERS ALWAYS WANT TO FIGHT, THEN HULK WILL--
SPAK! FOOM! SPOW!
SNAKAR... LOOK! THE GREEN CREATURE'S TOPPLING... HE'S FALLING!
WE'VE DONE IT, SNAKAR! THE MASTER WILL BE PROUD-- MOST PROUD!
WAIT, WEEZHIL... DON'T YOU SEE?
HE'S NOT FALLING, HE'S--
WHAM!
NOW, SOLDIERS, WE FIGHT. BUT WE DON'T FIGHT YOUR WAY WITH GUNS!
WE FIGHT HULK'S WAY-- AND HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANY OF YOU! HULK WILL DEFEAT YOU ALL!

WEEZHIL, BARACHUUDAR...HURRY! IF WE ALL ATTACK HIM AS ONE, WE CAN WEIGHT HIM DOWN!
ALONE, WITHOUT ANYONE TO SUPPORT HIM...HE'S HELPLESS!
SNAKAR'S RIGHT!
THIS IS THE WAY THE MAN-BEAST WOULD HAVE US DO IT--
--SO THIS IS THE WAY IT MUST BE DONE!
GET OFF HULK, SKINNY MAN!
BY THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY! THIS MONSTER'S STRONGER THAN WE THOUGHT!
THEN WE WERE FOOLS, COBRAH! THE MAN-BEAST WARNED US...
BUT WE REFUSED TO LISTEN, DIDN'T WE? HE TOLD US THIS CREATURE WAS POWERFUL...
...AND HE TOLD US WHAT WE MUST DO TO OVERCOME HIM!
ACT QUICKLY COBRAH... I'LL TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM WHILE YOU...
NO! YOU AREN'T MEN, NOT LIKE MEN HULK HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE!
OR HAS HULK SEEN MEN LIKE YOU? YES! ONCE BEFORE, HULK WAS TRAPPED IN SMALL ROOM--
SAP!
AND WHEN HE CAME OUT, HE MET MEN LIKE YOU*--
AGAIN, IN HULK #158. --R.T.

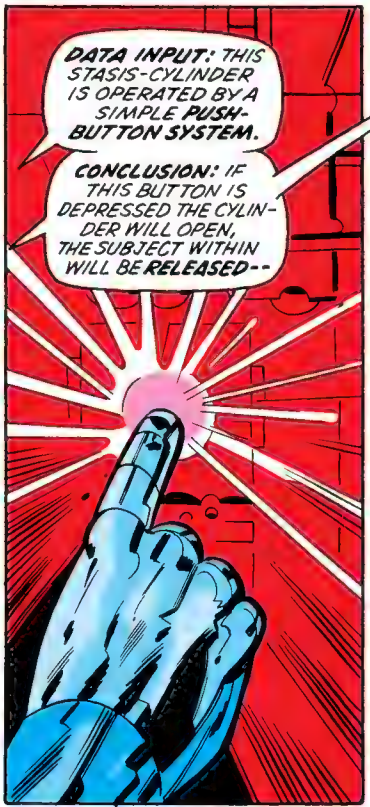
--BUT THOSE MEN WERE HULK'S FRIENDS. THEY HELPED HULK FIND THE RHINO*, AND HELPED HULK GET BACK TO WORLD HE UNDERSTOOD.
YOU ARE HULK'S ENEMIES! YOU ATTACK HIM, YOU HURT HIM--
NOW HULK WILL HURT YOU!
*WHO CAME WITH THE HULK TO COUNTER-EARTH.--R.T.
IF YOU HAD THE CHANCE, I'M SURE YOU WOULD, GREEN-SKINNED BUFFOON.
HOWEVER, YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE-- NOW THAT I'VE DONE-- THIS!
:MMMMRMMPHH!:
SMARTLY DONE, COBRAH. NOW WE'LL SEE HOW WELL OUR MASTER'S DEVICE PERFORMS...
THE REST OF YOU, STAND BACK. LET THE MONSTER STRUGGLE AS HE WILL-- THE MOLECULAR ADHESIVE ON THE MASK'S INNER SURFACE WILL RESIST HIS EFFORTS--
"--AND VERY SHORTLY, THE GAS WITHIN THE MASK--
"--WILL BEGIN TO HAVE--
"--ITS PREDICTED EFFECT!"
AND AS THE TRANQUILIZER SUBDUES THE HULK--AND CAUSES HIM TO REGAIN HIS BRUCE BANNER PERSONALITY-- WE'LL TAKE LEAVE OF OUR HERO UNTIL NEXT ISSUE--

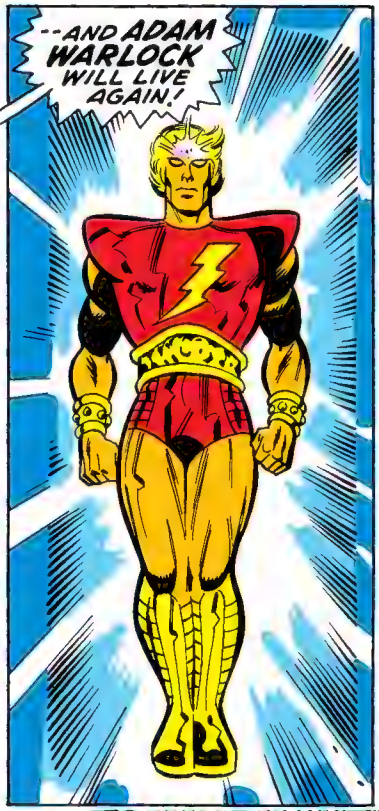
--AND LOOK HERE, IN THE UNDERGROUND LAB CONTACTED BY THE MAN-BEAST A FEW PAGES AGO, FOR OUR OMINOUS EPILOGUE:
THE MASTER IS IMPATIENT FOR RESULTS...BUT THE TASK HE'S SET ME SEEMS HOPELESS.
WHAT WILL I TELL HIM--THAT THE PRISONER IS ABOVE MY METHODS OF PERSUASION?
HOW CAN I TELL MAN-BEAST THAT THIS --THIS ENEMY OF HIS-- IS ALMOST GOD-LIKE IN HIS WILL POWER, THAT--

OBSERVATION: CREATURE CONFORMS TO BASIC NEW-MAN PROTO-TYPE, MEMBER OF GROUP OUSTED FROM NEW WUNDAGORE BY THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY.
CONCLUSION: CREATURE MUST BE DISPOSED OF AS EFFICIENTLY AS POSSIBLE--


--A DEED ACCOMPLISHED BY A SIMPLE PRESSURE ON THE CREATURE'S CAROTID ARTERY, WHICH SUPPLIES BLOOD TO THE BRAIN.
OBSERVATION: ACTION SUCCESSFUL.

DATA UPDATE: AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF SEARCHING, THIS RE-CORDER, ON LOAN FROM THE RIGELLIAN GOVERNMENT TO THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY, HAS AT LAST FOUND THE LOCATION OF THE PRIMARY SUBJECT.
ACCORDING TO DATA AVAIL-ABLE TO THIS RECORDER, AND TO CONCLUSIONS DRAWN FROM SAID DATA, THE PRIMARY SUBJECT IS AT PRESENT CONFINED WITHIN THIS STASIS-CYLINDER.
OBSERVATION: IF THE RECORD-ING OF EVENTS IS TO PROCEED, I MUST ACT.


DATA INPUT: THIS STASIS-CYLINDER IS OPERATED BY A SIMPLE PUSH-BUTTON SYSTEM.
CONCLUSION: IF THIS BUTTON IS DEPRESSED THE CYLIN-DER WILL OPEN, THE SUBJECT WITHIN WILL BE RELEASED--



NEXT ISSUE: WHAT WILL PROBABLY BE THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STORY IN MARVEL HISTORY: the MAN-BEAST TRIUMPHANT!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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25¢
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JULY
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
BATTLES THE POWER OF WARLOCK!
TO SAVE ALL OF COUNTER-EARTH--THE HULK MUST DIE!
IN THIS ISSUE IT REALLY HAPPENS! THE DEATH OF A SUPERHERO!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ™

GERRY CONWAY WRITER * HERB TRIMPE ARTIST * JACK ABEL INKER * ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER L. LESSMANN, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS EDITOR

BRUCE BANNER IS THE HULK! THIS BIT OF NEWS SHOULD COME AS NO SHOCK TO THE AVERAGE HULKOPHILE, BUT TO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CABINET, ON THIS, A WORLD IDENTICAL TO OUR OWN--EXCEPT FOR A FEW CRITICAL DIFFERENCES--THE REVELATION THAT ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP PHYSICISTS IS ALSO A GREAT GREEN GIANT, IS--FRANKLY--STARTLING!
BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT; LISTEN:
BE CAREFUL WITH HIM, WEEZHIL. THE PRESIDENT WILL BE MOST DISPLEASED IF WE INJURE BANNER NOW--
--BEFORE HE'S BEEN INTERROGATED!
GIVE ME CREDIT FOR A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE, COBRAH.
YOU AREN'T THE ONLY "NEW MAN" WHO CAN THINK, YOU KNOW.
LET'S NOT QUARREL. OR NEED I REMIND YOU?
THE PRESIDENT IS WAITING!
CONFUSED? GOOD. BE PATIENT, AND YOUR QUESTIONS WILL ALL BE ANSWERED, IN A STORY THAT COULD ONLY BE TITLED--
PERIL OF THE PLURAL PLANET!
A STORY THAT RESUMES--NOW!

LAST ISSUE (FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE JUST ARRIVED FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE **UNIVERSE**), WE WATCHED AS THE HULK--TRAPPED IN A **SPACE ARK** LAUNCHED BY THE INHUMANS--SPIRALED TOWARD A FIERY DEATH IN THE STAR WE CALL **SOL**.

WE ALSO LOOKED IN ON BETTY TALBOT AND HER FATHER, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS--TWO OF BRUCE BANNER'S ONE-TIME **FRIENDS**, BOTH CAUGHT UP IN THE ANGUISH OF WHAT THEY **THOUGHT** TO BE BRUCE'S **DEATH**.

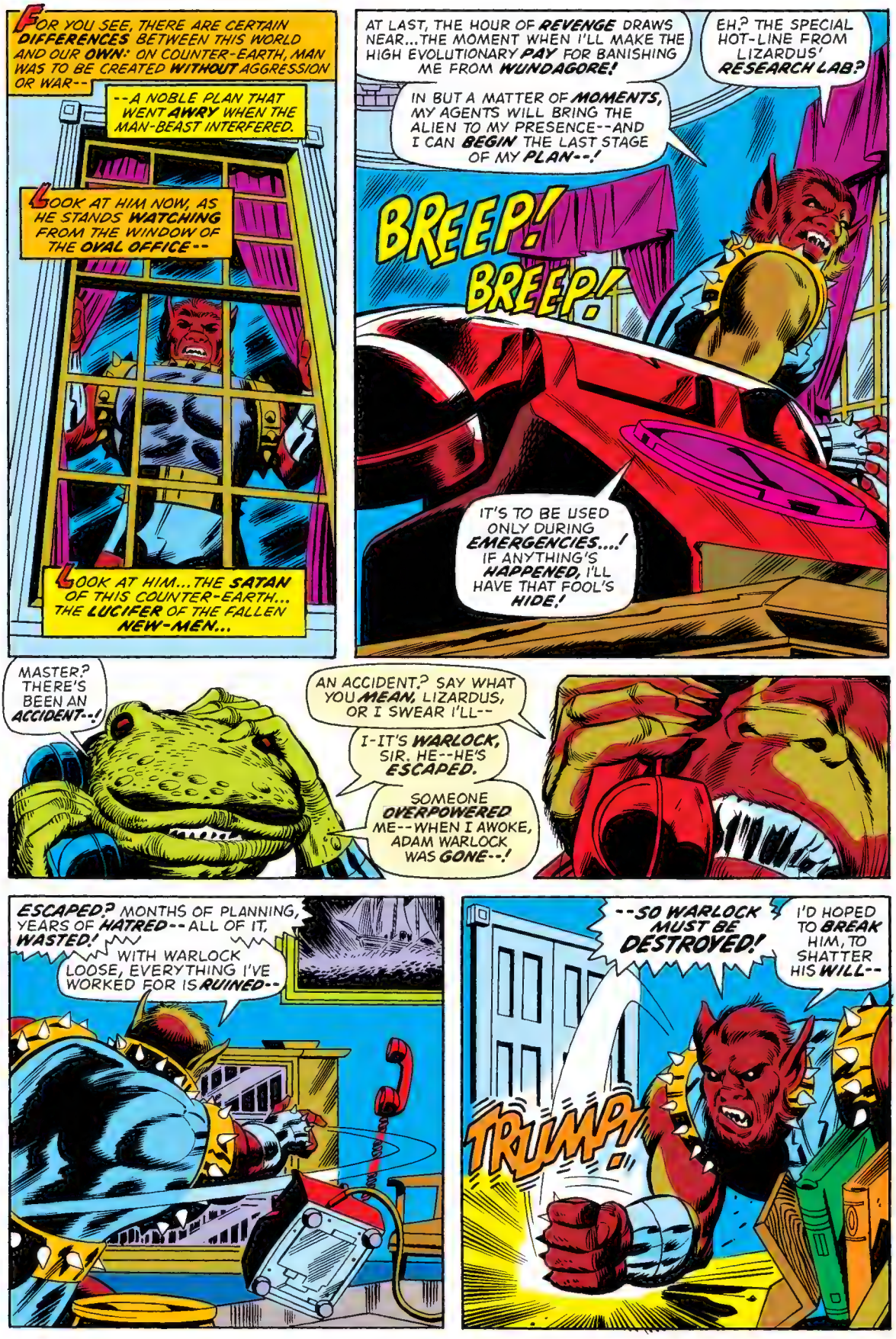
AT THE SAME TIME, WE REVIEWED THE STATUS OF BETTY'S MISSING **HUSBAND**, MAJOR GLENN TALBOT--PRESUMED **DEAD**, BUT, AS **WE** KNOW, JUST RECENTLY **ESCAPED** FROM A RUSSIAN **PRISON CAMP**!

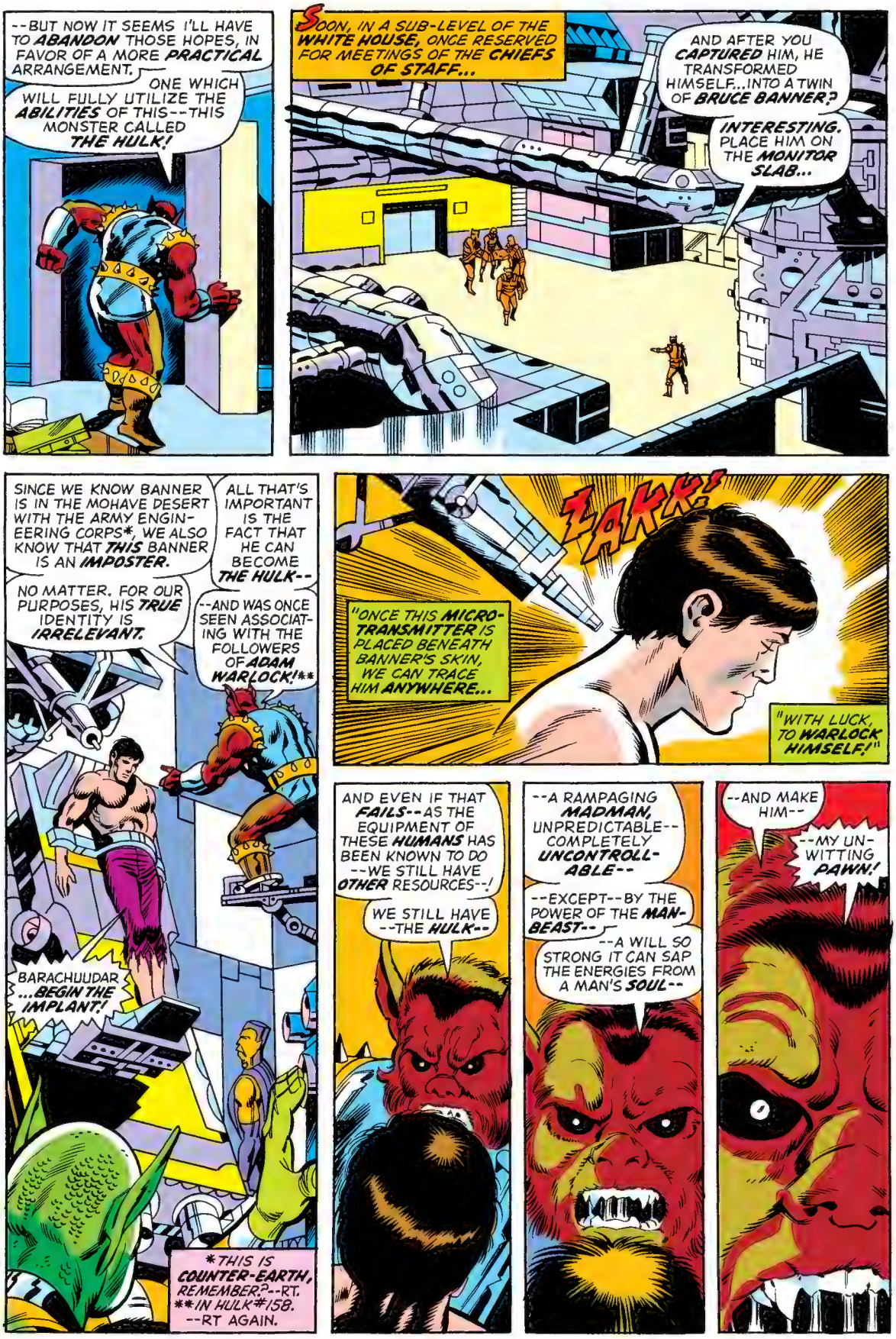
WHEN WE **NEXT** RETURNED TO OUR JOLLY GREEN **BEHEMOTH**, THE HULK'S SPACESHIP HAD **ORBITED** THE SUN--AND **SPLASHED DOWN** ON THE WORLD WE CALL **COUNTER-EARTH**:

COUNTER-EARTH: WHICH VIBRATES ONE SECOND OUT OF TIME WITH OUR **OWN** GREEN HOME--**COUNTER-EARTH**: WHICH REVOLVES ABOUT THE SUN IN A PATH **CONGRUENT** WITH THAT OF OUR PLANET, ALWAYS **HIDDEN** FROM OUR PRYING **EYES**!

THERE, THE HULK ENCOUNTERED THE **NEW-MEN**...

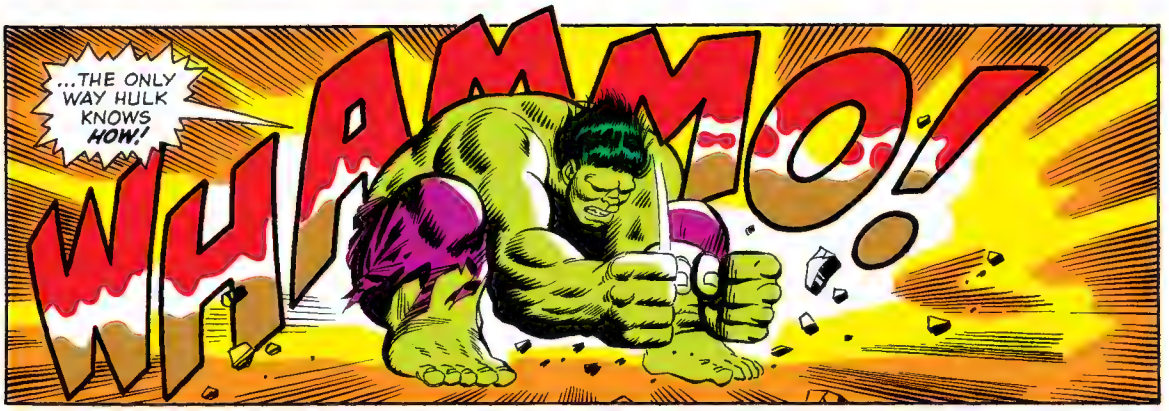
...THE NEW-MEN, WHO CAPTURED HIM IN THE NAME OF THEIR PRESIDENT... THE **MAN-BEAST**!

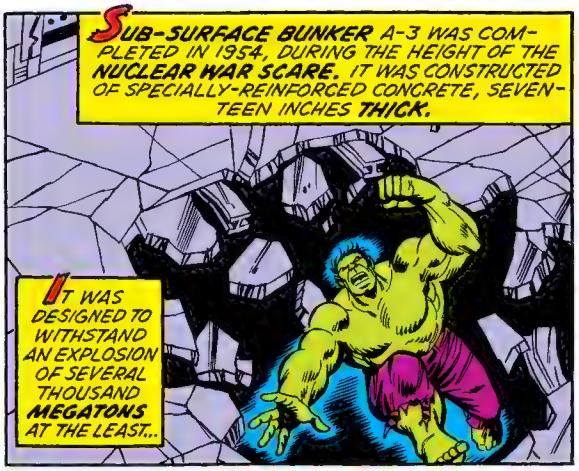

FOR YOU SEE, THERE ARE CERTAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND OUR OWN: ON COUNTER-EARTH, MAN WAS TO BE CREATED WITHOUT AGGRESSION OR WAR--
--A NOBLE PLAN THAT WENT AWRY WHEN THE MAN-BEAST INTERFERED.
LOOK AT HIM NOW, AS HE STANDS WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE OVAL OFFICE--
LOOK AT HIM...THE SATAN OF THIS COUNTER-EARTH... THE LUCIFER OF THE FALLEN NEW-MEN...
AT LAST, THE HOUR OF REVENGE DRAWS NEAR...THE MOMENT WHEN I'LL MAKE THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY PAY FOR BANISHING ME FROM WUNDAGORE!
EH? THE SPECIAL HOT-LINE FROM LIZARDUS' RESEARCH LAB?
IN BUT A MATTER OF MOMENTS, MY AGENTS WILL BRING THE ALIEN TO MY PRESENCE--AND I CAN BEGIN THE LAST STAGE OF MY PLAN--!
BREEP! BREEP!
IT'S TO BE USED ONLY DURING EMERGENCIES...! IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED, I'LL HAVE THAT FOOL'S HIDE!
MASTER? THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT--!
AN ACCIDENT? SAY WHAT YOU MEAN, LIZARDUS, OR I SWEAR I'LL--
I-IT'S WARLOCK, SIR. HE--HE'S ESCAPED.
SOMEONE OVERPOWERED ME--WHEN I AWOKE, ADAM WARLOCK WAS GONE--!
ESCAPED? MONTHS OF PLANNING, YEARS OF HATRED--ALL OF IT, WASTED! WITH WARLOCK LOOSE, EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR IS RUINED--
--SO WARLOCK MUST BE DESTROYED!
I'D HOPED TO BREAK HIM, TO SHATTER HIS WILL--
TRUMP!

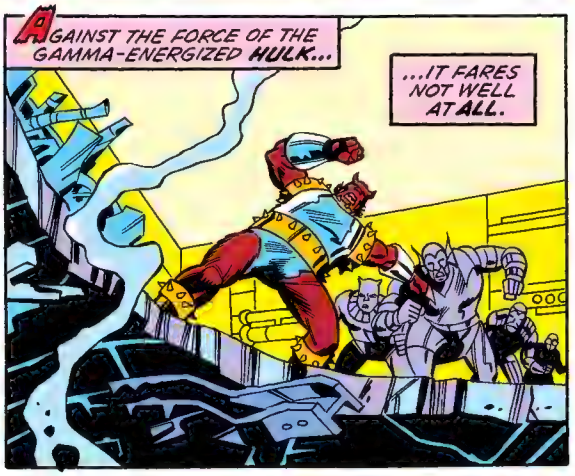

--BUT NOW IT SEEMS I'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THOSE HOPES, IN FAVOR OF A MORE PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT.
ONE WHICH WILL FULLY UTILIZE THE ABILITIES OF THIS--THIS MONSTER CALLED THE HULK!
SOON, IN A SUB-LEVEL OF THE WHITE HOUSE, ONCE RESERVED FOR MEETINGS OF THE CHIEFS OF STAFF...
AND AFTER YOU CAPTURED HIM, HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF...INTO A TWIN OF BRUCE BANNER?
INTERESTING. PLACE HIM ON THE MONITOR SLAB...
SINCE WE KNOW BANNER IS IN THE MOHAVE DESERT WITH THE ARMY ENGINEERING CORPS*, WE ALSO KNOW THAT THIS BANNER IS AN IMPOSTER.
ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT IS THE FACT THAT HE CAN BECOME THE HULK--
NO MATTER. FOR OUR PURPOSES, HIS TRUE IDENTITY IS IRRELEVANT.
--AND WAS ONCE SEEN ASSOCIATING WITH THE FOLLOWERS OF ADAM WARLOCK!**
BARACHUUDAR ...BEGIN THE IMPLANT!
*THIS IS COUNTER-EARTH, REMEMBER?--RT.
**IN HULK #158. --RT AGAIN.
ZAK!
"ONCE THIS MICRO-TRANSMITTER IS PLACED BENEATH BANNER'S SKIN, WE CAN TRACE HIM ANYWHERE...
"WITH LUCK, TO WARLOCK HIMSELF!"
AND EVEN IF THAT FAILS--AS THE EQUIPMENT OF THESE HUMANS HAS BEEN KNOWN TO DO --WE STILL HAVE OTHER RESOURCES--!
WE STILL HAVE --THE HULK--
--A RAMPAGING MADMAN, UNPREDICTABLE--COMPLETELY UNCONTROLLABLE--
--EXCEPT--BY THE POWER OF THE MAN-BEAST--
--A WILL SO STRONG IT CAN SAP THE ENERGIES FROM A MAN'S SOUL--
--AND MAKE HIM--
--MY UNWITTING PAWN!

SEVERAL SECONDS PASS IN UNCANNY SILENCE, AS THE MAN-BEAST STARES LONG AND DEEP INTO BRUCE BANNER'S UNSEEING EYES.
THEN...
BARACHUUDAR, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO NOW.
QUITE, MASTER. WE MUST TEST THE MICRO-TRANSMITTER BY ACTIVATING ITS SONIC PROBE AT FULL POWER!
THE TEST PROCEEDS--
NOW!
AND FOR ONE BLAZING INSTANT, ENERGY SURGES THROUGH BRUCE BANNER'S SPINDLY FORM--
--ENERGY ENOUGH TO PARALYZE A NORMAL MAN--
--BUT BRUCE BANNER, AS WE KNOW, IS NOT A NORMAL MAN--
--AND THE TRANSMITTER'S SONIC PROBE DOES NOT PARALYZE HIM; INSTEAD--
STOP THE TRANSMITTER, FOOL!
DON'T YOU SEE? HE'S COLLAPSED--!
...UNTIL, LIKE LAZARUS LEAVING HIS GRAVE, BRUCE BANNER LIFTS HIS TREMBLING HEAD...AND GLARES AT THE MEN AROUND HIM...
A MOMENT'S PAUSE.
AND DURING THAT MOMENT, FIVE NEW-MEN SCARCELY BREATHE...
YOU... FOOLS...
DO YOU... REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE... DONE?
MY HEART... IT'S RACING...
THE TRANS-FORMATION... IT'S BEGINNING... AND I CAN'T STOP IT!
BUT WHY SHOULD I STOP IT?
WHY SHOULDN'T I WANT TO BE-- THE HULK?
HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANYONE!

YOU, ANIMAL-MEN...HULK REMEMBERS YOU! YOU FOUGHT HULK, PUT MASK WITH STRANGE GAS OVER HULK'S HEAD!
YOU MADE HULK SLEEP..BUT HULK IS AWAKE NOW.
NOW IT IS HULK'S TURN TO FIGHT!
SMASH!
STOP HIM, YOU IMBECILES! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
THE CONTROL MAY NOT BE COMPLETE--
WE DON'T DARE LET HIM GET AWAY!
LET.? PUNY MEN DON'T "LET" HULK DO ANYTHING!
HULK DOES WHAT HULK WANTS TO DO--
--AND NO PUNY MAN WILL STOP HIM!
BA-HOOM!
IF YOU DON'T WANT HULK TO LEAVE, THEN HULK WILL LEAVE.
HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHERE DOOR IS IN THIS PLACE...SO HULK WILL MAKE HIS OWN DOOR...


...THE ONLY WAY HULK KNOWS HOW!
WHAMMO!


SUB-SURFACE BUNKER A-3 WAS COMPLETED IN 1954, DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE NUCLEAR WAR SCARE. IT WAS CONSTRUCTED OF SPECIALLY-REINFORCED CONCRETE, SEVENTEEN INCHES THICK.
IT WAS DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND AN EXPLOSION OF SEVERAL THOUSAND MEGATONS AT THE LEAST...


AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE GAMMA-ENERGIZED HULK...
...IT FARES NOT WELL AT ALL.

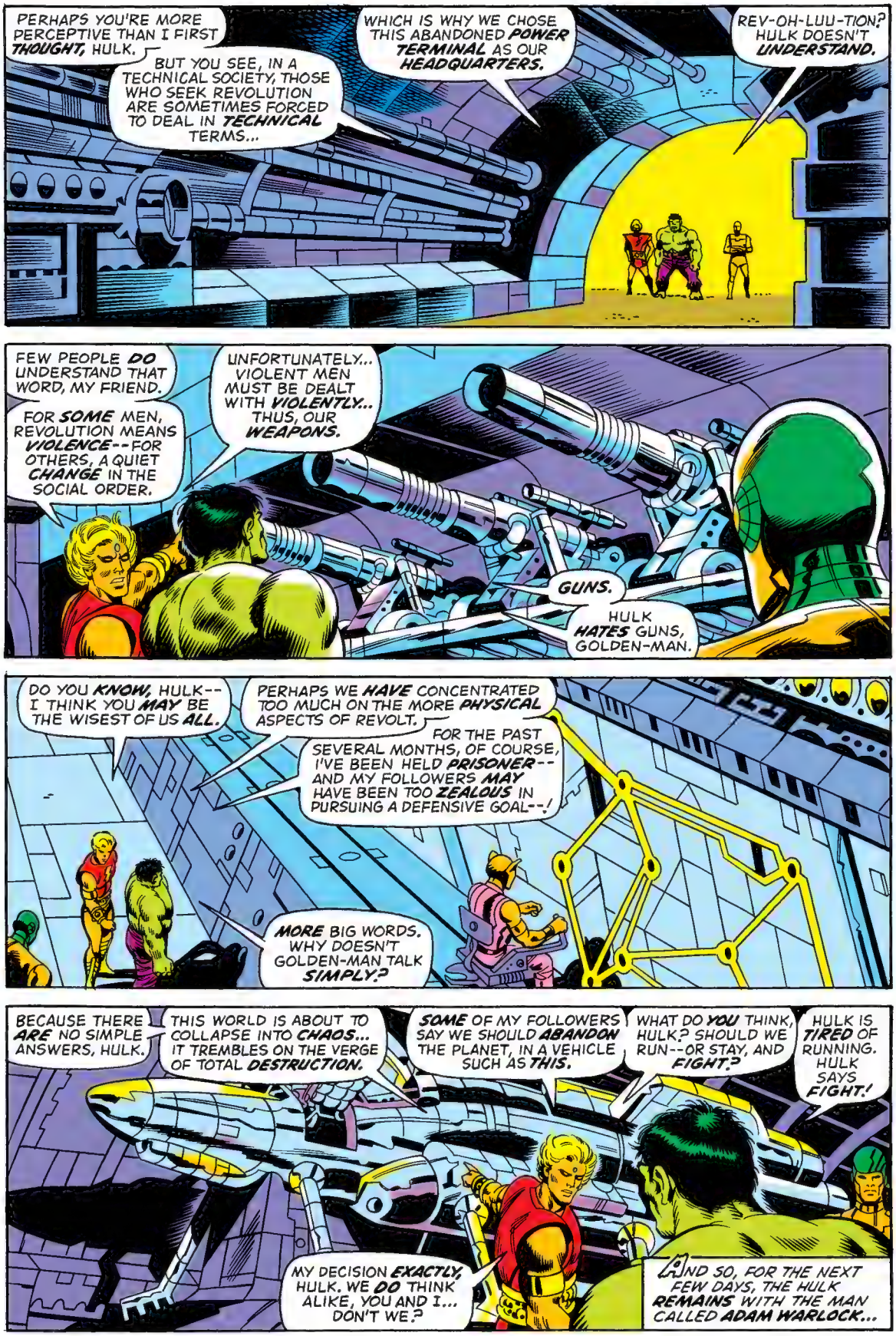
HOWEVER, AT THAT MOMENT, SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AWAY IN THE TUNNELS WHICH UNDERLIE THIS CITY OF WASHINGTON, D.C....
IT SEEMS OUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT.
JUDGING FROM THE SOUNDS AHEAD--WE'VE FOUND HIM.
PORCUPINUS... LOOK!
IT'S HIM...

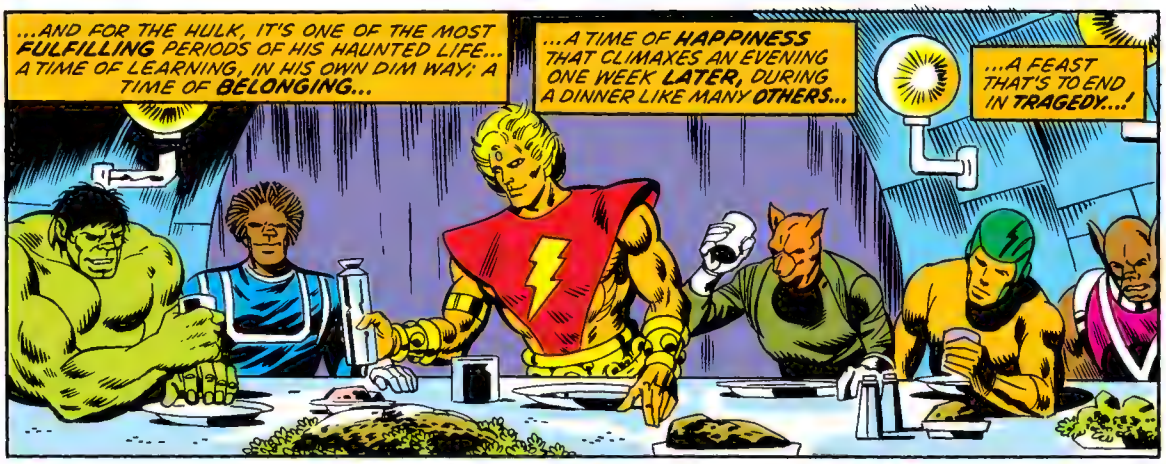
...OUR OLD FRIEND, THE HULK.
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AFTER HE AND HIS ENEMY DISAPPEARED IN THAT SPACE-CRAFT.* PERHAPS NOW WE'LL KNOW.
HULK, COME HERE, QUICKLY.
WE HAVE TO QUIT THIS AREA AT ONCE, BEFORE MAN-BEAST'S GUARDS ARRIVE!
*AGAIN, IN HULK #158. --RT.

WHO CALLS HULK? COME OUT WHERE HULK CAN SEE YOU...
...OR HULK WILL SMASH!

SATISFIED? MY FRIEND, WE'VE MET BEFORE, YOU AND I.
MY COMPANIONS HELPED YOU AGAINST YOUR ENEMY, THE BEAST CALLED THE RHINO.
NOW, WE ASK YOUR AID... IF YOU'RE WILLING.
IN RETURN... WE PROMISE YOU SHELTER AND PROTECTION.
HULK DOESN'T NEED PROTECTION... BUT HULK DOES KNOW YOU.
YOU ASK FOR HULK'S HELP, SO HULK WILL GIVE IT TO YOU...
BUT HULK WARNS YOU... IF YOU LIE TO HULK, HULK WILL CRUSH YOU ALL.
LET'S TAKE A MOMENT'S LEAVE OF OUR TRUSTING HERO, AND LOOK IN ON TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF OUR CAST, AS YET UNINTRODUCED...
WE'LL FIND THEM HERE, IN AN UNPRETENTIOUS OFFICE LOCATED IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT...
THEIR NAMES? UNIMPORTANT, REALLY...BUT FOR THE RECORD, MEET BEN VINCENT, AND HIS CO-WORKER, JUNE VOLPER...
I TELL YOU, JUNE-- I'M SURE OF IT.
I'VE DONE THE NECESSARY RESEARCH, CHECKED ALL THE RECORDS--
--AND THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS, BEFORE HE APPEARED DURING THE TRAX AFFAIR SEVERAL MONTHS AGO*, OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT, REX CARPENTER, WAS A TOTAL NON-ENTITY.
I'VE SPOKEN TO HIS FRIENDS FROM THAT TIME, AND THEY CLAIM HE'S CHANGED.
BUT WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT IS THIS:
SINCE HIS ELECTION, PRESIDENT CARPENTER'S BEEN ALMOST A TOTAL RECLUSE.
THERE'S EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST--HE'S DISAPPEARED!
*WARLOCK #3 --R.T.

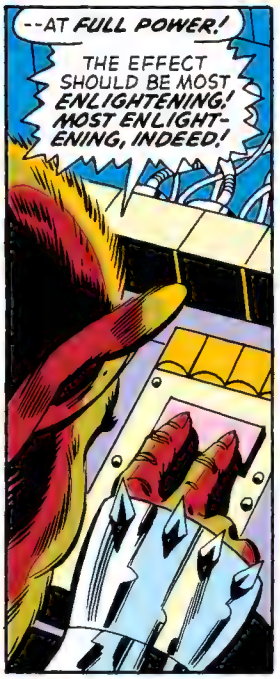
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO ABOUT IT, BEN?
CHARGE INTO THE WHITE HOUSE AND DEMAND TO SEE THE PRESIDENT?
WOULDN'T THAT BE A LITTLE MELO-DRAMATIC?
IT SURE WOULD. BUT IT WOULDN'T BE MELODRAMATIC TO ASK FOR A CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT TO DISCUSS JUDICIAL AFFAIRS.. WOULD IT?
I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN: YOU'VE GOT LARCENY IN YOUR HEART, MR. VINCENT.
THANK YOU, MS. VOLPER... I THINK.
BUT, AFTER A SHORT DRIVE DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE...
HE'S AT CAMP DAVID? WELL, THANKS, ANYWAY, SOLDIER.
I GUESS WE GOT OUR APPOINTMENTS CONFUSED.
WELL, JUNE?
I THINK YOU MAY BE ON TO SOMETHING, BEN.
MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, WE SHOULD TAKE THIS TO THE CHAIRMAN...
U.S. GOVERNMENT
THX-1138
MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY (AND SEVERAL DOZEN YARDS UNDERGROUND), A STRANGE MEETING IS ALREADY IN PROGRESS, BETWEEN THE HALF-HUMAN MOUNTAIN CALLED THE HULK, AND THE UN-CANNY BEING KNOWN AS...
...WARLOCK. HULK HAS HEARD OF YOU, BUT HULK CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE.
WE'VE HEARD OF EACH OTHER, HULK. IN A WAY, YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
YOUR BATTLE WITH THE MAN-BEAST'S AIDES DISTRACTED MY CAPTORS LONG ENOUGH FOR THE RECORDER TO RELEASE ME FROM THE STASIS CAPSULE, WHERE I'D BEEN HELD PRISONER.*
*IT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE; WHEN ELSE?--RT.
HULK DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... BUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOU, HULK LIKES.
I TAKE THAT AS A VERY HIGH COMPLIMENT, MY FRIEND.
PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO SEE WHAT MY FOLLOWERS HAVE ACCOM-PLISHED HERE?
HULK WILL LOOK...
...BUT ALL HULK SEES ARE DUMB MACHINES.


PERHAPS YOU'RE MORE PERCEPTIVE THAN I FIRST THOUGHT, HULK.
BUT YOU SEE, IN A TECHNICAL SOCIETY, THOSE WHO SEEK REVOLUTION ARE SOMETIMES FORCED TO DEAL IN TECHNICAL TERMS...
WHICH IS WHY WE CHOSE THIS ABANDONED POWER TERMINAL AS OUR HEADQUARTERS.
REV-OH-LUU-TION? HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
FEW PEOPLE DO UNDERSTAND THAT WORD, MY FRIEND.
FOR SOME MEN, REVOLUTION MEANS VIOLENCE--FOR OTHERS, A QUIET CHANGE IN THE SOCIAL ORDER.
UNFORTUNATELY... VIOLENT MEN MUST BE DEALT WITH VIOLENTLY... THUS, OUR WEAPONS.
GUNS.
HULK HATES GUNS, GOLDEN-MAN.
DO YOU KNOW, HULK--I THINK YOU MAY BE THE WISEST OF US ALL.
PERHAPS WE HAVE CONCENTRATED TOO MUCH ON THE MORE PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF REVOLT.
FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS, OF COURSE, I'VE BEEN HELD PRISONER--AND MY FOLLOWERS MAY HAVE BEEN TOO ZEALOUS IN PURSUING A DEFENSIVE GOAL--!
MORE BIG WORDS. WHY DOESN'T GOLDEN-MAN TALK SIMPLY?
BECAUSE THERE ARE NO SIMPLE ANSWERS, HULK.
THIS WORLD IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS... IT TREMBLES ON THE VERGE OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION.
SOME OF MY FOLLOWERS SAY WE SHOULD ABANDON THE PLANET, IN A VEHICLE SUCH AS THIS.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, HULK? SHOULD WE RUN--OR STAY, AND FIGHT?
HULK IS TIRED OF RUNNING. HULK SAYS FIGHT!
MY DECISION EXACTLY, HULK. WE DO THINK ALIKE, YOU AND I... DON'T WE?
AND SO, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE HULK REMAINS WITH THE MAN CALLED ADAM WARLOCK...


...AND FOR THE HULK, IT'S ONE OF THE MOST FULFILLING PERIODS OF HIS HAUNTED LIFE... A TIME OF LEARNING, IN HIS OWN DIM WAY; A TIME OF BELONGING...
...A TIME OF HAPPINESS THAT CLIMAXES AN EVENING ONE WEEK LATER, DURING A DINNER LIKE MANY OTHERS...
...A FEAST THAT'S TO END IN TRAGEDY...!

FOR, IN A ROOM IN A BUNKER BELOW THE WHITE HOUSE...
WE'VE PINPOINTED WARLOCK'S HEADQUARTERS AT LAST. IT'S TIME FOR OPERATION: BETRAYAL.
ACTIVATE THE SONIC PROBE--

"WE MUST DO THIS AGAIN, HULK. THERE'S A CLOSENESS IN A DINNER OF THIS KIND...
"PLEASE PROMISE: IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME...YOU'LL GATHER LIKE THIS,.. IN MY MEMORY?"


--AT FULL POWER!
THE EFFECT SHOULD BE MOST ENLIGHTENING! MOST ENLIGHTENING, INDEED!

AND FOR ONE BLAZING INSTANT, ENERGY SURGES THROUGH THE HULK'S MASSIVE FORM--
--ENERGY ENOUGH TO PARALYZE A NORMAL MAN--

--BUT THE HULK, AS WE KNOW, IS NOT A NORMAL MAN, AND THE TRANSMITTER'S SONIC PROBE DOES NOT PARALYZE HIM; INSTEAD--
SNASH!
--HE GOES BERSERK!

PAIN! PAIN IN HULK'S HEAD--LIKE NOTHING HE'S EVER FELT BEFORE!
GO AWAY, PAIN--GO AWAY!
HULK WILL MAKE YOU GO AWAY--
CRUMP!

--HULK WILL SMASH EVERYTHING! HULK WILL SMASH THE PAIN!
HULK WILL DESTROY!
WHAK!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO OUR GREEN FRIEND, PORCUPINUS--AND THOUGH IT MAY BE FOOLISH OF ME TO SUGGEST IT, I'VE A SUSPICION IT'S DUE TO OUR ENEMY, THE MAN-BEAST!
TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM--BUT PLEASE, DON'T HARM HIM.
HE'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE'S DOING. HE'S LIKE A CHILD.
IF I MAY SAY SO, WARLOCK...
...A VERY DANGEROUS CHILD!

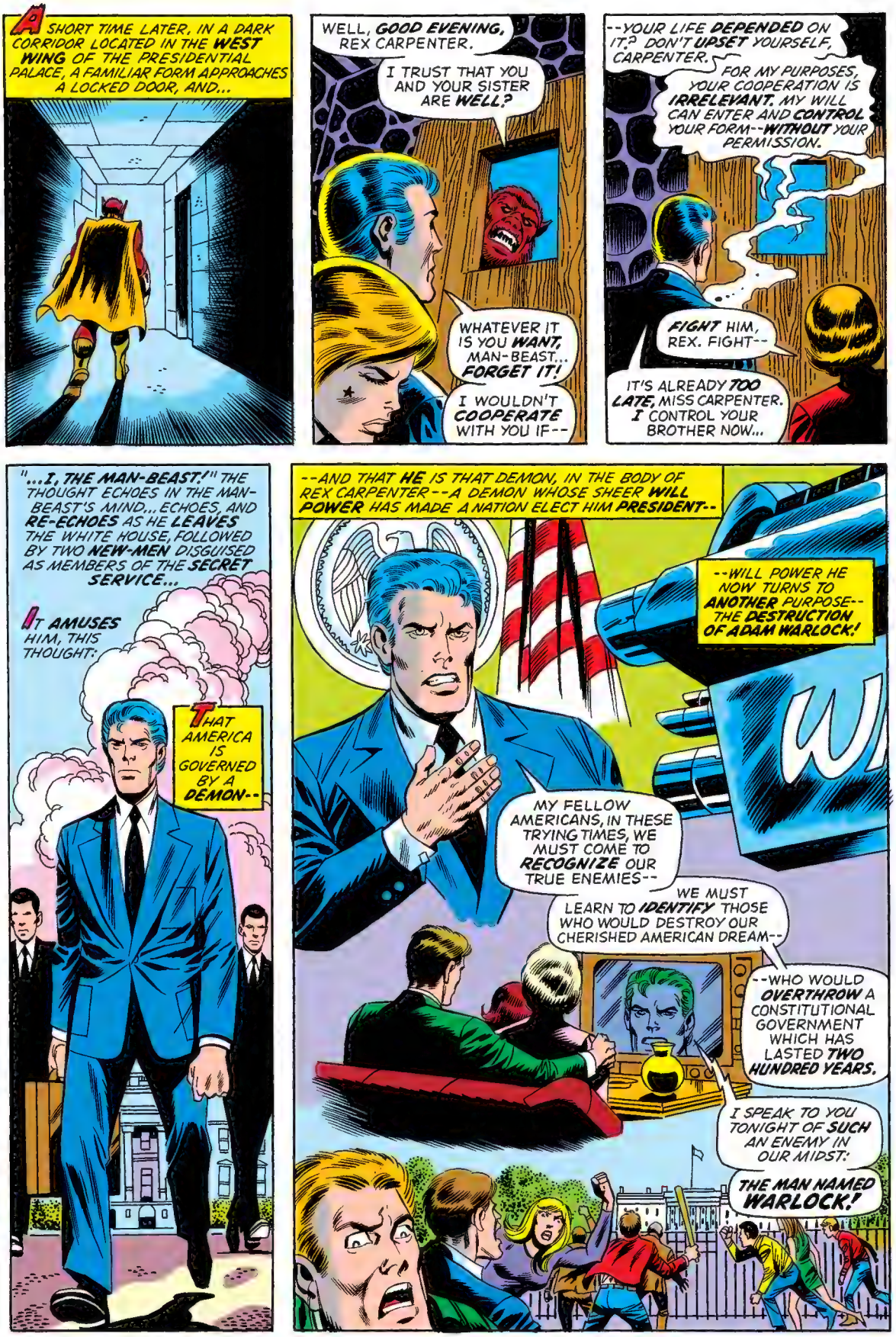
SURROUND HIM... DON'T LET HIM GET IN FRONT OF YOU.
THOSE HANDS OF HIS CAN KILL!
YOU THINK WE'RE NOT AWARE OF THAT, EAGLUS? YOU FORGET, WE'VE SEEN HIM FIGHT--!
TRY TO OVERWHELM HIM. EVERYONE, THROW YOURSELF ON HIM--!
PERHAPS BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS--!

NO!
GET OFF OF HULK, LITTLE MEN!
GET OFF, BEFORE HULK CRUSHES YOU LIKE BUGS!

FORGIVE ME, HULK--BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO DO THAT.
BY THE POWER OF THE SOUL JEWEL UPON MY BROW, I MUST--
YOU MUST DO NOTHING, USURPER. THIS GAME IS OVER.
YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR FINAL HAND...AND IT'S I WHO HOLDS THE WINNING CARD!
ZAKK!
SOME SORT OF RAY... FREEZING ME....!
NOT ONLY YOU, WARLOCK--BUT OUR EMERALD GIANT, AS WELL.
PITIFUL FOOL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST MY GENIUS...! FROM THE BEGINNING, YOU WERE BUT A PAWN IN MY MASTER PLAN...
...A PUPPET IN A PLAY YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.
YOU THOUGHT THE CONFLICT WAS BETWEEN YOU AND I, DIDN'T YOU? WRONG, ADAM WARLOCK...YOU WERE JUST A SOLDIER IN A GREATER WAR...
BETWEEN THE MAN-BEAST... AND THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY!
LIAR! WARLOCK IS NO MAN'S TOOL. I FIGHT FOR MYSELF, DEMON--AND FOR THE PEOPLE OF THIS EARTH.
THROUGH THE SOUL JEWEL, I CAN TAP THE POWER OF THE COSMOS.
POWER ENOUGH TO DESTROY YOU AND ALL YOUR KIND!

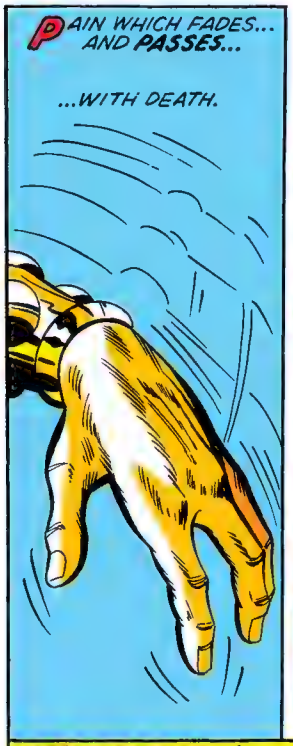
TRY, THEN. USE YOUR PETTY AND PATHETIC SOUL JEWEL.
AGAINST THE POWER OF MY HATE--
--IT IS NOTHING--
--AND LESS THAN NOTHING!
SO THEY CLASH, THE MAN-BEAST AND THE MAN-GOD...
YET, AS THEY THROW THEMSELVES FORWARD, STRAINING TO THEIR UTMOST--
--A MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN MEMBER OF OUR CAST STIRS HIMSELF--
--WITH STARTLING RESULTS!
THE GREEN BEHEMOTH! HE'S BROKEN FROM THE RAY'S INFLUENCE!
STOP HIM AT ONCE, BEFORE HE CAN--
SHUT UP, ANIMAL-MEN. HULK HAS HEARD ENOUGH.
AND THOUGH HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING, HE KNOWS THIS MUCH --YOU TRIED TO HURT HULK--
--AND THAT MAKES YOU HIS ENEMIES!
CRANG!
THRUMP
PAIN IN HULK'S HEAD HAS GONE AWAY.
HULK CAN THINK AGAIN--HULK THINKS.
HULK KNOWS WHO HULK'S ENEMIES ARE--AND WHO ARE HULK'S FRIENDS--

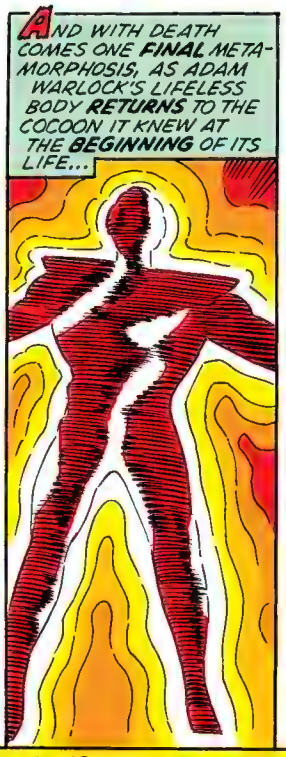
--AND HULK KNOWS WARLOCK IS HIS FRIEND!
THE MICRO-TRANS-MITTER--
YOU CLUMSY OAF! YOU'VE BROKEN IT-- IT'S RUINED!
THRAK!
I WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED THAT A CLUMSY MOVE, MAN-BEAST. APPARENTLY THAT TRANS-MITTER WAS BEHIND THE HULK'S PAIN--
--AND WITH IT GONE, HE'S HIMSELF AGAIN.
AND THAT, MAN-BEAST, MEANS THE END OF YOU AND YOUR HORDES--! IT MEANS WE'VE WON--
BBBRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKKK
NOT AT ALL, MY WISHFUL FOE. IT MEANS I MUST TURN TO OTHER WEAPONS.
SUCH AS THIS-- A DEVICE SIMILAR TO THE PROBE-- WHICH HAS HAD A SIMILAR EFFECT!
THE HULK HAS BECOME HUMAN--
--AND YOU, ADAM WARLOCK, HAVE BECOME MY PRISONER.
I'VE BEEN YOUR CAPTIVE BEFORE, MAN-BEAST.
IT DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME.
BUT IT SHOULD. I NO LONGER WISH TO CONTROL YOU, AS I CONTROLLED THIS POOR FOOL.
NO, WARLOCK... ONLY YOUR DEATH WILL SATISFY ME NOW.
...A DEATH BY PUBLIC TRIAL!

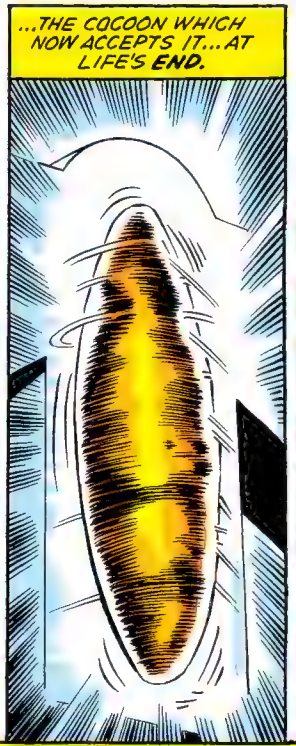

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN A DARK CORRIDOR LOCATED IN THE WEST WING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, A FAMILIAR FORM APPROACHES A LOCKED DOOR, AND...
WELL, GOOD EVENING, REX CARPENTER.
I TRUST THAT YOU AND YOUR SISTER ARE WELL?
WHATEVER IT IS YOU WANT, MAN-BEAST... FORGET IT!
I WOULDN'T COOPERATE WITH YOU IF--
--YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT.? DON'T UPSET YOURSELF, CARPENTER.
FOR MY PURPOSES, YOUR COOPERATION IS IRRELEVANT. MY WILL CAN ENTER AND CONTROL YOUR FORM--WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION.
FIGHT HIM, REX. FIGHT--
IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE, MISS CARPENTER. I CONTROL YOUR BROTHER NOW...
"...I, THE MAN-BEAST!" THE THOUGHT ECHOES IN THE MAN-BEAST'S MIND... ECHOES, AND RE-ECHOES AS HE LEAVES THE WHITE HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY TWO NEW-MEN DISGUISED AS MEMBERS OF THE SECRET SERVICE...
IT AMUSES HIM, THIS THOUGHT:
THAT AMERICA IS GOVERNED BY A DEMON--
--AND THAT HE IS THAT DEMON, IN THE BODY OF REX CARPENTER--A DEMON WHOSE SHEER WILL POWER HAS MADE A NATION ELECT HIM PRESIDENT--
--WILL POWER HE NOW TURNS TO ANOTHER PURPOSE--THE DESTRUCTION OF ADAM WARLOCK!
MY FELLOW AMERICANS, IN THESE TRYING TIMES, WE MUST COME TO RECOGNIZE OUR TRUE ENEMIES--
WE MUST LEARN TO IDENTIFY THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY OUR CHERISHED AMERICAN DREAM--
--WHO WOULD OVERTHROW A CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS LASTED TWO HUNDRED YEARS.
I SPEAK TO YOU TONIGHT OF SUCH AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST:
THE MAN NAMED WARLOCK!

THAT'S HOW IT BEGINS, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, PRESIDENT CARPENTER CONTINUES TO MAKE DAILY SPEECHES AGAINST THE DEFENSELESS ALIEN...
UNTIL, WITH THE PUBLIC AROUSED TO A BLIND, UNTHINKING RAGE...
...HE MAKES HIS MOST DARING SPEECH, ONE COLD CLAMMY AFTERNOON ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN:
WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THIS MAN--
THIS ARROGANT ALIEN WHO SOUGHT TO MAKE HIMSELF A KING?
SHALL WE GIVE HIM TO THE COURTS--SO THEY CAN SET HIM FREE?
NO! NO!
IT'S A NIGHTMARE! HE'S HYPNOTIZED THEM--
THE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SAYING--AND I'M HELPLESS TO STOP HIM!
NO!
OR WILL WE TAKE JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN HANDS?
THE DECISION IS YOURS! FREEDOM OR DEATH FOR ADAM WARLOCK?
DEATH!
DEATH! DEATH!
SO BE IT. MY HANDS ARE CLEAN...
THIS DAY, THE WARLOCK DIES!
A LOW HUM...A SUBTLE VIBRATION THAT PASSES IN A WAVE ACROSS THE FIELD...A SUDDEN GLOW...
HUMMMMMMMM
...AND AN ETERNITY OF PAIN FOR THE GOLDEN-SKINNED SAVIOR FROM THE STARS!
HIGH EVOLUTIONARY--WHY HAVE YOU ABANDONED ME?
WERE THE DEMON'S WORDS TRUE? WAS I ONLY YOUR PAWN?

NO ANSWER COMES TO THE WARLOCK'S WORDS:
INSTEAD, THERE IS ONLY RENEWED AGONY...
PAIN WHICH BUILDS... AS A SUB-SONIC SCREAM BLASTS ACROSS THE LAWN...




AND WITH DEATH COMES ONE FINAL METAMORPHOSIS, AS ADAM WARLOCK'S LIFELESS BODY RETURNS TO THE COCOON IT KNEW AT THE BEGINNING OF ITS LIFE...



NEXT ISSUE: (YES, THERE **IS** GOING TO BE A NEXT ISSUE) THE MIND-STAGGERING **CONCLUSION** OF THE GREATEST HULK-EPIC OF ALL **TIME!** YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF IF YOU MISS--

WHEN COMES THE APOCALYPSE!

INCREDIBLE HULK
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK
TM
IN THIS ISSUE: THE DEATH OF WARLOCK.. THE FATE OF A UNIVERSE!!
YOU KILLED HULK'S FRIEND!
WHAM
FOR THAT, HULK WILL DESTROY YOU--
--DESTROY THE WORLD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM

GERRY CONWAY PLOTTER | TONY ISABELLA SCRIPTER | HERB TRIMPE ARTIST | JACK ABEL INKER | LETTERER: A. KUPPERBERG COLORIST: L. LESSMANN | STORY CONCEIVED AND EDITED BY ROY THOMAS

TRIUMPH ON TERRA-TWO!

DEATH BY PUBLIC TRIAL: THAT'S WHAT ADAM WARLOCK FACES ON COUNTER-EARTH--THE WORLD HE TRIED TO REDEEM.

IT STARTED WITH A FAMILIAR SPEECH. "MY HANDS ARE CLEAN. IT IS YOUR DECISION THAT HE DIES!"

WHI-TV

BUT THOUGH PRESIDENT REX CARPENTER SPEAKS THESE WORDS, THEIR SPIRIT IS THAT OF THE MURDEROUS MAN-BEAST!

IT'S A NIGHTMARE! HE HYPNOTIZED THE CROWD--TURNED THEM AGAINST WARLOCK!

AND I'M HELPLESS TO STOP HIM!!

WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY OF PAIN ENGULFS THE GOLD-SKINNED SAVIOR FROM THE STARS--WHILE BRUCE BANNER LOOKS ON, AND PRAYS FOR THIS WORLD'S SOUL!

HIGH EVOLUTIONARY--WHY HAVE YOU ABANDONED ME?!

NO ANSWER COMES. ONLY RENEWED AGONY AND PAIN, AND, FINALLY...

DEATH!

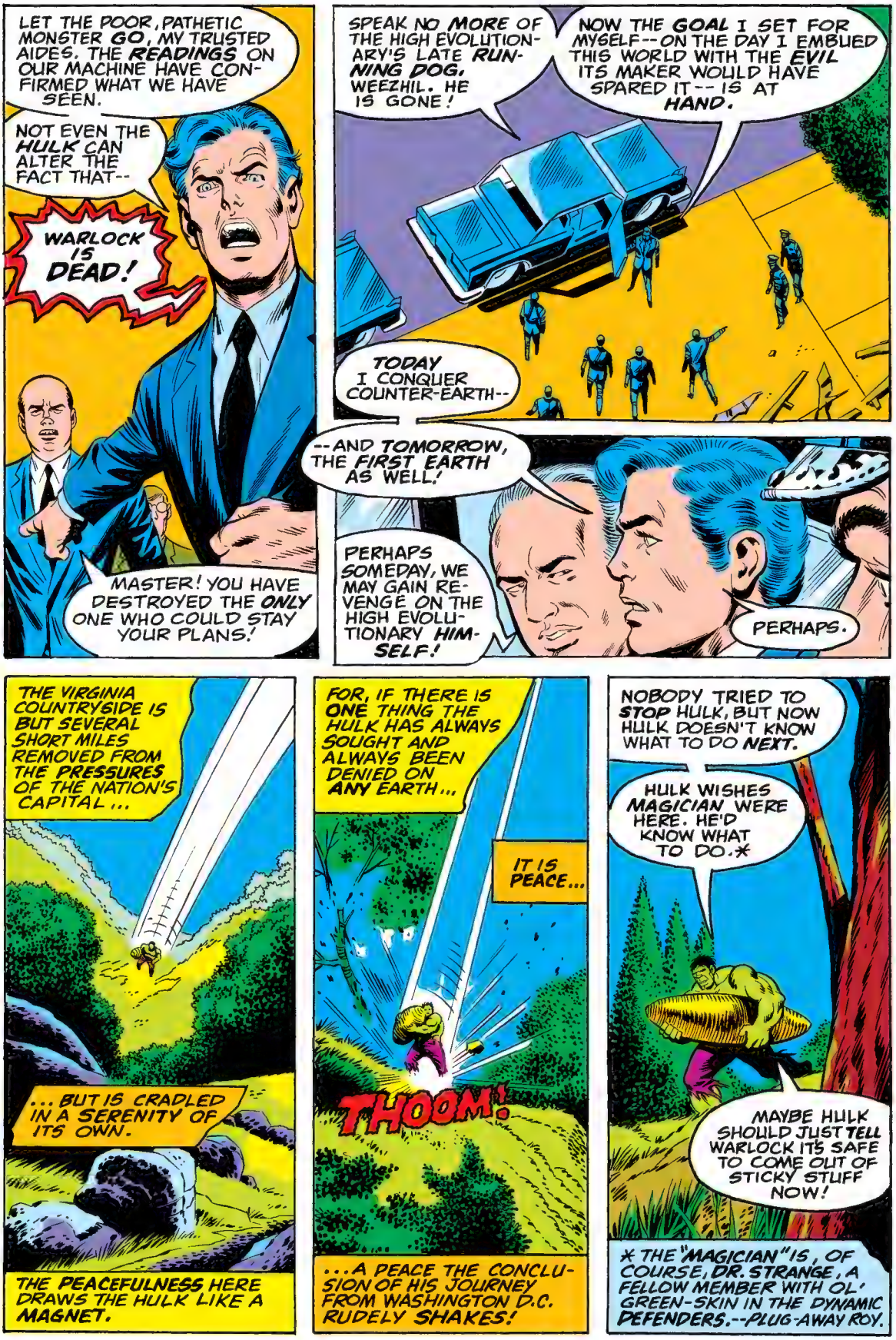
ONE FINAL METAMORPHOSIS: ADAM WARLOCK'S LIFELESS BODY RETURNS TO THE COCOON IT KNEW AT THE BEGINNING OF ITS LIFE...

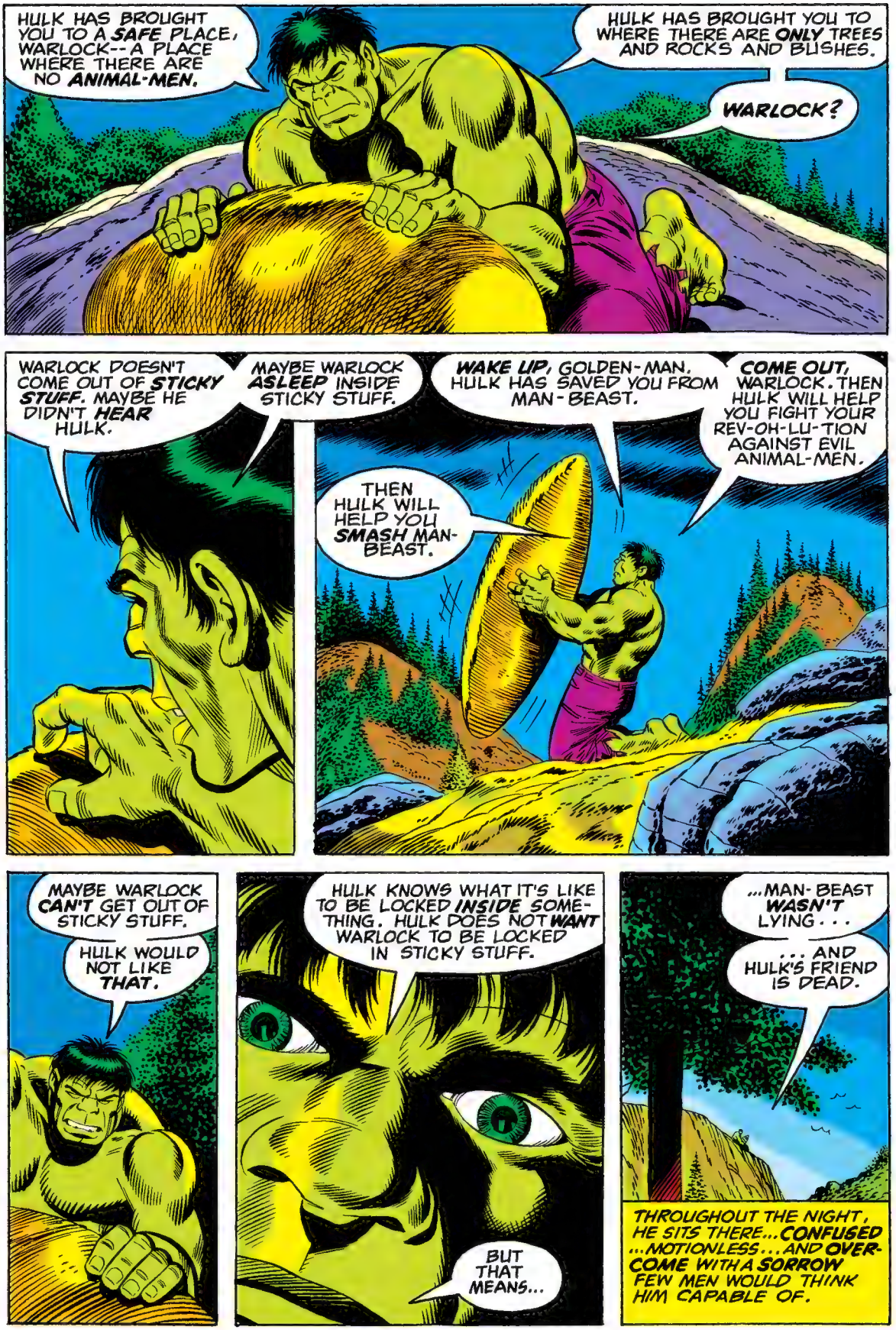
...THE COCOON WHICH NOW ACCEPTS IT...

...AT LIFE'S END.

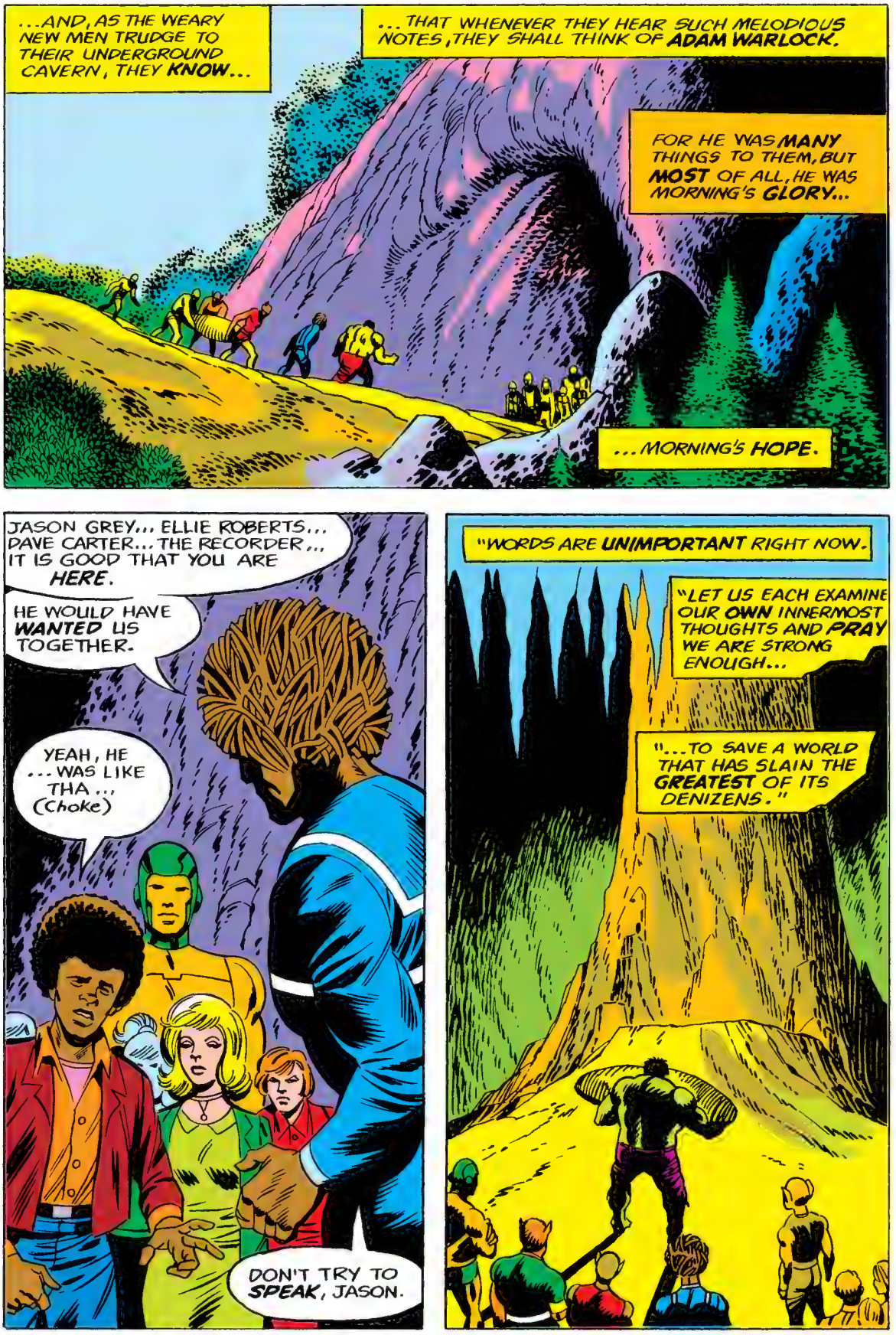
IN THE WAKE OF ADAM WARLOCK'S PASSING, A NOT-SO-SUBTLE CHANGE COMES OVER BRUCE BANNER.
HE BEGINS TO SHIVER LIKE A MAN CAUGHT UNCLOTHED IN AN ARCTIC STORM.
CONVERSELY, HE BEGINS TO SWEAT.
SALTY DROPLETS ROLL DOWN A FACE...
...THAT STRETCHES AS IF YEARNING TO BE FREE OF ITS NATURAL DIMENSIONS.
THAT FACE EXPANDS.
BRUCE BANNER'S WHOLE BODY EXPANDS AND THE LIGHT OF INTELLIGENCE IN HIS EYES DIMS...
...TO BE REPLACED BY A DARK, BESTIAL FURY. A VOICE IS HEARD, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A DEATHKNELL TO THOSE GATHERED.
YOU KILLED ADAM WARLOCK!
YOU KILLED HULK'S FRIEND!
"THIS" BY THE WAY, IS THE HULK --AND HE CAN'T BE STOPPED.
GUARDS! STOP THAT RAMPAGING MAN-BRUTE!
YEOW! I'VE COVERED VIETNAM, CAMBODIA, AND THE '68 CHICAGO CONVENTION, BUT THIS? FORGET IT!
HE'S A DANGEROUS SUBVERSIVE--IN LEAGUE WITH THOSE ALIEN MONSTERS WHO WOULD FOLLOW WARLOCK!

"ALIEN MONSTERS." IRONIC, THAT. FOR THE NEW-MEN TO WHOM THE MAN-BEAST REFERS...
...WERE SPAWNED IN THE SAME GENETIC CHAMBERS OF THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH.
THE BULLETS... THEY DON'T SEEM TO HURT HIM.
KA-POW! KA-POW! KA-POW!
WHAM!
BULLETS CAN'T HURT HULK, PUNY MAN. NOTHING CAN!
BUT HULK CAN HURT YOU, PUNY MAN!
HIS GRIP --IT'S LIKE AN IRON VISE!
AYIEEEE!
BRATATTAT
HE'S SHRUGGING OFF A FULL CLIP OF AMMO LIKE IT WAS A SPRING SHOWER!
COBRAH! SNAKAR! WEEZHIL! WE MUSTN'T ALLOW THE CREATURE TO REACH WARLOCK OR OUR LEADER.
BARACHULIDAR'S RIGHT! MAYBE WITH OUR ANIMAL STRENGTH, WE CAN HOLD HIM BACK!
BUT EVEN IN OUR NATURAL FORMS, CAN WE POSSIBLY STAND AGAINST THE HULK?
NOPE. ANIMAL MEN ATTACK HULK!
(IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, THESE ARE THE NATURAL FORMS OF REX CARPENTER'S AIDES, WHICH ONLY THE HULK CAN SEE.)
HULK WILL ATTACK THEM BACK!
MAN-BEAST SAID WARLOCK WAS DEAD-- BUT MAYBE HE WAS LYING.
MAYBE...
YES! HULK WILL TAKE WARLOCK AWAY FROM HERE!
HULK WILL TAKE WARLOCK TO A SAFE PLACE-- WHERE HE CAN COME OUT OF STICKY STUFF.
AND NOBODY BETTER TRY TO STOP HULK!

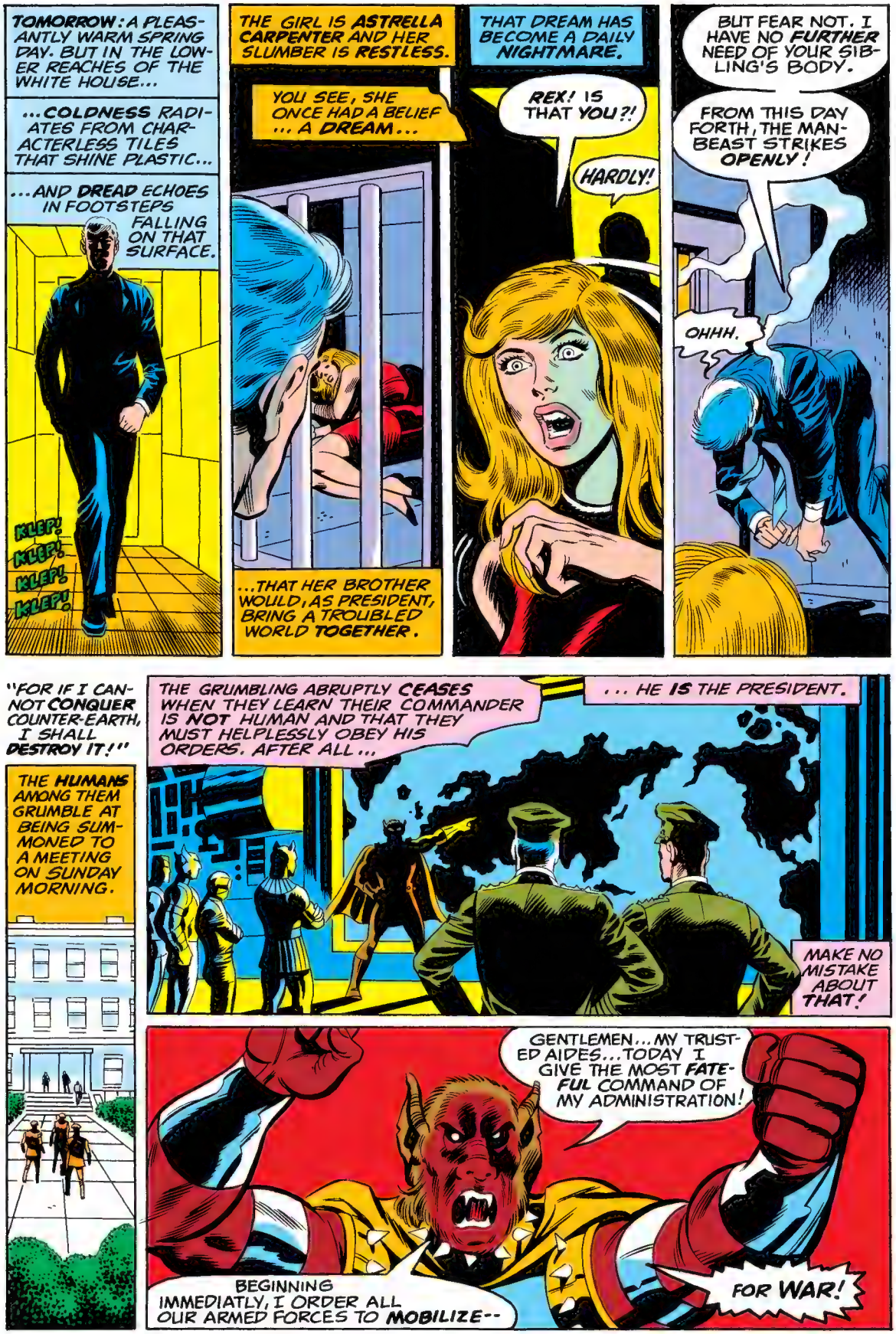

LET THE POOR, PATHETIC MONSTER GO, MY TRUSTED AIDES. THE READINGS ON OUR MACHINE HAVE CONFIRMED WHAT WE HAVE SEEN.
NOT EVEN THE HULK CAN ALTER THE FACT THAT--
WARLOCK IS DEAD!
MASTER! YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STAY YOUR PLANS!
SPEAK NO MORE OF THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY'S LATE RUNNING DOG, WEEZHIL. HE IS GONE!
NOW THE GOAL I SET FOR MYSELF--ON THE DAY I EMBUED THIS WORLD WITH THE EVIL ITS MAKER WOULD HAVE SPARED IT--IS AT HAND.
TODAY I CONQUER COUNTER-EARTH--
--AND TOMORROW, THE FIRST EARTH AS WELL!
PERHAPS SOMEDAY, WE MAY GAIN REVENGE ON THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY HIMSELF!
PERHAPS.
THE VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE IS BUT SEVERAL SHORT MILES REMOVED FROM THE PRESSURES OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL...
...BUT IS CRADLED IN A SERENITY OF ITS OWN.
THE PEACEFULNESS HERE DRAWS THE HULK LIKE A MAGNET.
FOR, IF THERE IS ONE THING THE HULK HAS ALWAYS SOUGHT AND ALWAYS BEEN DENIED ON ANY EARTH...
IT IS PEACE...
THOOM!
...A PEACE THE CONCLUSION OF HIS JOURNEY FROM WASHINGTON D.C. RUDELY SHAKES!
NOBODY TRIED TO STOP HULK, BUT NOW HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT.
HULK WISHES MAGICIAN WERE HERE. HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO.*
MAYBE HULK SHOULD JUST TELL WARLOCK IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT OF STICKY STUFF NOW!
* THE "MAGICIAN" IS, OF COURSE, DR. STRANGE, A FELLOW MEMBER WITH OL' GREEN-SKIN IN THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS.--PLUG-AWAY ROY.


HULK HAS BROUGHT YOU TO A SAFE PLACE, WARLOCK-- A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE NO ANIMAL-MEN.
HULK HAS BROUGHT YOU TO WHERE THERE ARE ONLY TREES AND ROCKS AND BUSHES.
WARLOCK?
WARLOCK DOESN'T COME OUT OF STICKY STUFF. MAYBE HE DIDN'T HEAR HULK.
MAYBE WARLOCK ASLEEP INSIDE STICKY STUFF.
WAKE UP, GOLDEN-MAN. HULK HAS SAVED YOU FROM MAN-BEAST.
COME OUT, WARLOCK. THEN HULK WILL HELP YOU FIGHT YOUR REV-OH-LU-TION AGAINST EVIL ANIMAL-MEN.
THEN HULK WILL HELP YOU SMASH MAN-BEAST.
MAYBE WARLOCK CAN'T GET OUT OF STICKY STUFF.
HULK WOULD NOT LIKE THAT.
HULK KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE LOCKED INSIDE SOMETHING. HULK DOES NOT WANT WARLOCK TO BE LOCKED IN STICKY STUFF.
BUT THAT MEANS...
...MAN-BEAST WASN'T LYING...
... AND HULK'S FRIEND IS DEAD.
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, HE SITS THERE...CONFUSED ...MOTIONLESS...AND OVERCOME WITH A SORROW FEW MEN WOULD THINK HIM CAPABLE OF.

UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN...
THERE HE IS--WITH ADAM'S COCOON! HIS BATTLE WITH THE MAN-BEAST'S TROOPS ENABLED US TO ESCAPE OUR CAPTORS!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PORCUPINUS?
ADAM ONCE TOLD ME I WAS A TIMBER ON WHICH HE WOULD BUILD A HOUSE OF GOOD WILL. I WILL NOT FAIL HIM.
WE WILL CARRY ON HIS WORK. WE WILL DESTROY THE MAN-BEAST!
BUT WE WILL NEED THE HELP OF THE HULK!
HULK--IT IS I, YOUR OLD FRIEND PORCUPINUS.
HULK REMEMBERS YOU.
HULK WILL FOLLOW YOU.
WE CAN DO NOTHING MORE FOR ADAM WARLOCK NOW. WILL YOU ACCOMPANY US--
--TO A CAVERN WHERE WE MAY INTER HIS MORTAL REMAINS?
HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHY WARLOCK HAD TO DIE.
HIS TIME AMONG US HAD DRAWN TO AN END, HULK, BUT WE STILL --AND ALWAYS -- HAVE THE MEMORY OF HIM.
STRANGE... THAT THE GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER SHOULD MOURN WARLOCK'S PASSING SO GREATLY.
WARLOCK WAS HIS FRIEND. AND WHILE YOU AND I HAVE MANY FRIENDS--
--THE HULK CAN COUNT HIS ON ONE OF THOSE MASSIVE GREEN HANDS.
THE COUNTRYSIDE GROWS SILENT THEN, SAVE FOR A SINGLE BIRD SINGING IN THE SKY...


...AND, AS THE WEARY NEW MEN TRUDGE TO THEIR UNDERGROUND CAVERN, THEY KNOW...
...THAT WHENEVER THEY HEAR SUCH MELODIOUS NOTES, THEY SHALL THINK OF ADAM WARLOCK.
FOR HE WAS MANY THINGS TO THEM, BUT MOST OF ALL, HE WAS MORNING'S GLORY..
...MORNING'S HOPE.
JASON GREY... ELLIE ROBERTS... DAVE CARTER... THE RECORDER... IT IS GOOD THAT YOU ARE HERE.
HE WOULD HAVE WANTED US TOGETHER.
YEAH, HE ...WAS LIKE THA... (Choke)
DON'T TRY TO SPEAK, JASON.
"WORDS ARE UNIMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.
"LET US EACH EXAMINE OUR OWN INNERMOST THOUGHTS AND PRAY WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH...
"...TO SAVE A WORLD THAT HAS SLAIN THE GREATEST OF ITS DENIZENS."

A SINGLE SHAFT OF DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT FINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE LAYERS OF ROCK THAT FORM THIS CAVERN.
A SINGLE SHAFT OF LIGHT.
YET, IF IT REPRESENTS WHAT WARLOCK MEANT TO MANKIND, SUCH SUBTLE SYMBOLISM IS LOST AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS.
THEY WANT NO HEAVENLY SIGNS--NOR MIRACLES --NOR SUBTLE SYMBOLISM.
THEY WANT ONLY TO MOURN.
TIME ENOUGH FOR SYMBOLISM --AND ACTIONS -- -- TOMORROW.

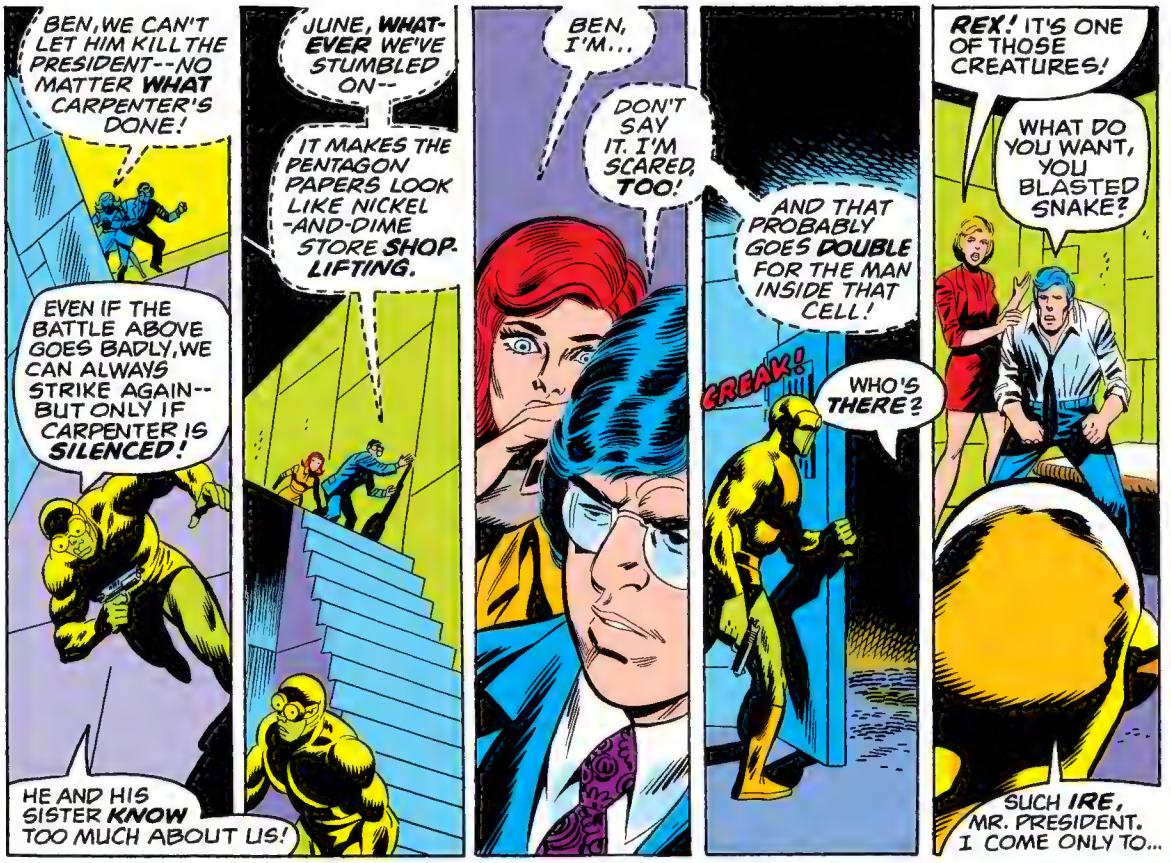

TOMORROW: A PLEASANTLY WARM SPRING DAY. BUT IN THE LOWER REACHES OF THE WHITE HOUSE...
...COLDNESS RADIATES FROM CHARACTERLESS TILES THAT SHINE PLASTIC...
...AND DREAD ECHOES IN FOOTSTEPS FALLING ON THAT SURFACE.
KLEP!
KLEP!
KLEP!
KLEP!
THE GIRL IS ASTRELLA CARPENTER AND HER SLUMBER IS RESTLESS.
YOU SEE, SHE ONCE HAD A BELIEF ... A DREAM...
...THAT HER BROTHER WOULD, AS PRESIDENT, BRING A TROUBLED WORLD TOGETHER.
THAT DREAM HAS BECOME A DAILY NIGHTMARE.
REX! IS THAT YOU?!
HARDLY!
BUT FEAR NOT. I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF YOUR SIBLING'S BODY.
FROM THIS DAY FORTH, THE MAN-BEAST STRIKES OPENLY!
OHHH.
"FOR IF I CANNOT CONQUER COUNTER-EARTH, I SHALL DESTROY IT!"
THE HUMANS AMONG THEM GRUMBLE AT BEING SUMMONED TO A MEETING ON SUNDAY MORNING.
THE GRUMBLING ABRUPTLY CEASES WHEN THEY LEARN THEIR COMMANDER IS NOT HUMAN AND THAT THEY MUST HELPLESSLY OBEY HIS ORDERS. AFTER ALL...
... HE IS THE PRESIDENT.
MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT!
GENTLEMEN... MY TRUSTED AIDES... TODAY I GIVE THE MOST FATEFUL COMMAND OF MY ADMINISTRATION!
BEGINNING IMMEDIATLY, I ORDER ALL OUR ARMED FORCES TO MOBILIZE--
FOR WAR!

DEFENSE SPENDING THEY CALL IT, COSTING BILLIONS UPON UNGUESSABLE BILLIONS EACH YEAR. YET MUCH OF THIS TAX PAYER'S BURDEN GOES TOWARDS OFFENSIVE WEAPONS, SUCH AS THESE...
THE GUARDIANS OF DEMOCRACY TAKE TO THE SKY READY TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY. THEIR COURAGE IS UNDENIABLE, THEIR SKILL AWESOME, THEIR SINCERITY UNQUESTIONED.
YET THIS COURAGE AND SKILL AND SINCERITY DOES NOT ALTER THE FACT THAT THEY ARE NUCLEAR PAWNS IN THE MAN-BEAST'S PRIVATE CONQUEST GAME.
HE WATCHES THE PREP-ARATIONS LIKE AN ADDER ABOUT TO STRIKE. HATRED BURNS IN THOSE ANXIOUS EYES.
HATRED FOR THIS WORLD, HATRED FOR THE EARTH THAT BIRTHED HIM, HATRED FOR THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY, AND, PERHAPS...
...HATRED FOR HIMSELF!

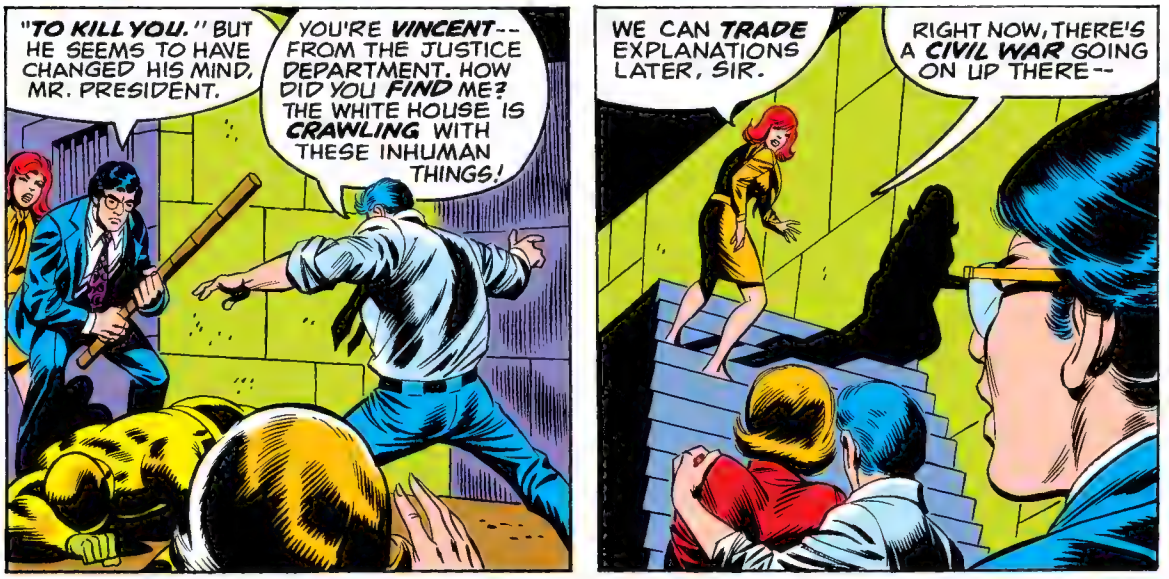
EVENING: ALL "DEFENSE" PLANS HAVE BEEN SWIFTLY INITIATED AND EFFICIENTLY...
... COMPLETED! YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY AIDES!
MY "SPECIAL" THANKS TO THE CHIEFS OF STAFF.
WE'RE REALISTS, MR. PRESIDENT--IF NOTHING MORE.
HOW FORTUNATE FOR YOU, GENERAL--
--BECAUSE WHEN I ACTIVATE OUR NUCLEAR ARSENAL...
KLIK
PUSH!
THE CONSOLE-- IT DOESN'T WORK!
YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, MISTER. I SAID WE WERE REALISTS--NOT FOOLS! MANKIND WOULD NEVER SURVIVE THIS WAR!
YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS, GENERAL!
WRONG AGAIN, "MISTER" PRESIDENT!
KA-THOOM!
IT'S THE HULK!
AND WARLOCK'S REBEL ARMY!
THE GENERAL MUST HAVE GOTTEN WORD TO THEM!
STOP THEM! CALL EVERY AVAILABLE MAN!
I-WILL-NOT-BE-DEFEATED--NOW!

WHOMP!
ANIMAL-MAN STRIKES HULK FROM BEHIND--BUT ONE PUNCH CAN'T HURT HULK!
RAMM!
NO, YOU GREEN-SKINNED BUFFOON, IT CAN'T! UNLESS THAT PUNCH WAS ONLY INTENDED TO GET YOU INTO POSITION--
--FOR MY MOST DEVASTATING WEAPON!
THE POWER OF MY HATE!!
HULK HAS FELT HATE BEFORE --FROM MEN-- BUT NOT LIKE THIS!
HULK WON'T GIVE UP, THOUGH! HULK CAN HATE, TOO!
AND HULK HATES MAN-BEAST!
FWAM!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! NO HUMAN CAN WITHSTAND THE POWER OF MY HATE!
HULK SAYS YOU'RE WRONG--

HULK CAN STAND YOUR HATE BECAUSE HULK IS NOT A PUNY HUMAN!
HULK IS HULK!
NOOOOO!
MINDLESS BRUTE! IF MY HATE-FORCE DOES NOT AFFECT YOU--
--I CAN STILL TURN IT ON THE OBJECTS AROUND YOU!
BRAKK.. BWAMM!
DO YOU HEAR THAT, JUNE? IT'S MUFFLED--BUT IT CAN ONLY BE ONE THING--
--THERE'S A BATTLE GOING ON INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE!
I HEAR... SOMETHING, BEN. BUT HOW CAN WE BE SURE?
THE GUARDS ARE GONE. WE'LL GO IN. IF WHAT MY RESEARCH ABOUT REX CARPENTER INDICATES IS TRUE--*
--WE'LL BE TRYING A PRESIDENT FOR TREASON!
SO HOW COME I GET THE FEELING TOMORROW'S HEADLINE IS "LAWYERS VINCENT AND VOLPER HUNG"?
JUST HEALTHY PARANOIA, MS. VOLPER.
*LAST ISH.--ROY.
BEN, WHAT...
IT'S AN ANIMAL-MAN--LIKE THOSE THAT SHOWED UP A YEAR AGO.* LET'S FOLLOW HIM.
THE SITUATION IS CRITICAL! I MUST INITIATE THE MAN-BEAST'S CONTINGENCY PLAN--
--AND KILL REX CARPENTER!
*HULK#148,--ROY.


BEN, WE CAN'T LET HIM KILL THE PRESIDENT--NO MATTER WHAT CARPENTER'S DONE!
EVEN IF THE BATTLE ABOVE GOES BADLY, WE CAN ALWAYS STRIKE AGAIN--BUT ONLY IF CARPENTER IS SILENCED!
HE AND HIS SISTER KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT US!
JUNE, WHATEVER WE'VE STUMBLED ON--
IT MAKES THE PENTAGON PAPERS LOOK LIKE NICKEL-AND-DIME STORE SHOPLIFTING.
BEN, I'M...
DON'T SAY IT. I'M SCARED, TOO!
AND THAT PROBABLY GOES DOUBLE FOR THE MAN INSIDE THAT CELL!
CREAK!
WHO'S THERE?
REX! IT'S ONE OF THOSE CREATURES!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU BLASTED SNAKE?
SUCH IRE, MR. PRESIDENT. I COME ONLY TO...

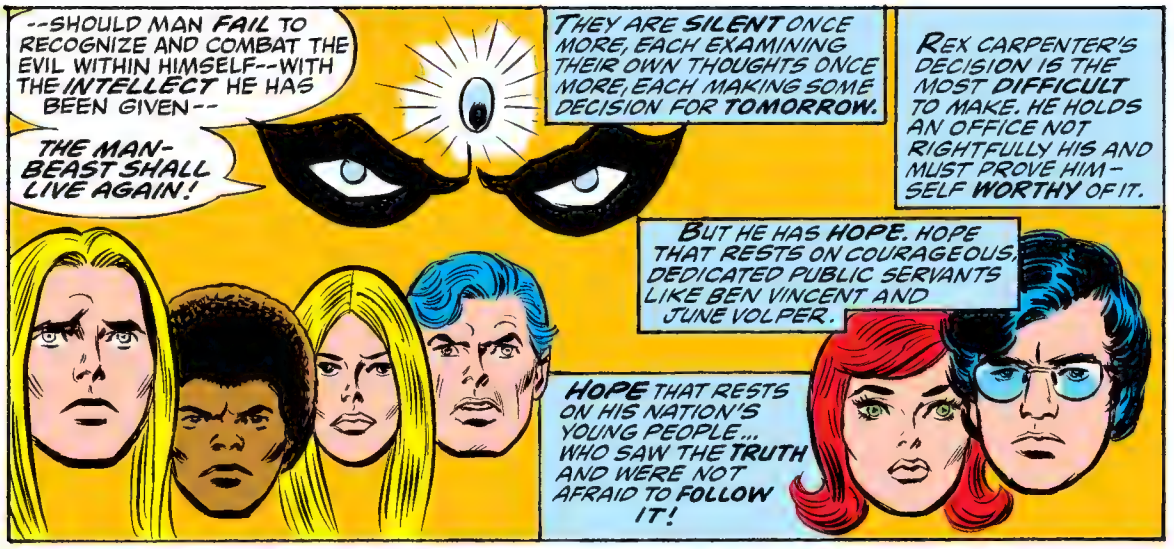
KLUD!

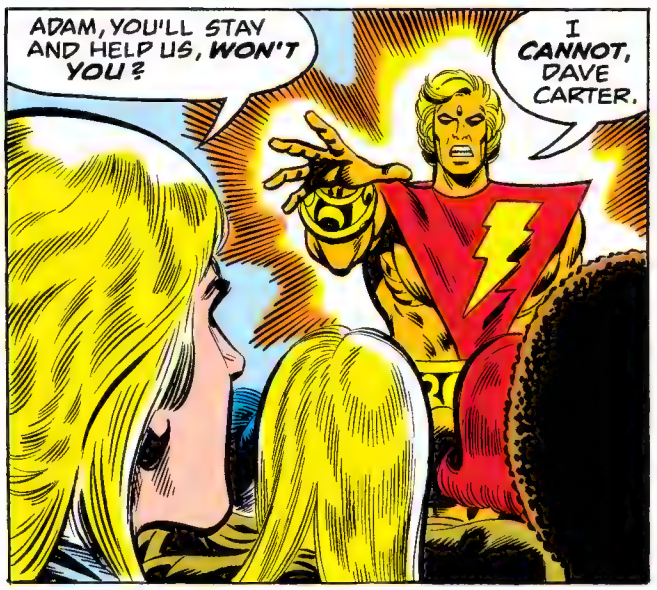

"TO KILL YOU." BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED HIS MIND, MR. PRESIDENT.
YOU'RE VINCENT--FROM THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. HOW DID YOU FIND ME? THE WHITE HOUSE IS CRAWLING WITH THESE INHUMAN THINGS!
WE CAN TRADE EXPLANATIONS LATER, SIR.
RIGHT NOW, THERE'S A CIVIL WAR GOING ON UP THERE--

"--THAT MIGHT, GOD HELP US, RESULT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE WORLD!"
WHAT'S HAPPENING?! WHERE'S THAT BLUISH LIGHT COMING FROM?
JASON! IT'S COMING FROM THE COCOON!
OBSERVATION: A BLUE GLOW IS EMANATING FROM WITHIN THE COCOON THAT HOLDS THE MORTAL REMAINS OF ADAM WARLOCK.
DATA RETRIEVAL: ADAM WARLOCK WAS KILLED TWO EARTH DAYS AGO BY SUB-SONIC VIBRATIONS.
CONCLUSION: NONE POSSIBLE WITHOUT FURTHER DATA.
THAT GLOW--IT'S GETTING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT--I-I CAN'T LOOK AWAY--I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AWAY FROM IT.
OBSERVATION: THE INTENSITY OF THE GLOW IS INCREASING. THE SURFACE OF THE COCOON SHOWS SIGN OF UNKNOWN STRESS WITHIN.
CONCLUSION: WE ARE WITNESSING AND HITHERTO UNRECORDED PHENOMENON. SENSORY IMAGES TRANSMITTED TO RIGEL CENTRAL FOR IMMEDIATE STUDY.
WE DON'T NEED TO STUDY IT, RECORDER. WE KNOW WHAT WE SEE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF...
...MIRACLE THAT YOU SURVIVED THE CEILING COLLAPSING ON YOU... UGHN!
SWRAMP!
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO LISTEN ANYMORE!

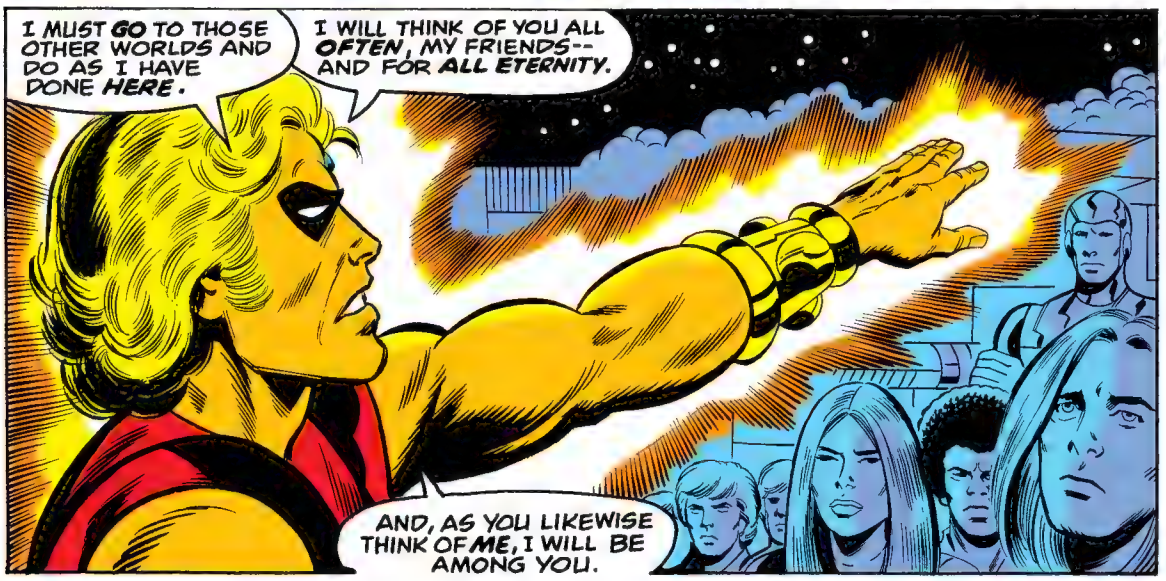
YOU BRAG ABOUT KILLING HULK'S FRIEND! YOU CALL HULK MINDLESS! HULK WILL NOT LISTEN TO MAN-BEAST ANYMORE!
HULK WILL MAKE MAN-BEAST LISTEN TO HIM!
BUT HULK DOES NOT TALK WITH WORDS!
BY WUNDAGORE! HE LIFTS IT LIKE A TOY!
KROMP!
SEE, MAN-BEAST? SEE HOW HULK TALKS? PUNY ANIMAL-MEN RUN FROM HULK! THEY'RE AFRAID OF HULK!
AND NOW HULK IS COMING FOR YOU!
KA-CHOOM!
COME BACK, YOU COWARDLY VERMIN! I AM YOUR MASTER! I AM YOUR LORD!
SHUT UP, MAN-BEAST! HULK WILL SMASH OTHERS--
AFTER HE KILLS YOU!

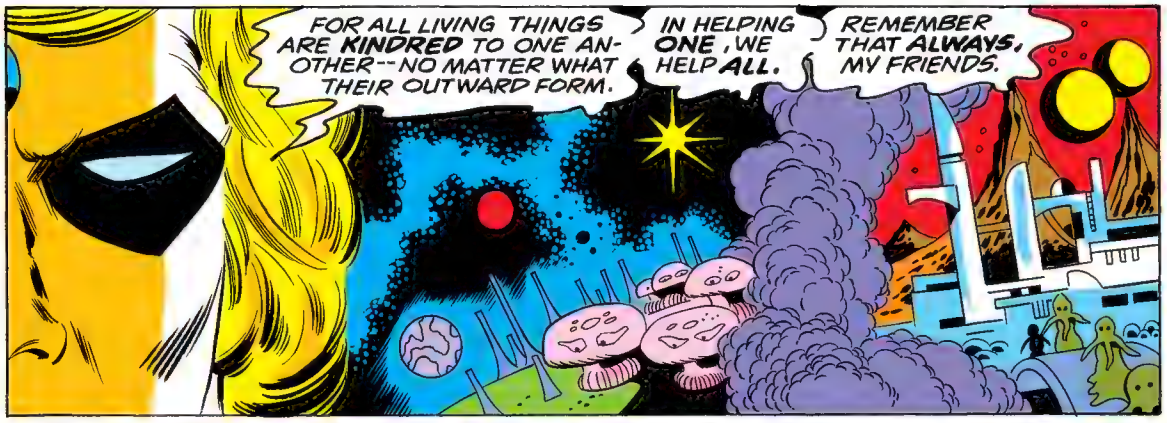
STOP, HULK! I WILL HAVE NO KILLING IN MY NAME!
HUH? WHO ORDERS HULK?
I ORDER NO ONE HULK! FOR MY FRIENDSHIP AND HELP, BOTH FREELY GIVEN--
-- MUST BE FREELY ACCEPTED!
HULK DOES NOT KNOW HOW -- HULK DOES NOT CARE, HOW--BUT HULK'S FRIEND IS NOT DEAD!
NOT NOW, HULK. BUT FOR THOSE WHO BATTLE YOU, HOWEVER, THEIR TIME OF PASSING HAS COME. FOR THEM--
IT IS THE TIME OF JUDGEMENT!
YOU DEVOLVED THEM ALL TO THEIR ORIGINAL FORMS WITH ONE BLAST! BUT YOU WERE NEVER THAT POWERFUL BEFORE!
BEFORE I WAS NOT WHAT I AM NOW. BEFORE I WAS A MAN.
NOW I AM FAR MORE THAN A MAN.
NOW I AM THE POWER ITSELF!
I'M CHANGING--BACK INTO A WOLF--AND I CAN'T SAVE MY...SNNARL!
ADAM, YOU'VE WON! MANKIND HAS WON!
NO, ELLIE. HE WILL REMAIN THUS ONLY AS LONG AS MAN RECOGNIZES THE BEAST WITHIN HIMSELF.
SHOULD MAN FORGET--

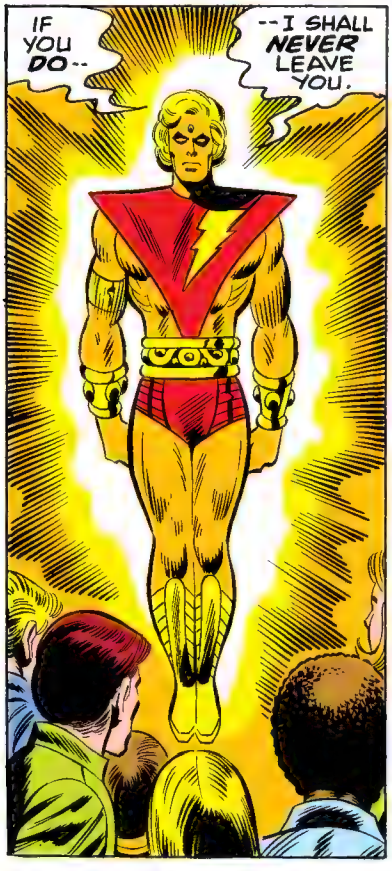

--SHOULD MAN FAIL TO RECOGNIZE AND COMBAT THE EVIL WITHIN HIMSELF--WITH THE INTELLECT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN--
THE MAN-BEAST SHALL LIVE AGAIN!
THEY ARE SILENT ONCE MORE, EACH EXAMINING THEIR OWN THOUGHTS ONCE MORE, EACH MAKING SOME DECISION FOR TOMORROW.
REX CARPENTER'S DECISION IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TO MAKE. HE HOLDS AN OFFICE NOT RIGHTFULLY HIS AND MUST PROVE HIMSELF WORTHY OF IT.
BUT HE HAS HOPE. HOPE THAT RESTS ON COURAGEOUS, DEDICATED PUBLIC SERVANTS LIKE BEN VINCENT AND JUNE VOLPER.
HOPE THAT RESTS ON HIS NATION'S YOUNG PEOPLE... WHO SAW THE TRUTH AND WERE NOT AFRAID TO FOLLOW IT!

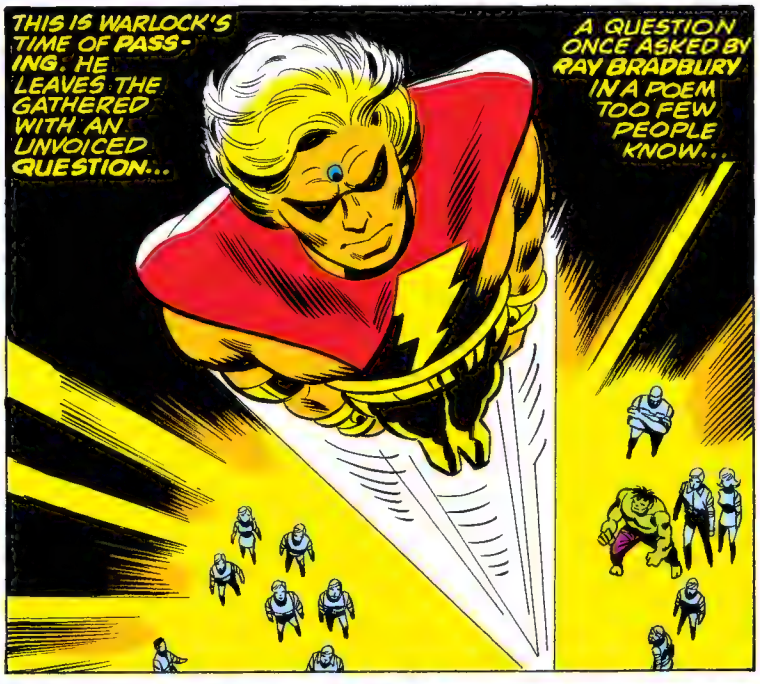

ADAM, YOU'LL STAY AND HELP US, WON'T YOU?
I CANNOT, DAVE CARTER.

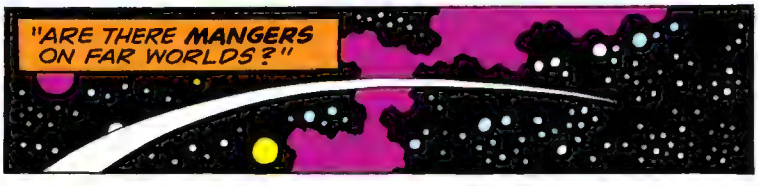
I HAVE CHANGED. I SEE THINGS I DID NOT SEE BEFORE.
I SEE OTHER WORLDS WHERE THE MAN-BEAST HAS YET BEEN RECOGNIZED AND EXPOSED.


I MUST GO TO THOSE OTHER WORLDS AND DO AS I HAVE DONE HERE.
I WILL THINK OF YOU ALL OFTEN, MY FRIENDS-- AND FOR ALL ETERNITY.
AND, AS YOU LIKEWISE THINK OF ME, I WILL BE AMONG YOU.


FOR ALL LIVING THINGS ARE KINDRED TO ONE ANOTHER--NO MATTER WHAT THEIR OUTWARD FORM.
IN HELPING ONE, WE HELP ALL.
REMEMBER THAT ALWAYS, MY FRIENDS.

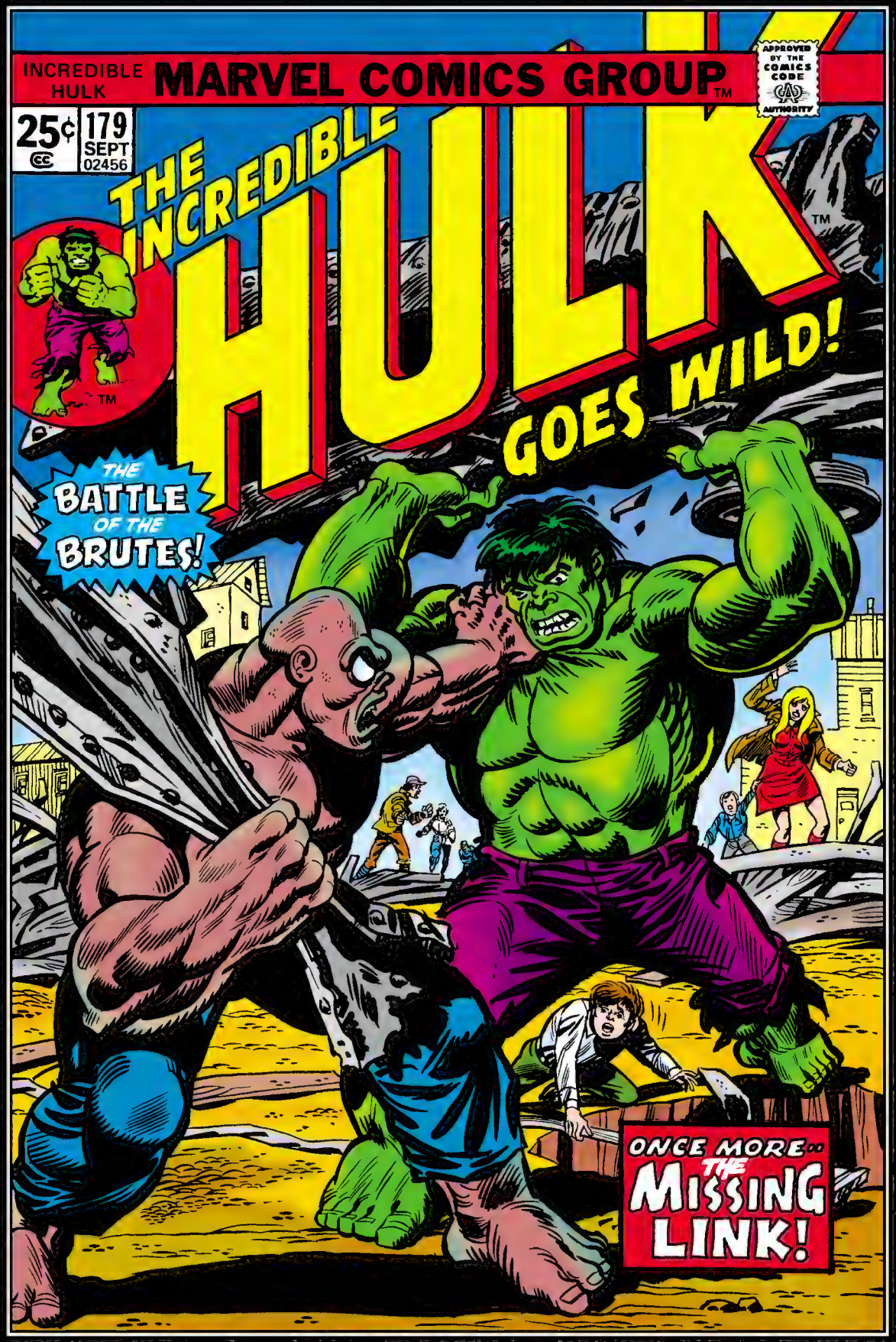



THIS IS WARLOCK'S TIME OF PASSING. HE LEAVES THE GATHERED WITH AN UNVOICED QUESTION...
A QUESTION ONCE ASKED BY RAY BRADBURY IN A POEM TOO FEW PEOPLE KNOW...



THIS IS WARLOCK'S TIME OF PASSING--A TIME OF SADNESS FOR THOSE WHO KNEW HIM HERE.
A TIME OF CELEBRATION FOR THOSE WHO WILL KNOW HIM IN THE EONS TO COME.
THE HULK THINKS ABOUT WARLOCK'S WORDS.
HE IS STRANGELY AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF.
AND THAT IS GOOD.

NEXT: THE MISSING LINK! 'NUFF SAID!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
GOES WILD!
THE BATTLE OF THE BRUTES!
ONCE MORE... THE MISSING LINK!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ™

RE-ENTER: THE MISSING LINK!

LEN WEIN WRITER * HERB TRIMPE ARTIST * JACK ABEL INKER * GLYNIS WEIN: COLORIST JOHN COSTANZA: letterer * ROY THOMAS EDITOR

HIS MEMORY AT BEST IS VERY SHORT-- AND PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS THE SWELLING RAGE THE GREEN GOLIATH FEELS AT THIS MOST UNPROPITIOUS MOMENT--

--FOR, IF THE HULK'S MEMORIES ARE FLEETING, HIS PATIENCE IS DOWNRIGHT NONEXISTENT.

ENOUGH! HULK HAS BEEN IN LITTLE ROOM TOO LONG!

LET HULK OUT-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!

IN ACTUALITY, THE "LITTLE ROOM" IS A LONG-RANGE ROCKET, CURRENTLY RE-ENTERING THE EARTH'S POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE--

BUT HIS MIND BEING WHAT IT IS, THE HULK HAS ALREADY FORGOTTEN THAT FACT--

--SO HE POUNDS AT THE HEAVY-DUTY METAL OF THE VESSEL'S SIDE--

--HIS PILE-DRIVER FISTS SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, FASHIONING A MAKE-SHIFT EXIT--

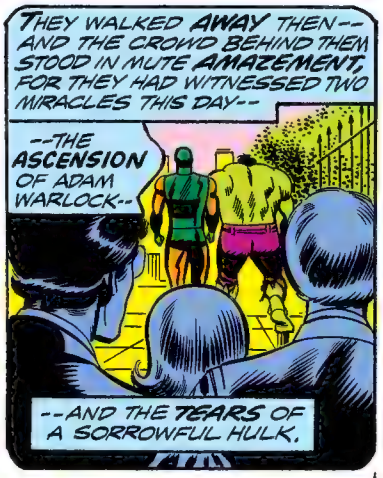
--WHICH, IN THE FINAL EVALUATION--

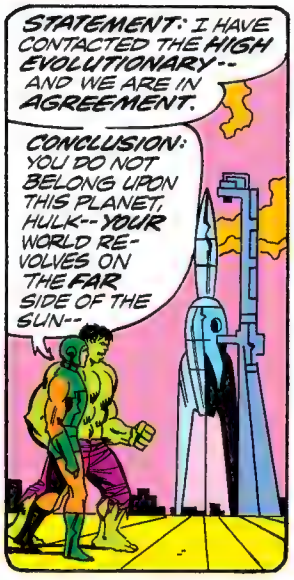
--HAS NOT BEEN A TERRIBLY BRIGHT THING TO DO!

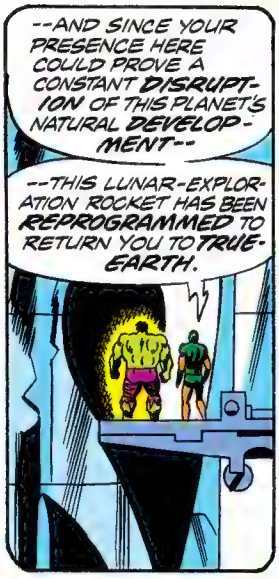
HE FALLS-- HIS NEARLY-INDESTRUCTIBLE BODY FAIRLY GLOWING WITH THE FRICTION-HEAT--AND HE WONDERS AT THE REASON FOR HIS PLUNGE.
HE NO LONGER RECALLS THE WORLD CALLED COUNTER-EARTH--WHERE HE HAD STOOD A FEW BRIEF DAYS BEFORE IN THE COMPANY OF THE MECHANICAL BEING CALLED--MEMORAX, THE RECORDER--*
*LAST ISH, RIGHT?--QUIZ-KID ROY.

--NOR DOES HE RECALL BEING WITNESS TO THE RESURRECTION OF THE REMARKABLE ADAM WARLOCK... WHICH IS A SHAME--
--FOR ONE DOES NOT OFTEN WITNESS A MIRACLE.
OBSERVATION: ADAM WARLOCK IS GONE, HULK--TO A HIGHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE.

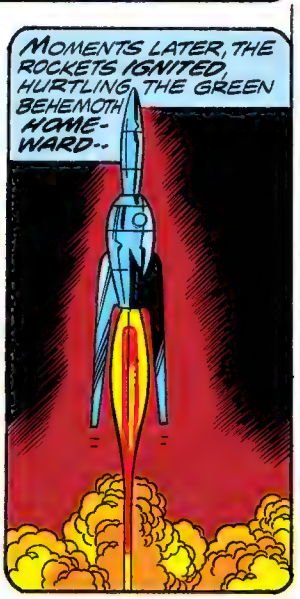
GONE? THEN HULK IS SAD. HULK LIKED WARLOCK. HE WAS A GOOD MAN.
HE WAS HULK'S... FRIEND.

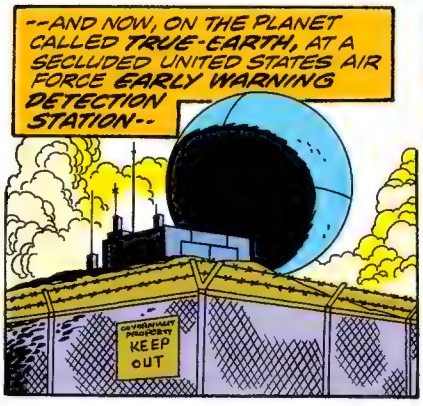

THEY WALKED AWAY THEN--AND THE CROWD BEHIND THEM STOOD IN MUTE AMAZEMENT, FOR THEY HAD WITNESSED TWO MIRACLES THIS DAY--
--THE ASCENSION OF ADAM WARLOCK--
--AND THE TEARS OF A SORROWFUL HULK.

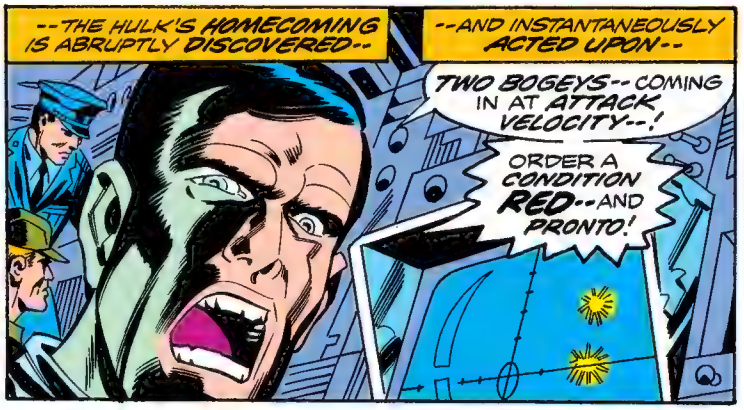

STATEMENT: I HAVE CONTACTED THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY--AND WE ARE IN AGREEMENT.
CONCLUSION: YOU DO NOT BELONG UPON THIS PLANET, HULK--YOUR WORLD REVOLVES ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN--


--AND SINCE YOUR PRESENCE HERE COULD PROVE A CONSTANT DISRUPTION OF THIS PLANET'S NATURAL DEVELOPMENT--
--THIS LUNAR-EXPLORATION ROCKET HAS BEEN REPROGRAMMED TO RETURN YOU TO TRUE-EARTH.

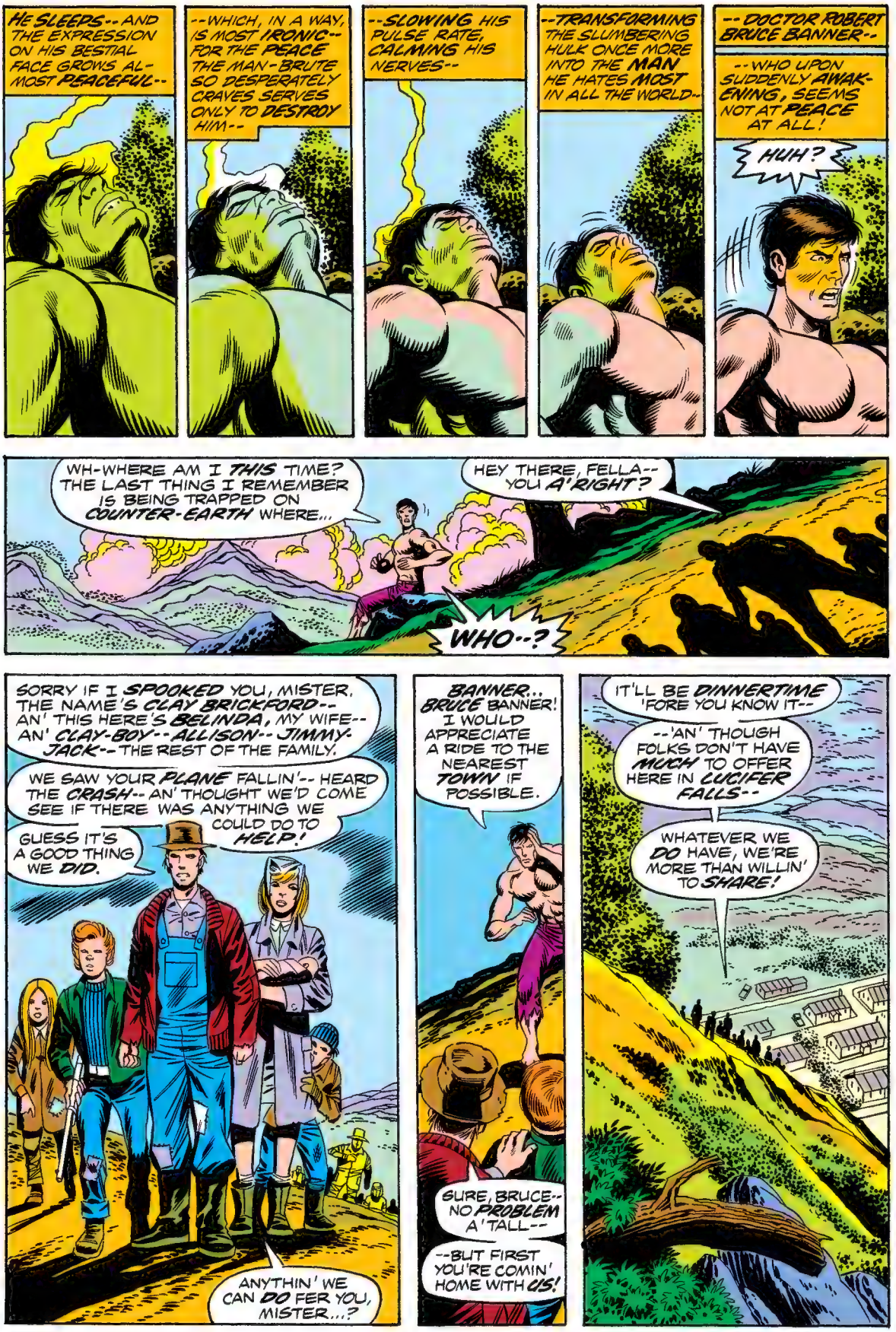
OBSERVATION: I HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU, HULK, DURING MY BRIEF EXISTENCE--MUCH THAT I NOW CONCLUDE TO BE UNTRUE.
PROPOSITION: YOU CALLED ADAM WARLOCK YOUR FRIEND. I WOULD BE GRATIFIED TO CALL YOU MINE.
GOOD-BYE, MACHINE-MAN.


MOMENTS LATER, THE ROCKETS IGNITED, HURTLING THE GREEN BEHEMOTH HOMEWARD--

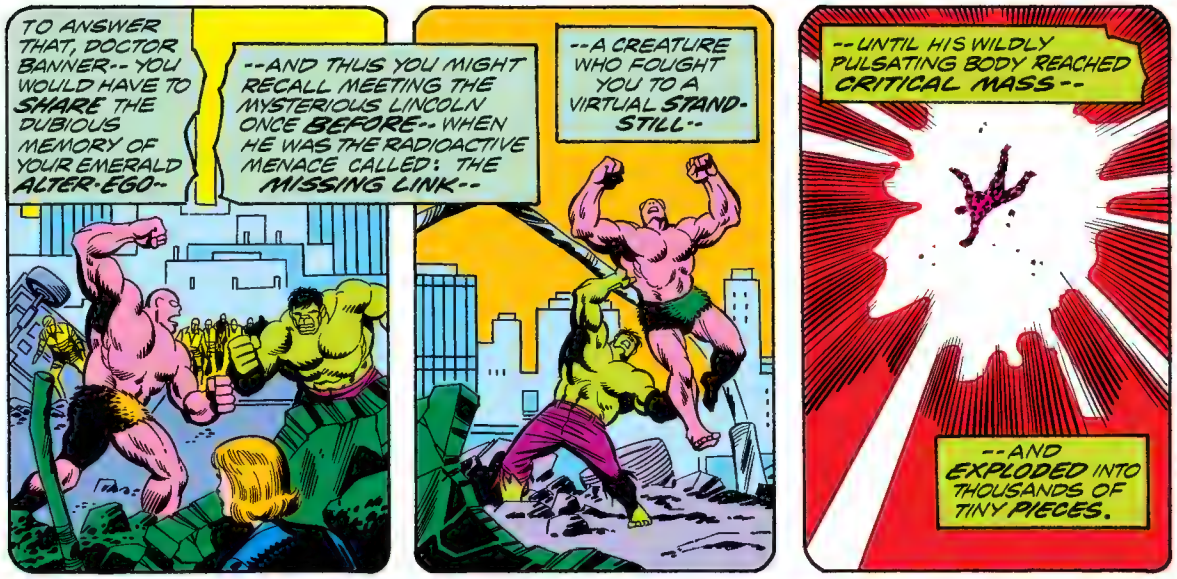

--AND NOW, ON THE PLANET CALLED TRUE-EARTH, AT A SECLUDED UNITED STATES AIR FORCE EARLY WARNING DETECTION STATION--
KEEP OUT

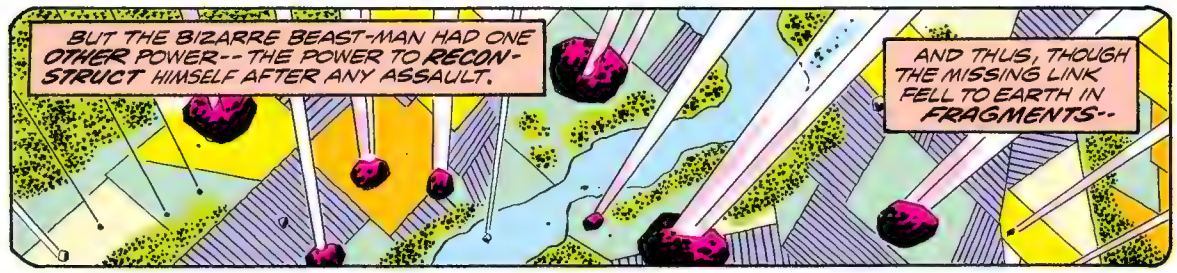

--THE HULK'S HOMECOMING IS ABRUPTLY DISCOVERED--
--AND INSTANTANEOUSLY ACTED UPON--
TWO BOGEYS--COMING IN AT ATTACK VELOCITY--!
ORDER A CONDITION RED--AND PRONTO!

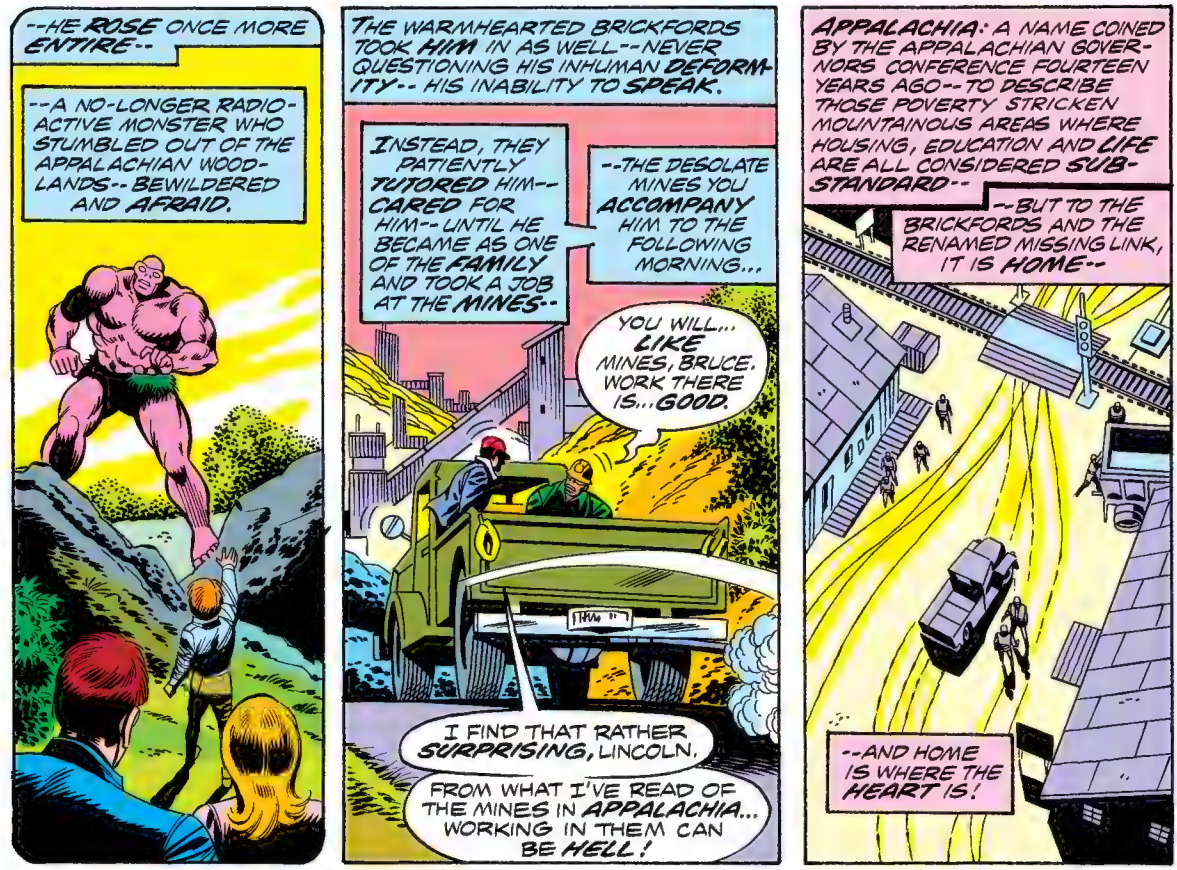
IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS, ALTERNATIVES ARE SWIFTLY CONSIDERED AND REJECTED --THEN SIMULTANEOUSLY, TWO RED BUTTONS ARE PRESSED--
--SENDING TWO SLEEK INTERCEPTOR MISSILES STREAKING OFF INTO THE HAZY MID-DAY SKY--
THWOOM
--THERE TO ELIMINATE AN ALREADY-RUPTURED INTRUDER INTO THEIR SOVEREIGN TERRITORY--
--AND TO ATTEMPT THE ELIMINATION OF THE ROCKET'S SWIFTLY-PLUMMETING EX-PASSENGER.
IN THIS SECOND INSTANCE THE DEADLY INTERCEPTORS ARE NOT NEARLY AS SUCCESSFUL.
BWOOM!
TRACKING CONFIRMS TWO DIRECT HITS, HENRY.
FAAAN-TASTIC, HANK--YOU KNOCKED THOSE BOGEYS CLEAN OFF THE BOARD!
YEAH. GEE-- I WONDER WHAT THEY WERE?
WE COULD TELL YOU, HENRY--BUT FRANKLY, WE DOUBT THAT YOU'D BELIEVE US--
--EVEN IF YOU COULD SEE A CERTAIN JADE-JAWED GIANT PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO THE SOFT DIRT OF A VERDANT COUNTRY HILLSIDE.
STUNNED BY THE MISSILE, EXHAUSTED BY HIS DAYS-LONG INTERSTELLAR FLIGHT, THE HULK DOES NOT RESIST THE HUNGRY EARTH THAT RUSHES UP TO MEET HIM--
BWA-WAAMM!
--BUT INSTEAD MERELY LETS IT CRADLE HIM--
--LULLING HIM TO SLEEP.


HE SLEEPS-- AND THE EXPRESSION ON HIS BESTIAL FACE GROWS ALMOST PEACEFUL--
--WHICH, IN A WAY, IS MOST IRONIC-- FOR THE PEACE THE MAN-BRUTE SO DESPERATELY CRAVES SERVES ONLY TO DESTROY HIM--
--SLOWING HIS PULSE RATE, CALMING HIS NERVES--
--TRANSFORMING THE SLUMBERING HULK ONCE MORE INTO THE MAN HE HATES MOST IN ALL THE WORLD--
-- DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER--
--WHO UPON SUDDENLY AWAKENING, SEEMS NOT AT PEACE AT ALL!
HUH?
WH-WHERE AM I THIS TIME? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS BEING TRAPPED ON COUNTER-EARTH WHERE...
HEY THERE, FELLA-- YOU A'RIGHT?
WHO--?
SORRY IF I SPOOKED YOU, MISTER. THE NAME'S CLAY BRICKFORD-- AN' THIS HERE'S BELINDA, MY WIFE-- AN' CLAY-BOY-- ALLISON-- JIMMY-JACK-- THE REST OF THE FAMILY.
WE SAW YOUR PLANE FALLIN'-- HEARD THE CRASH-- AN' THOUGHT WE'D COME SEE IF THERE WAS ANYTHING WE COULD DO TO HELP!
GUESS IT'S A GOOD THING WE DID.
ANYTHIN' WE CAN DO FER YOU, MISTER...?
BANNER... BRUCE BANNER! I WOULD APPRECIATE A RIDE TO THE NEAREST TOWN IF POSSIBLE.
SURE, BRUCE-- NO PROBLEM A'TALL--
--BUT FIRST YOU'RE COMIN' HOME WITH US!
IT'LL BE DINNERTIME 'FORE YOU KNOW IT--
--'AN' THOUGH FOLKS DON'T HAVE MUCH TO OFFER HERE IN LUCIFER FALLS--
WHATEVER WE DO HAVE, WE'RE MORE THAN WILLIN' TO SHARE!

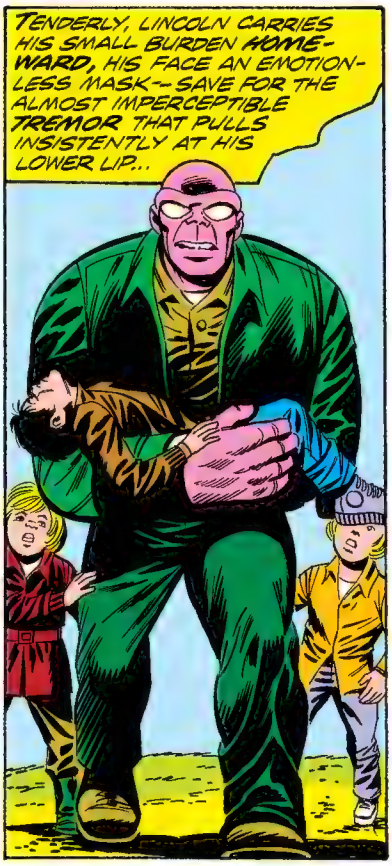
THE CLOTHING BRUCE BANNER BORROWS IS WORN BUT COMFORTABLE--AS ARE HIS SURROUNDINGS--FOR THOUGH THE BRICKFORD FAMILY IS OBVIOUSLY POOR, THEY ARE RICH IN A LOVE THAT IS ALMOST OVER-WHELMING.
WHEN GRACE IS SAID OVER DINNER THIS NIGHT, THE VAGABOND SCIENTIST GIVES THANKS MOST SINCERE--
--FOR HERE, HE THINKS, ARE THE KIND OF PEOPLE HE HAS LONG BEEN SEARCHING FOR...
HE ALMOST CHANGES HIS MIND WHEN THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN--AND AN ASTONISHING FIGURE LUMBERS IN...
I AM HOME... MRS. BRICK-FORD!
SHAME ON YOU, LINCOLN--THIS IS THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK YOU MISSED DINNER.
I AM...SORRY! WAS WORKING LATE... AT MINE!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LINCOLN--YOU'RE FORGIVEN.
NOW I WANT YOU TO SAY HOWDY TO MISTER BANNER. HE'LL BE STAYING WITH US A SPELL.
HEL-LO... MISTER BAN-NER!
HELLO--ER--LINCOLN. NICE MEETING YOU.
BUT YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THE TREPIDA-TION IN THE SMALLER MAN'S VOICE AS HE SPEAKS...
THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRUTISH MAN NAMED LINCOLN--SOME DEEPLY SUBMERGED MEMORY PERHAPS--THAT GNAWS AT BANNER'S MIND LIKE A MON-GREL WORRYING A BONE...
I DON'T GET IT? WHY DOES THE MERE PRESENCE OF THAT UGLY BRUISER SEND SHIVERS UP MY SPINE?

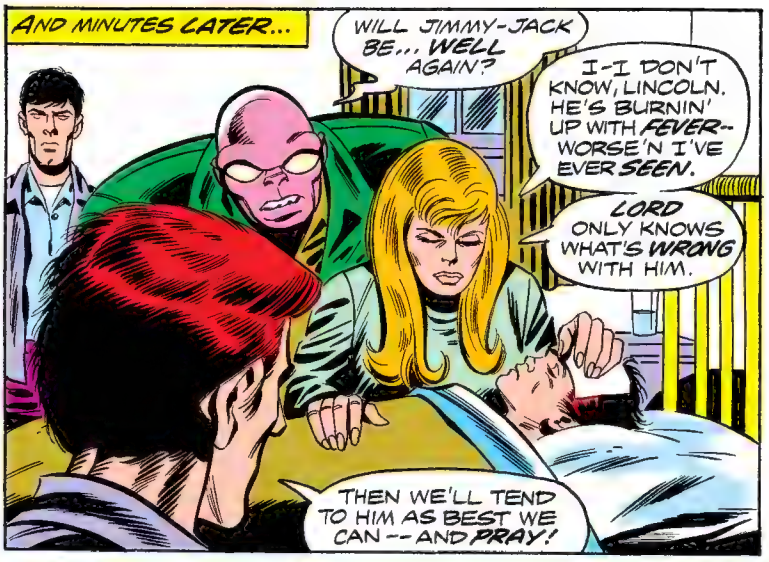

TO ANSWER THAT, DOCTOR BANNER-- YOU WOULD HAVE TO SHARE THE DUBIOUS MEMORY OF YOUR EMERALD ALTER-EGO--
--AND THUS YOU MIGHT RECALL MEETING THE MYSTERIOUS LINCOLN ONCE BEFORE-- WHEN HE WAS THE RADIOACTIVE MENACE CALLED: THE MISSING LINK--
--A CREATURE WHO FOUGHT YOU TO A VIRTUAL STAND-STILL--
--UNTIL HIS WILDLY PULSATING BODY REACHED CRITICAL MASS--
--AND EXPLODED INTO THOUSANDS OF TINY PIECES.

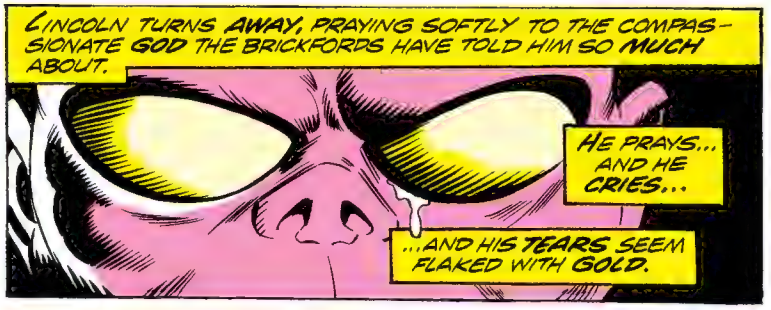

BUT THE BIZARRE BEAST-MAN HAD ONE OTHER POWER-- THE POWER TO RECONSTRUCT HIMSELF AFTER ANY ASSAULT.
AND THUS, THOUGH THE MISSING LINK FELL TO EARTH IN FRAGMENTS--

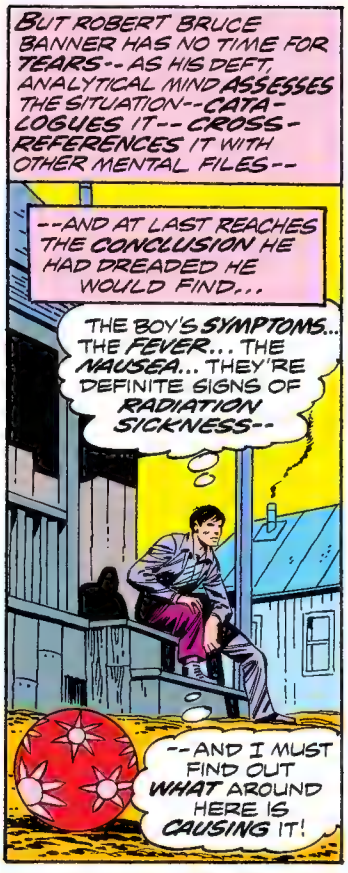

--HE ROSE ONCE MORE ENTIRE--
--A NO-LONGER RADIOACTIVE MONSTER WHO STUMBLED OUT OF THE APPALACHIAN WOODLANDS-- BEWILDERED AND AFRAID.
THE WARMHEARTED BRICKFORDS TOOK HIM IN AS WELL--NEVER QUESTIONING HIS INHUMAN DEFORMITY-- HIS INABILITY TO SPEAK.
INSTEAD, THEY PATIENTLY TUTORED HIM-- CARED FOR HIM-- UNTIL HE BECAME AS ONE OF THE FAMILY AND TOOK A JOB AT THE MINES--
--THE DESOLATE MINES YOU ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
YOU WILL... LIKE MINES, BRUCE. WORK THERE IS... GOOD.
I FIND THAT RATHER SURPRISING, LINCOLN.
FROM WHAT I'VE READ OF THE MINES IN APPALACHIA... WORKING IN THEM CAN BE HELL!
APPALACHIA: A NAME COINED BY THE APPALACHIAN GOVERNORS CONFERENCE FOURTEEN YEARS AGO-- TO DESCRIBE THOSE POVERTY STRICKEN MOUNTAINOUS AREAS WHERE HOUSING, EDUCATION AND LIFE ARE ALL CONSIDERED SUB-STANDARD--
--BUT TO THE BRICKFORDS AND THE RENAMED MISSING LINK, IT IS HOME--
--AND HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS!

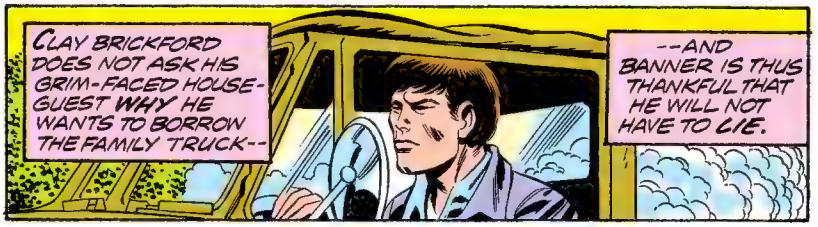
UNFORTUNATELY, IT IS OBVIOUS FROM THE OTHER MINERS' DOUR EXPRESSIONS THAT THOSE ARE SENTIMENTS BY NO MEANS SHARED BY ALL...
YES, BRUCE... WORK IS HARD HERE... BUT IT IS GOOD..
...HARD WORK IS GOOD!
COME... I WILL SHOW YOU.
THE OUTMODED ELEVATOR SQUEALS ITS PROTEST AS IT LOWERS ITS PASSENGERS INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH--
--AND BRUCE BANNER CANNOT HELP FEELING SOMEWHAT LIKE THE POET DANTE DESCENDING INTO THE FIERY PIT...
NOT MUCH COAL LEFT, BRUCE... BUT STILL WE DIG.
IT IS WORK... AND THAT IS GOOD.
WORK HELPS... TO FORGET.
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ALMOST DESPITE HIMSELF, BANNER FINDS HE IS GROWING INCREASINGLY FOND OF THE GENTLE GIANT CALLED LINCOLN.
THEY SEEM TO SPEND MORE AND MORE TIME TOGETHER, STROLLING THRU THE DELICATELY WOODED HILLSIDES, TALKING, FISHING.
ON THURSDAY, BANNER FINALLY CATCHES A GOOD-SIZED TROUT--
--THEN LAUGHINGLY TOSSES THE FLOUNDERING FISH BACK INTO THE WATER WHEN HE NOTICES THE WOUNDED LOOK IN HIS HUGE COMPANION'S HALF-MOON EYES.
PERHAPS IT IS A HARMLESS JEALOUSY OF SORTS THAT DRAWS THE SOMBER PHYSICIST TO THE HARMLESS MAN-BRUTE--
--FOR HERE IS A CREATURE NOT UNLIKE THE HULK-- ENJOYING ALL THE WARMTH-- THE LOVE-- THAT THE GREEN GOLIATH HAS FOREVER BEEN DENIED.
COME, BRUCE... PLAY WITH US.
AFRAID I'M TOO OLD FOR GAMES, LINCOLN.
IT IS THAT PRECISE MOMENT THAT THINGS CEASE TO BE A GAME!
OOHHH-- MY STOMACH-- IT HURTS-- IT HURTS!
JIM-MY- JACK... WHAT IS WRONG?
HE'S SUFFERING SOME SORT OF CONTRACTIONS! QUICKLY, LINCOLN-- WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM INSIDE!

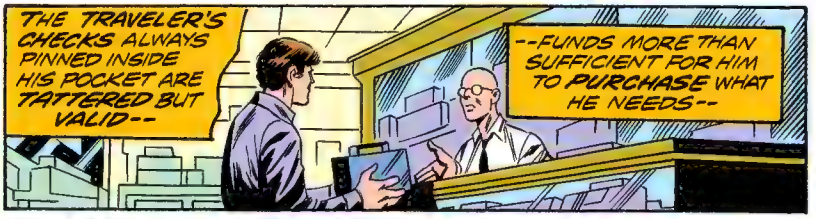

TENDERLY, LINCOLN CARRIES HIS SMALL BURDEN HOMEWARD, HIS FACE AN EMOTIONLESS MASK--SAVE FOR THE ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE TREMOR THAT PULLS INSISTENTLY AT HIS LOWER LIP...

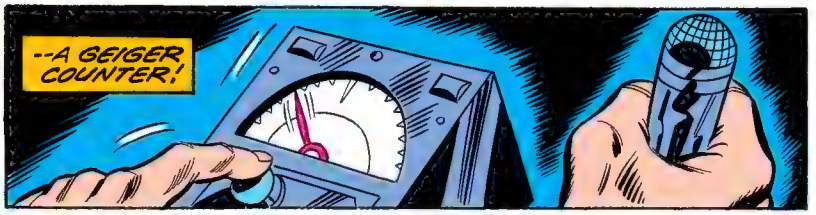

AND MINUTES LATER...
WILL JIMMY-JACK BE... WELL AGAIN?
I-I DON'T KNOW, LINCOLN. HE'S BURNIN' UP WITH FEVER--WORSE'N I'VE EVER SEEN.
LORD ONLY KNOWS WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM.
THEN WE'LL TEND TO HIM AS BEST WE CAN--AND PRAY!

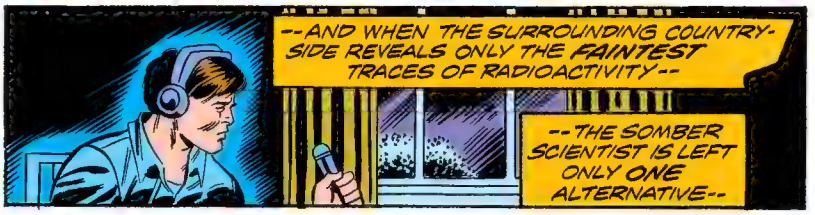

LINCOLN TURNS AWAY, PRAYING SOFTLY TO THE COMPASSIONATE GOD THE BRICKFORDS HAVE TOLD HIM SO MUCH ABOUT.
HE PRAYS... AND HE CRIES...
...AND HIS TEARS SEEM FLAKED WITH GOLD.


BUT ROBERT BRUCE BANNER HAS NO TIME FOR TEARS--AS HIS DEFT, ANALYTICAL MIND ASSESSES THE SITUATION--CATALOGUES IT--CROSS-REFERENCES IT WITH OTHER MENTAL FILES--
--AND AT LAST REACHES THE CONCLUSION HE HAD DREADED HE WOULD FIND...
THE BOY'S SYMPTOMS... THE FEVER... THE NAUSEA... THEY'RE DEFINITE SIGNS OF RADIATION SICKNESS--
--AND I MUST FIND OUT WHAT AROUND HERE IS CAUSING IT!

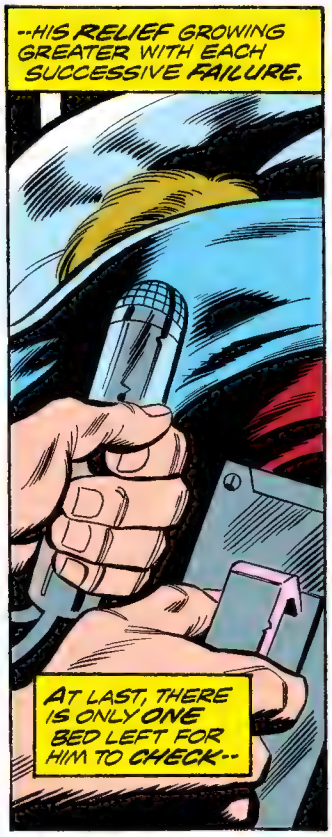

CLAY BRICKFORD DOES NOT ASK HIS GRIM-FACED HOUSEGUEST WHY HE WANTS TO BORROW THE FAMILY TRUCK--
--AND BANNER IS THUS THANKFUL THAT HE WILL NOT HAVE TO LIE.


THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS ALWAYS PINNED INSIDE HIS POCKET ARE TATTERED BUT VALID--
--FUNDS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT FOR HIM TO PURCHASE WHAT HE NEEDS--

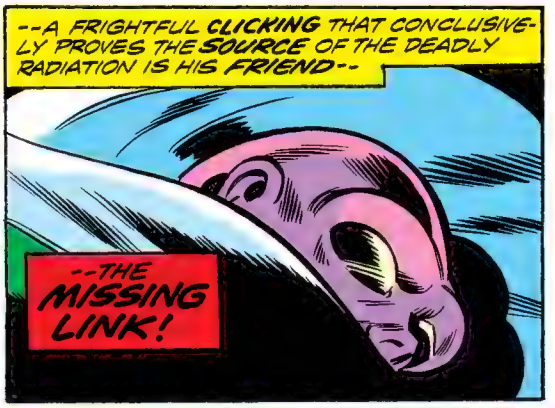

--A GEIGER COUNTER!

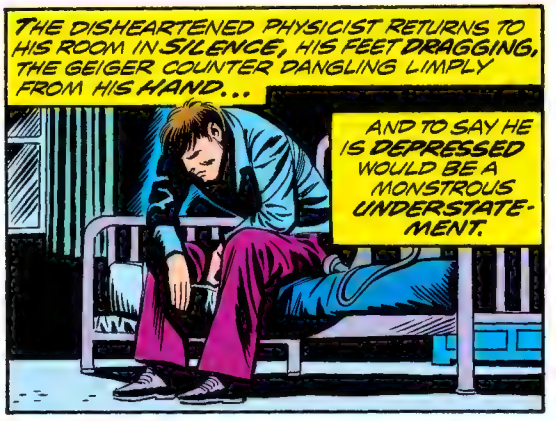

--AND WHEN THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE REVEALS ONLY THE FAINTEST TRACES OF RADIOACTIVITY--
--THE SOMBER SCIENTIST IS LEFT ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE--

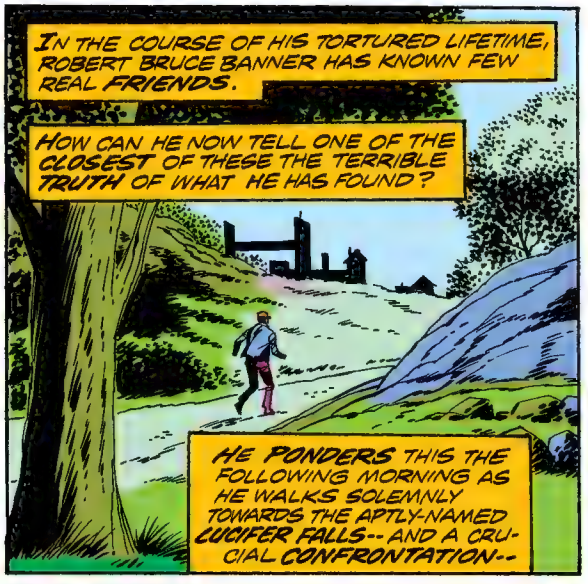
THE BRICKFORD HOME IS AWASH WITH SLUMBER WHEN BANNER MOVES STEALTHILY FROM ROOM TO OFT-PATCHED ROOM--
--HIS EARS ALERT FOR THE GEIGER COUNTER'S FAINTEST SOUND--

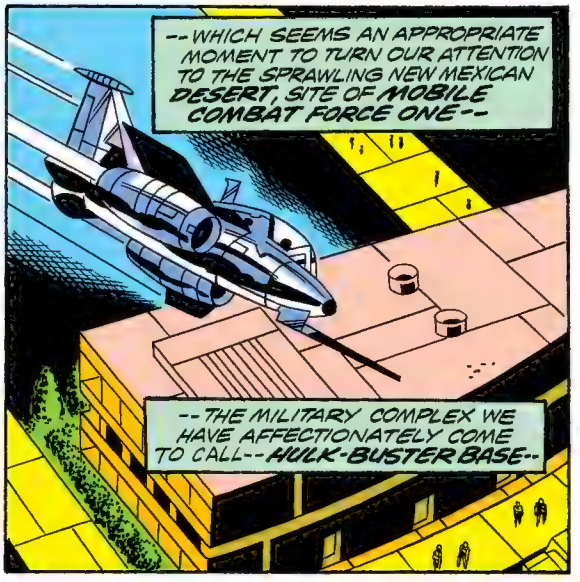

--HIS RELIEF GROWING GREATER WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE FAILURE.
AT LAST, THERE IS ONLY ONE BED LEFT FOR HIM TO CHECK--

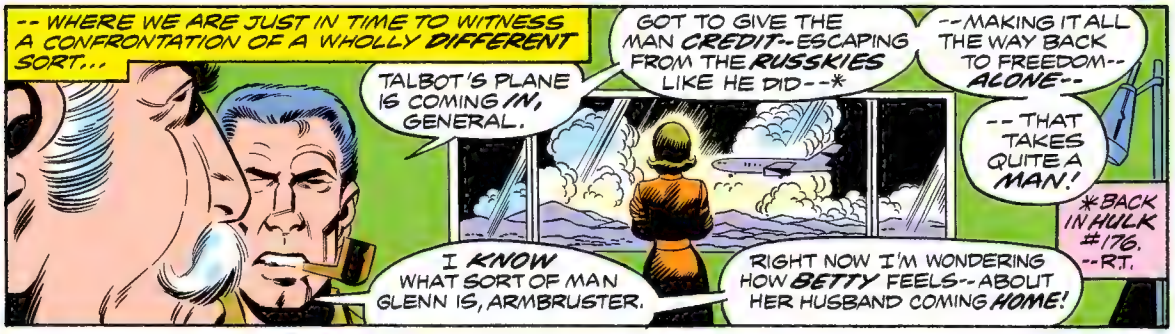
--AND THOUGH, IN HIS HEART, THE BELEAGUERED SCIENTIST HAD KNOWN WHAT HE WOULD FIND HERE--
--HE IS STILL STAGGERED BY THE GEIGER'S VIOLENT REACTION--

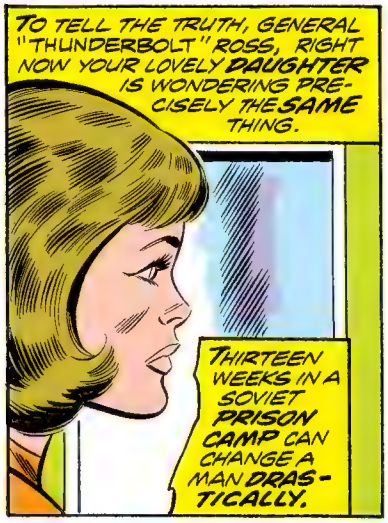

--A FRIGHTFUL CLICKING THAT CONCLUSIVELY PROVES THE SOURCE OF THE DEADLY RADIATION IS HIS FRIEND--
--THE MISSING LINK!

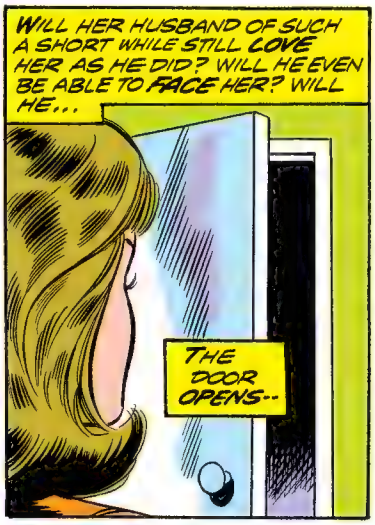

THE DISHEARTENED PHYSICIST RETURNS TO HIS ROOM IN SILENCE, HIS FEET DRAGGING, THE GEIGER COUNTER DANGLING LIMPLY FROM HIS HAND...
AND TO SAY HE IS DEPRESSED WOULD BE A MONSTROUS UNDERSTATEMENT.


IN THE COURSE OF HIS TORTURED LIFETIME, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER HAS KNOWN FEW REAL FRIENDS.
HOW CAN HE NOW TELL ONE OF THE CLOSEST OF THESE THE TERRIBLE TRUTH OF WHAT HE HAS FOUND?
HE PONDERS THIS THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS HE WALKS SOLEMNLY TOWARDS THE APTLY-NAMED LUCIFER FALLS--AND A CRUCIAL CONFRONTATION--


--WHICH SEEMS AN APPROPRIATE MOMENT TO TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE SPRAWLING NEW MEXICAN DESERT, SITE OF MOBILE COMBAT FORCE ONE--
--THE MILITARY COMPLEX WE HAVE AFFECTIONATELY COME TO CALL--HULK-BUSTER BASE--


-- WHERE WE ARE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A CONFRONTATION OF A WHOLLY DIFFERENT SORT...
TALBOT'S PLANE IS COMING IN, GENERAL.
GOT TO GIVE THE MAN CREDIT--ESCAPING FROM THE RUSSKIES LIKE HE DID--*
--MAKING IT ALL THE WAY BACK TO FREEDOM--ALONE--
--THAT TAKES QUITE A MAN!
*BACK IN HULK #176. --RT.
I KNOW WHAT SORT OF MAN GLENN IS, ARMBRUSTER.
RIGHT NOW I'M WONDERING HOW BETTY FEELS--ABOUT HER HUSBAND COMING HOME!


TO TELL THE TRUTH, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, RIGHT NOW YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER IS WONDERING PRECISELY THE SAME THING.
THIRTEEN WEEKS IN A SOVIET PRISON CAMP CAN CHANGE A MAN DRASTICALLY.


WILL HER HUSBAND OF SUCH A SHORT WHILE STILL LOVE HER AS HE DID? WILL HE EVEN BE ABLE TO FACE HER? WILL HE...
THE DOOR OPENS--

--AND MAJOR GLENN TALBOT STANDS FRAMED IN THE LIGHT. HIS SKIN IS PALER; HIS EYES SEEM DARKER, SOMEHOW WITHDRAWN, BUT...
B-BETTY?
GLENN? OH, GLENN!

SO MUCH FOR THAT LURKING DEVIL DOUBT!

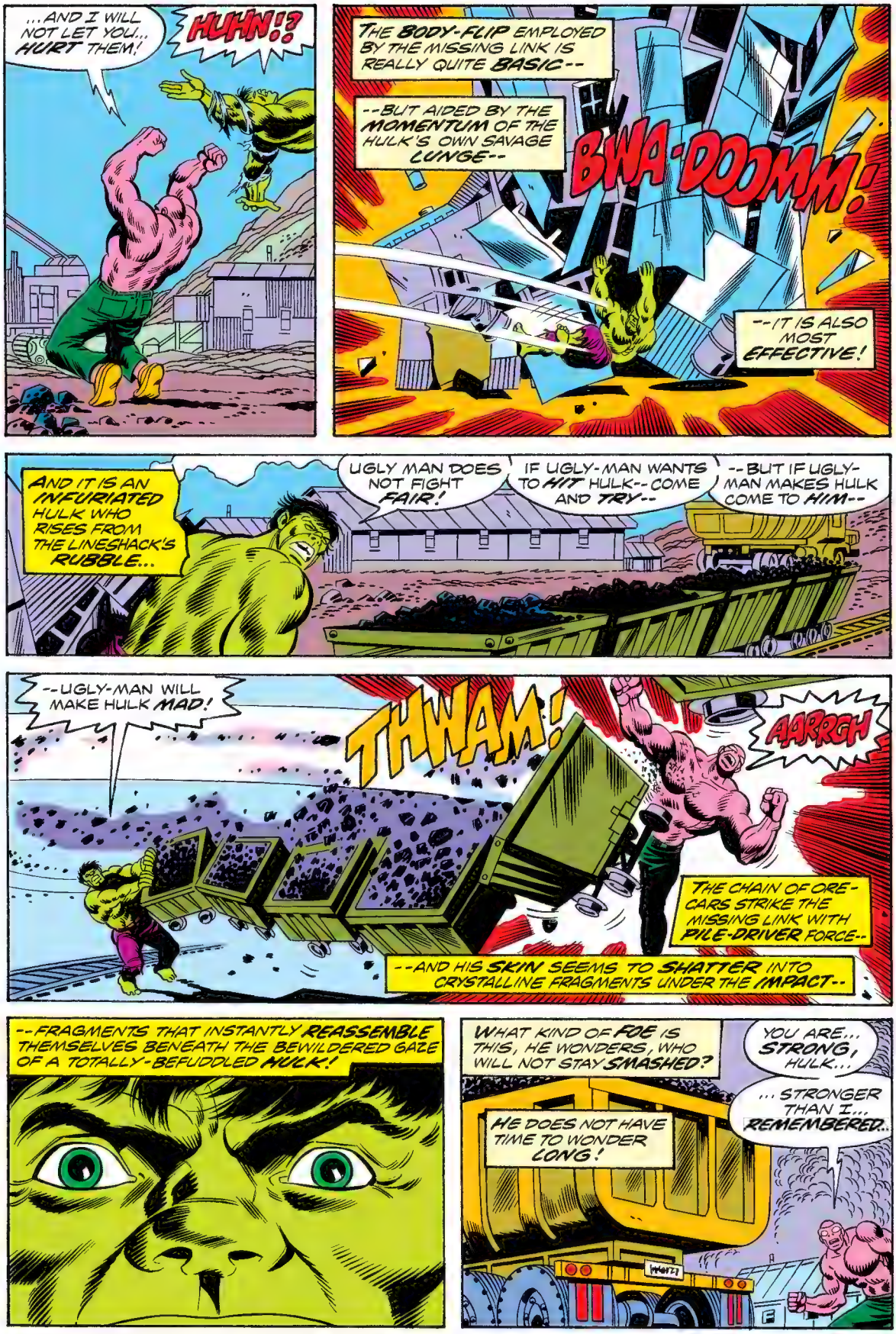
CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD IT IS TO BE SEEN, SIR. AFTER THE WEEKS I'VE SPENT AS A FUGITIVE--EVADING COMMUNIST AGENTS, I...

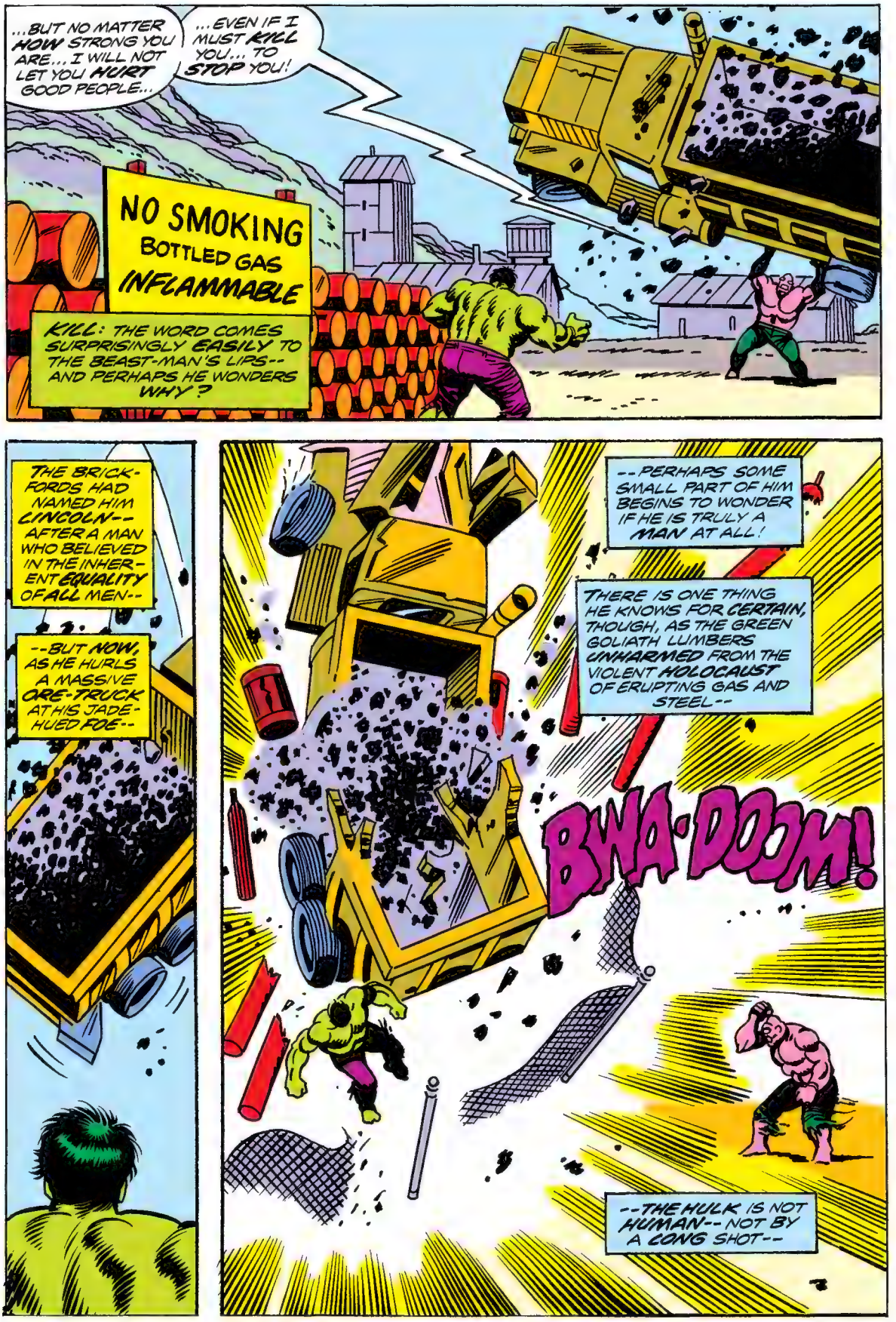
YOU CAN FINISH YOUR STORY, MISTER--AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED SAYING HELLO.
COLONEL ARMBRUSTER--FORGIVE ME. I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING TO ARRANGE MY RETURN TO THE STATES SO QUICKLY.

FORGET IT, MAJOR--IT'S ALL PART OF THE JOB.
NOW WE'D BETTER GET GOING. WE'RE DUE AT A SPECIAL DEBRIEFING SESSION RIGHT ABOUT...
HEY--WHAT IS THIS?
US
BLASTED ELECTRIC WATCH--! IT WAS WORKING FINE A FEW MINUTES AGO.
WELL, I'LL WORRY ABOUT IT LATER. WE STILL HAVE A MEETING TO ATTEND.
THEY MOVE THEN TO THE WAITING STAFF CAR--THE REUNITED LOVERS HOLDING HANDS, SMILING SECRET UNSPOKEN SMILES--
--GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS BEAMING WITH A FATHER'S SPECIAL PRIDE--
ONLY COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER DOES NOT SEEM HAPPY--AS HE QUIETLY STUDIES THE LAUGHING YOUNG COUPLE, LOST IN THOUGHTS ONLY HE MAY KNOW--
--FOR NOW!
BUT WHATEVER THEY ARE, ARMBRUSTER'S THOUGHTS CANNOT BE NEARLY AS TORMENTED AS THOSE OF A DOWNHEARTED BRUCE BANNER...
WELL, BANNER--THERE HE IS--LAUGHING--HAPPY!
GO AHEAD, WHY DON'T YOU? TELL HIM--
--RUIN HIS PERFECT WORLD!
AND, HIS WORDS ALMOST CHOKING IN HIS THROAT, BANNER DOES...
IT'S CALLED RADIATION SICKNESS, LINCOLN. CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHEMISTRY OF YOUR BODY THAT ABSORBS RADIOACTIVITY--CONCENTRATES IT TO DANGEROUS MASS.
DANGE
OPEN SHAFT KEEP CLEAR
IF YOU CARE AT ALL FOR THE BRICKFORDS--FOR THE OTHERS IN LUCIFER FALLS--YOU MUST LEAVE HERE--TURN YOURSELF IN FOR TREATMENT--
--BEFORE YOU POISON EVERYONE IN TOWN!
YOU SAY I MAKE JIMMY-JACK... FEEL BAD?
YOU SAY I MUST LEAVE HERE... LEAVE HOME... GOOD FRIENDS?
WHY, BRUCE? WHY DO YOU WANT TO...RUIN GOOD THINGS?
BUT I DON'T, LINCOLN--I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU! I'M YOUR FRIEND!

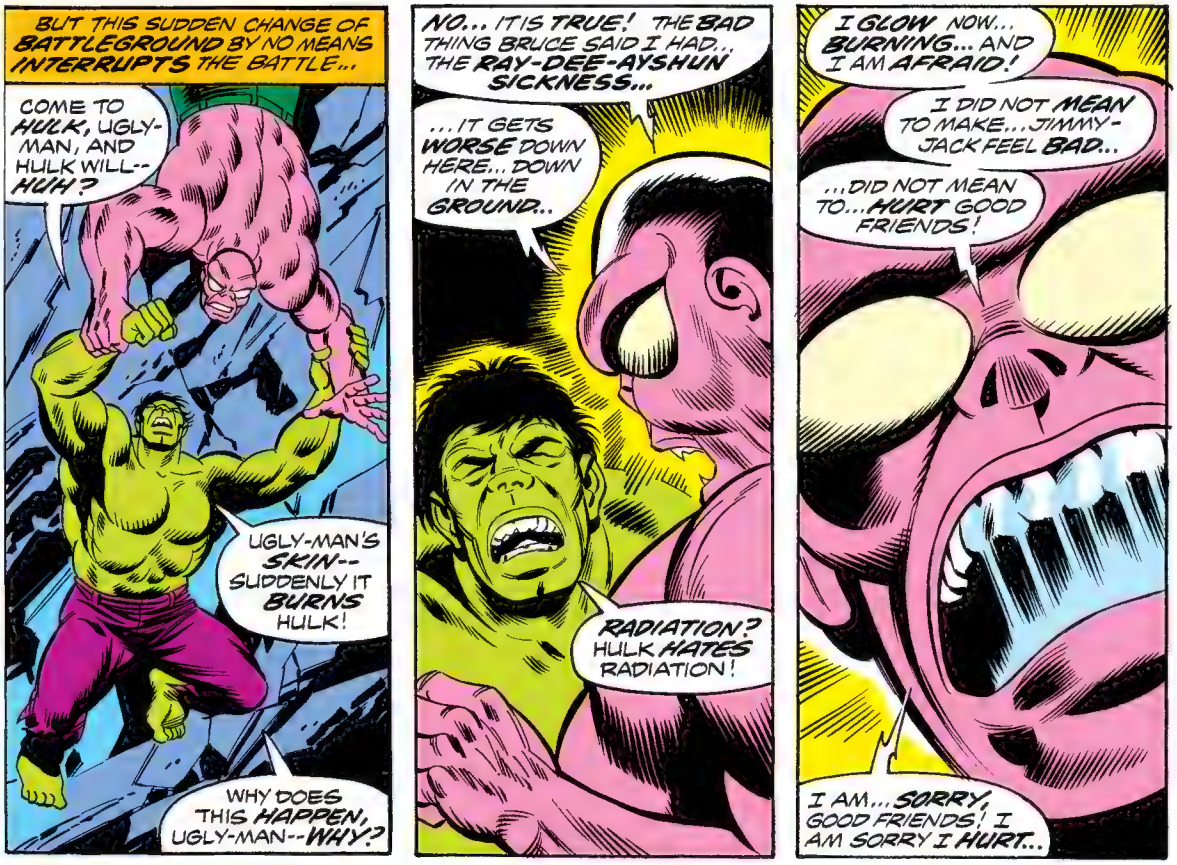
NO... YOU ARE NO FRIEND. FRIENDS DO NOT.., HURT FRIENDS!
GO AWAY, BRUCE! I WILL NOT.., LISTEN TO YOUR BAD WORDS!
DANGE! OPEN SHAF KEEP CLEA
LINCOLN-- NO--!
THE BEING CALLED LINCOLN IS IMPOSSIBLY STRONG-- STRONGER PERHAPS THAN EVEN HE KNOWS--
--THUS HIS INNOCENT GESTURE TO THRUST ASIDE A PROBLEM HE CANNOT COPE WITH IS FAR MORE SUCCESS-FUL THAN HE COULD HAVE IMAGINED..
CRASH!
--FOR THAT SAME THRUST ELIMINATES THE SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM MOST EFFECT-IVELY!
LINCOLN LUMBERS OFF, UNAWARE OF WHAT HE HAS JUST DONE--
--AND BRUCE BANNER FINDS HIMSELF PLUNGING INTO A SEEMINGLY BOTTOM-LESS WELL OF SWIRLING, SMOTHER-ING BLACK--
--TOO PETRIFIED EVEN TO SCREAM.
YES, BRUCE BANNER IS AFRAID--
--A FEAR THAT MAKES HIS PULSE RACE, WILDLY, MADLY--
--TRIGGERING THE TRANS-FORMATION HE DREADS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD--
--THE TRANS-FORMATION THAT TURNS A FRAIL PHYSICIST INTO--
--THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
FOR THE SECOND TIME IN AS MANY WEEKS, THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH SMASHES HEAD-FIRST INTO THE EARTH--
BWA-WAAMM!
--AND THOUGH HE APATHETICALLY ACCEPTED THE HUMILIATION THE FIRST TIME IT OCCURRED--

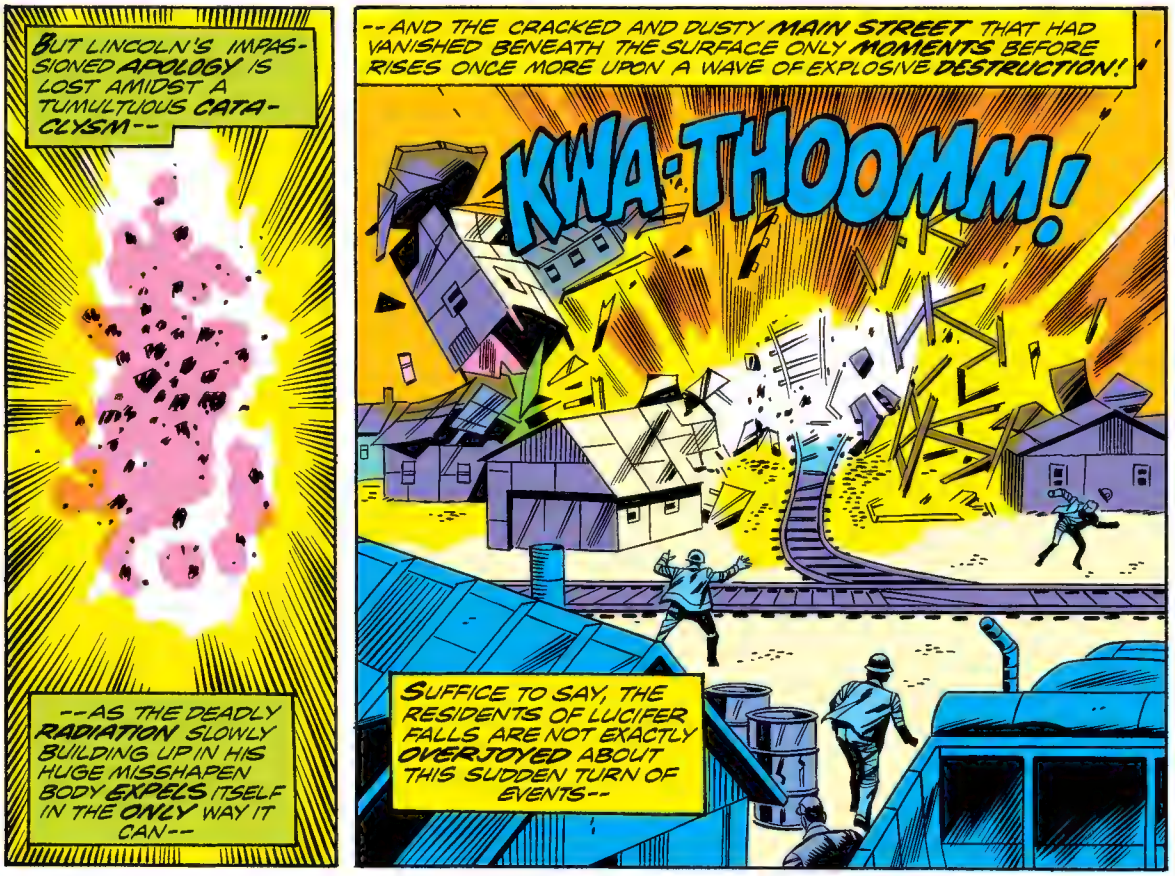
--THIS TIME HE IS ANGRY--
--AND AN ANGRY HULK IS NOT UNLIKE A SEETHING VOLCANO IN HEAT!
FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, HE STANDS IN THE DARKNESS, HIS FEEBLE BRAIN STRUGGLING TO RECALL HOW HE CAME TO BE IN THIS STRANGE PLACE.
SCROOM
SLOWLY, HE BEGINS TO REMEMBER A FAMILY THAT WAS KIND TO HIM--
--A FAMILY NOW THREATENED SOMEHOW BY THE LUMBERING BRUTE WHO THREW HIM INTO THIS HOLE--
--AND, ABRUPTLY, THE MOST POWERFUL LEG-MUSCLES IN ALL CREATION PROPEL THE GREEN GOLIATH UPWARD--
--THRU THE RAVAGED EARTH OF THE APPALACHIAN HILLSIDE--
--AND INTO THE DUSTY MORNING LIGHT ONCE MORE!
WHERE IS THE ONE WHO WOULD HURT HULK'S FRIENDS?
SHOW HULK-- AND HULK WILL SMASH HIM!
HULK...? WHY IS NAME ...FAMILIAR? WHO IS HULK? WHO...
SKRUNCH!
YES... NOW LINCOLN REMEMBERS! HULK IS... MONSTER! HULK WILL HURT GOOD FRIENDS!
BUT I WILL NOT LET HULK... HURT ANYONE! I WILL... STOP HULK... ANYWAY I MUST!
SO-- YOU THREATEN HULK! THEN HULK WAS RIGHT!
YOU ARE EVIL--
--AND HULK WILL SMASH YOU TO SAVE HULK'S FRIENDS!
YOU WILL SMASH... NOTHING!
PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN... GOOD TO ME... CARE FOR ME...

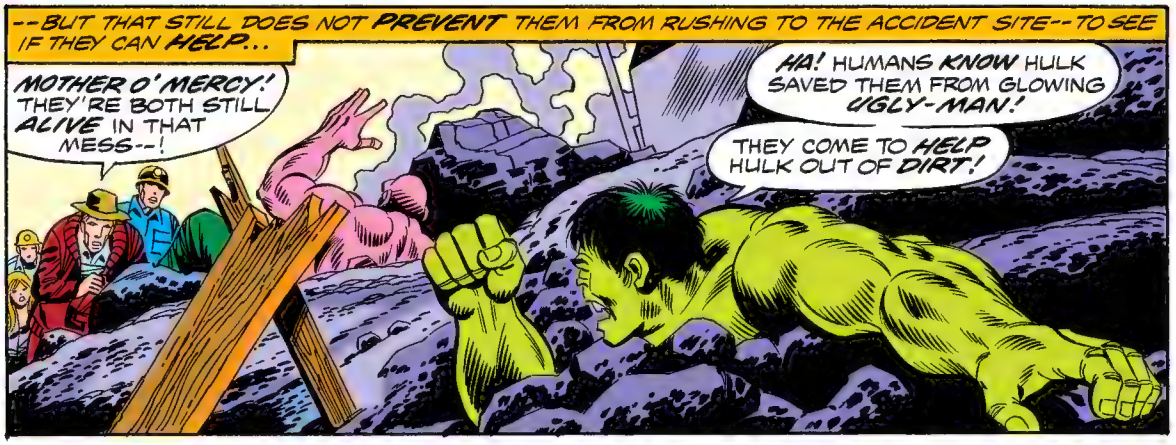

...AND I WILL NOT LET YOU... HURT THEM!
HUHN!?
THE BODY-FLIP EMPLOYED BY THE MISSING LINK IS REALLY QUITE BASIC--
--BUT AIDED BY THE MOMENTUM OF THE HULK'S OWN SAVAGE LUNGE--
BWA-DOOMM!
--IT IS ALSO MOST EFFECTIVE!
AND IT IS AN INFURIATED HULK WHO RISES FROM THE LINESHACK'S RUBBLE...
UGLY MAN DOES NOT FIGHT FAIR!
IF UGLY-MAN WANTS TO HIT HULK-- COME AND TRY--
--BUT IF UGLY-MAN MAKES HULK COME TO HIM--
--UGLY-MAN WILL MAKE HULK MAD!
THWAM!
AARRGH
THE CHAIN OF ORE-CARS STRIKE THE MISSING LINK WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE--
--AND HIS SKIN SEEMS TO SHATTER INTO CRYSTALLINE FRAGMENTS UNDER THE IMPACT--
--FRAGMENTS THAT INSTANTLY REASSEMBLE THEMSELVES BENEATH THE BEWILDERED GAZE OF A TOTALLY-BEFUDDLED HULK!
WHAT KIND OF FOE IS THIS, HE WONDERS, WHO WILL NOT STAY SMASHED?
YOU ARE... STRONG, HULK...
... STRONGER THAN I... REMEMBERED..
HE DOES NOT HAVE TIME TO WONDER LONG!

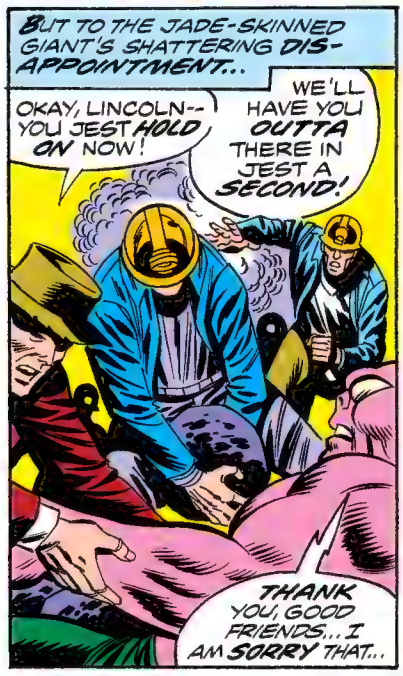

...BUT NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOU ARE... I WILL NOT LET YOU HURT GOOD PEOPLE...
...EVEN IF I MUST KILL YOU... TO STOP YOU!
NO SMOKING
BOTTLED GAS
INFLAMMABLE
KILL: THE WORD COMES SURPRISINGLY EASILY TO THE BEAST-MAN'S LIPS-- AND PERHAPS HE WONDERS WHY?
THE BRICKFORDS HAD NAMED HIM LINCOLN-- AFTER A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE INHERENT EQUALITY OF ALL MEN--
--BUT NOW, AS HE HURLS A MASSIVE ORE-TRUCK AT HIS JADE-HUED FOE--
--PERHAPS SOME SMALL PART OF HIM BEGINS TO WONDER IF HE IS TRULY A MAN AT ALL!
THERE IS ONE THING HE KNOWS FOR CERTAIN, THOUGH, AS THE GREEN GOLIATH LUMBERS UNHARMED FROM THE VIOLENT HOLOCAUST OF ERUPTING GAS AND STEEL--
BWA-DOOM!
--THE HULK IS NOT HUMAN-- NOT BY A LONG SHOT--

--BUT, BROTHER, IS HE FURIOUS!
ENOUGH, UGLY-MAN -- YOU ARE BREAKING HULK'S FRIENDS' TOWN--
--AND HULK WANTS UGLY-MAN TO STOP IT-- NOW!
THRAK!
BUT THE MISSING LINK HAS DONE FAR MORE THAN TO MERELY BREAK UP A FEW RAMSHACKLE BUILDINGS--
--FOR THE BOTTLED GAS-EXPLOSIONS HAVE SHAKEN THE TOWN TO ITS VERY FOUNDATIONS--
--SPLINTERING THE ROTTING SUPPORT BEAMS OF THE MANY PLAYED-OUT MINE-SHAFTS THAT LIE BENEATH LUCIFER FALLS--
--AND WITHOUT SAID BEAMS TO SUPPORT THE ALREADY FRAGILE EARTH, THE DESOLATE TOWN'S SO-CALLED MAIN STREET ABRUPTLY--AND VERY UNCEREMONIOUSLY--COLLAPSES IN THUNDEROUS UPHEAVAL--
CCRRUMMBLL
--CARRYING TWO VERY STARTLED BEHEMOTHS DOWN INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE EARTH.

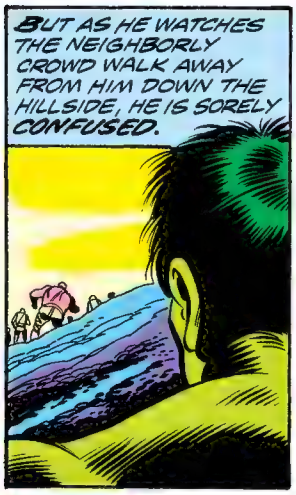

BUT THIS SUDDEN CHANGE OF BATTLEGROUND BY NO MEANS INTERRUPTS THE BATTLE...
COME TO HULK, UGLY-MAN, AND HULK WILL-- HUH?
UGLY-MAN'S SKIN-- SUDDENLY IT BURNS HULK!
WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN, UGLY-MAN--WHY?
NO... IT IS TRUE! THE BAD THING BRUCE SAID I HAD.. THE RAY-DEE-AYSHUN SICKNESS...
...IT GETS WORSE DOWN HERE... DOWN IN THE GROUND..
RADIATION? HULK HATES RADIATION!
I GLOW NOW... BURNING... AND I AM AFRAID!
I DID NOT MEAN TO MAKE... JIMMY-JACK FEEL BAD..
...DID NOT MEAN TO... HURT GOOD FRIENDS!
I AM... SORRY, GOOD FRIENDS! I AM SORRY I HURT...


BUT LINCOLN'S IMPASSIONED APOLOGY IS LOST AMIDST A TUMULTUOUS CATACLYSM--
--AS THE DEADLY RADIATION SLOWLY BUILDING UP IN HIS HUGE MISSHAPEN BODY EXPELS ITSELF IN THE ONLY WAY IT CAN--
--AND THE CRACKED AND DUSTY MAIN STREET THAT HAD VANISHED BENEATH THE SURFACE ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE RISES ONCE MORE UPON A WAVE OF EXPLOSIVE DESTRUCTION!
KWA-THOOMM!
SUFFICE TO SAY, THE RESIDENTS OF LUCIFER FALLS ARE NOT EXACTLY OVERJOYED ABOUT THIS SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS--


--BUT THAT STILL DOES NOT PREVENT THEM FROM RUSHING TO THE ACCIDENT SITE--TO SEE IF THEY CAN HELP...
MOTHER O' MERCY! THEY'RE BOTH STILL ALIVE IN THAT MESS--!
HA! HUMANS KNOW HULK SAVED THEM FROM GLOWING UGLY-MAN!
THEY COME TO HELP HULK OUT OF DIRT!


BUT TO THE JADE-SKINNED GIANT'S SHATTERING DIS-APPOINTMENT...
OKAY, LINCOLN-- YOU JEST HOLD ON NOW!
WE'LL HAVE YOU OUTTA THERE IN JEST A SECOND!
THANK YOU, GOOD FRIENDS... I AM SORRY THAT...

THE MENACE IS OVER. HULK SENSES IT SOMEHOW, EVEN AS HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET.
IT WILL TAKE YEARS FOR LINCOLN'S RADIOACTIVITY TO BUILD TO A CRITICAL LEVEL ONCE MORE.



HE DOES NOT KNOW WHY THE HUMANS HE SOUGHT TO DEFEND FROM THE MISSING LINK NOW TREAT THE ONCE-GLOWING BEAST-MAN WITH SUCH FRIEND-SHIP.
NO, HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THAT AT ALL.

NEXT ISSUE: ONCE MORE... THE WENDIGO! (AND A STARTLING GUEST STAR!)

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
HE ATTACKS AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME--MONSTER WILL DIE!
NO! NO! HE'S MY BROTHER!
AND THE WIND HOWLED...
WENDIGO!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth— ***The Incredible*** **HULK!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

LEN WEIN *WRITER* & HERB TRIMPE *ARTIST* * JACK ABEL *INKER* * ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* GLYNIS WEIN, *COLORIST* * ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

AND THE WIND HOWLS... WENDIGO!

*APPALACHIA WAS A NICE PLACE TO **VISIT,** BUT HE WOULDN'T WANT TO **LIVE** THERE--OR SO THOUGHT THE **HULK** IN WORDS PRETTY MUCH TO THAT **EFFECT**--*

*WHICH HELPS TO **EXPLAIN,** PERHAPS, WHY THE GREEN-SKINNED GOLIATH IS COMING TO A FAR-FROM-GRACEFUL **LANDING** AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN THE HILLS OF UPSTATE **NEW YORK.***

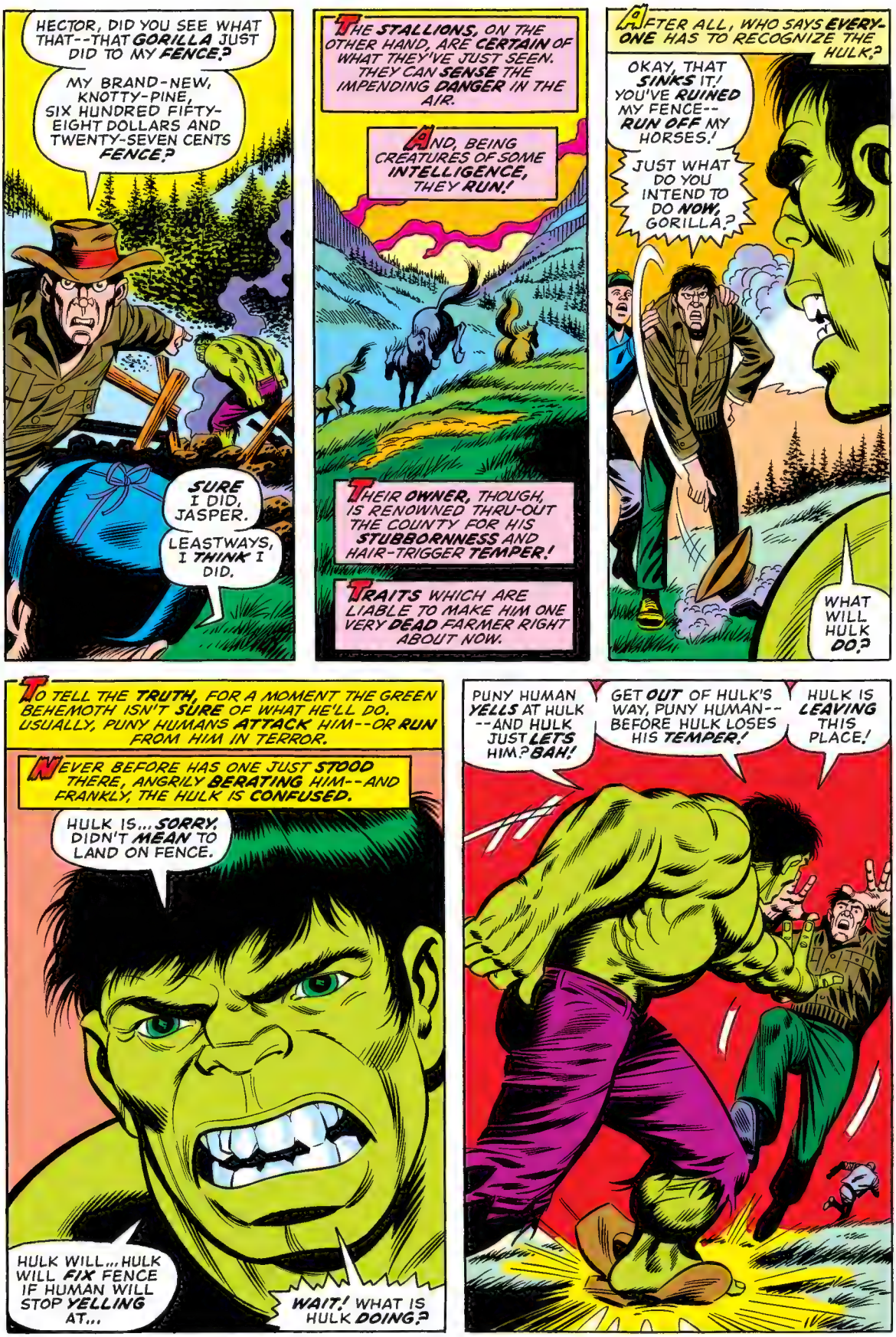
SO--HULK IS *HERE!*

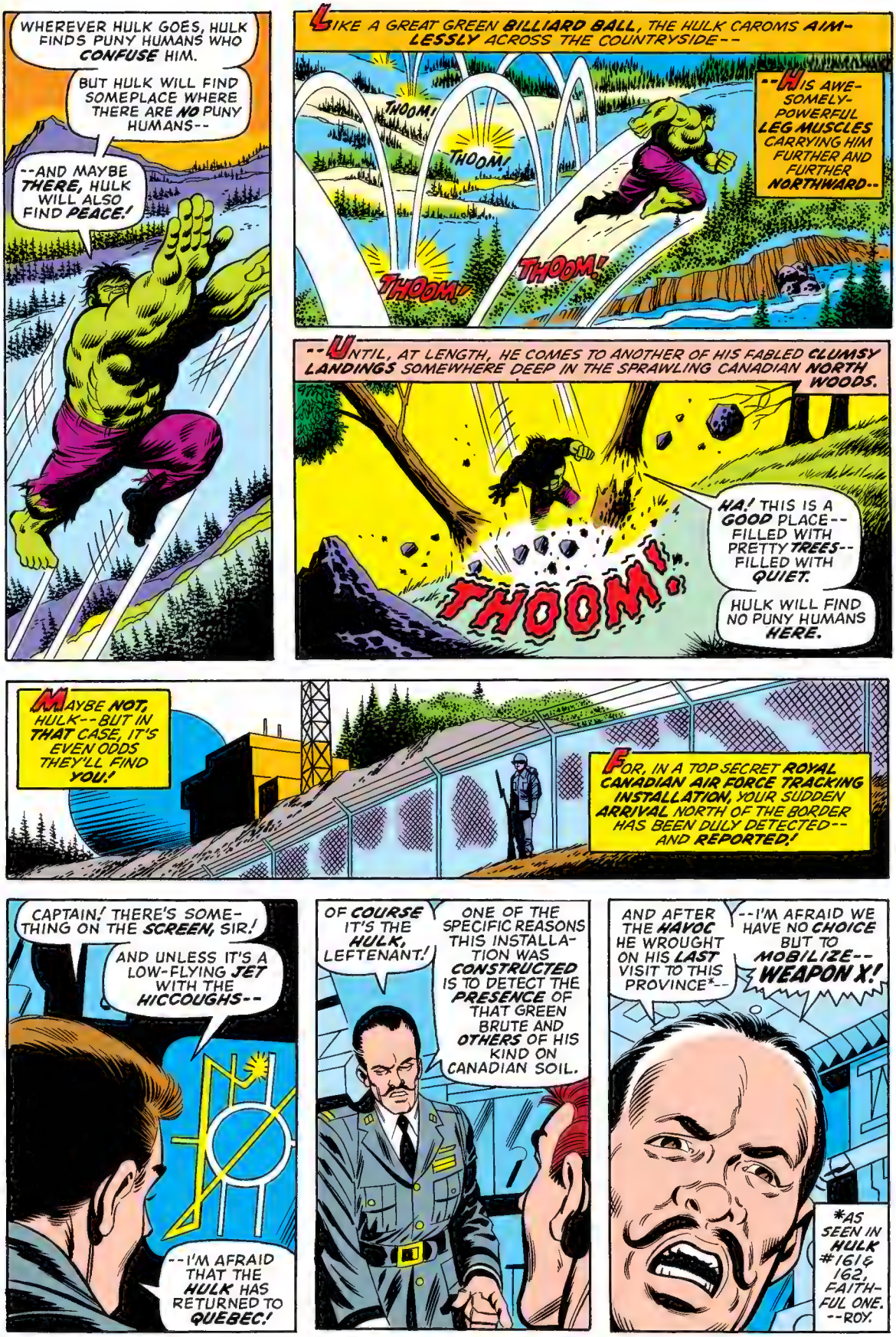
BUT WHERE IS *HERE?*

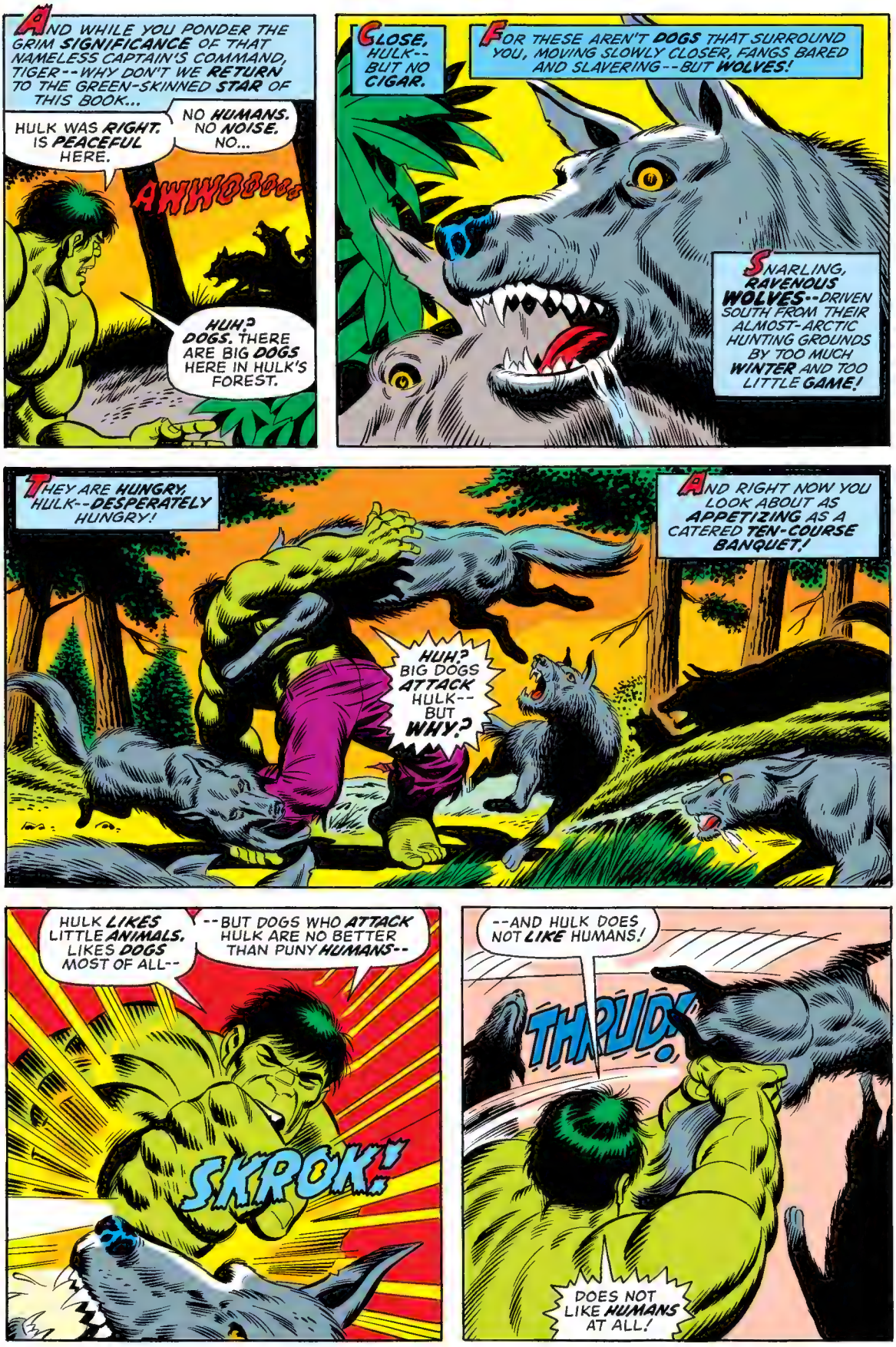
PRIVATE NO TRESPASSING

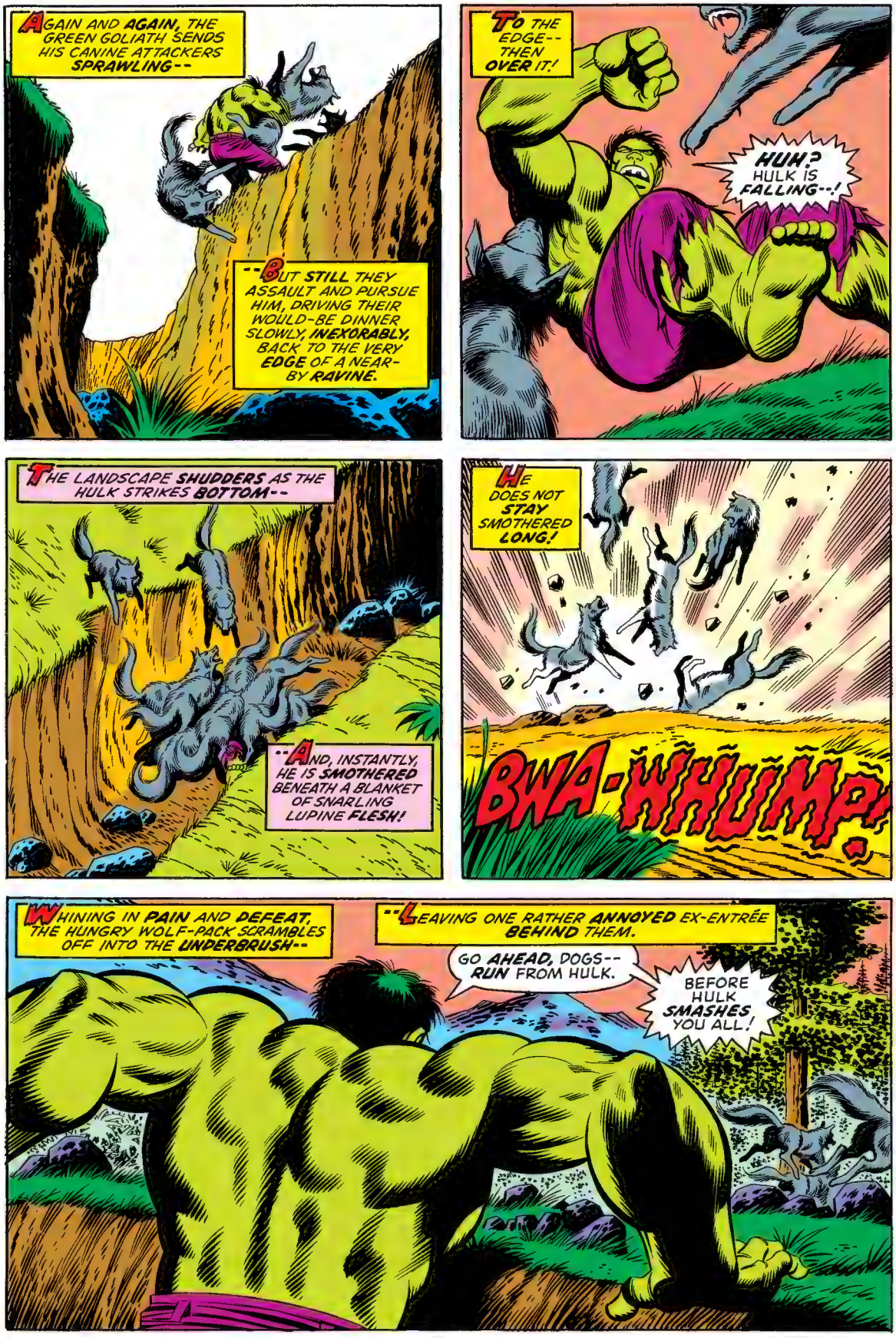
OH, NO--MY BRAND-NEW *FENCE!*

THOOM!


HECTOR, DID YOU SEE WHAT THAT--THAT GORILLA JUST DID TO MY FENCE?
MY BRAND-NEW, KNOTTY-PINE, SIX HUNDRED FIFTY-EIGHT DOLLARS AND TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS FENCE?
SURE I DID, JASPER.
LEASTWAYS, I THINK I DID.
THE STALLIONS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE CERTAIN OF WHAT THEY'VE JUST SEEN. THEY CAN SENSE THE IMPENDING DANGER IN THE AIR.
AND, BEING CREATURES OF SOME INTELLIGENCE, THEY RUN!
THEIR OWNER, THOUGH, IS RENOWNED THRU-OUT THE COUNTY FOR HIS STUBBORNNESS AND HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER!
TRAITS WHICH ARE LIABLE TO MAKE HIM ONE VERY DEAD FARMER RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
AFTER ALL, WHO SAYS EVERY-ONE HAS TO RECOGNIZE THE HULK?
OKAY, THAT SINKS IT! YOU'VE RUINED MY FENCE-- RUN OFF MY HORSES!
JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO NOW, GORILLA?
WHAT WILL HULK DO?
TO TELL THE TRUTH, FOR A MOMENT THE GREEN BEHEMOTH ISN'T SURE OF WHAT HE'LL DO. USUALLY, PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HIM--OR RUN FROM HIM IN TERROR.
NEVER BEFORE HAS ONE JUST STOOD THERE, ANGRILY BERATING HIM--AND FRANKLY, THE HULK IS CONFUSED.
HULK IS... SORRY, DIDN'T MEAN TO LAND ON FENCE.
HULK WILL... HULK WILL FIX FENCE IF HUMAN WILL STOP YELLING AT...
WAIT! WHAT IS HULK DOING?
PUNY HUMAN YELLS AT HULK --AND HULK JUST LETS HIM? BAH!
GET OUT OF HULK'S WAY, PUNY HUMAN-- BEFORE HULK LOSES HIS TEMPER!
HULK IS LEAVING THIS PLACE!

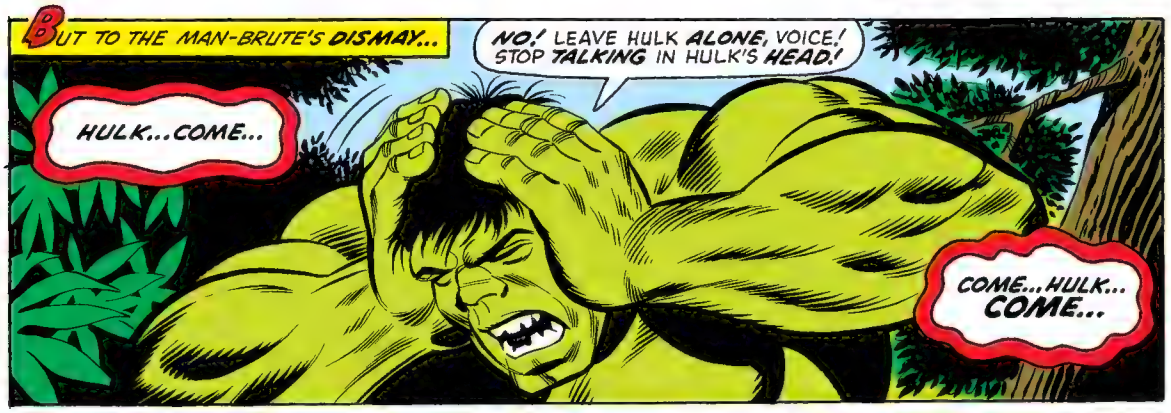

WHEREVER HULK GOES, HULK FINDS PUNY HUMANS WHO CONFUSE HIM.
BUT HULK WILL FIND SOMEPLACE WHERE THERE ARE NO PUNY HUMANS--
--AND MAYBE THERE, HULK WILL ALSO FIND PEACE!
LIKE A GREAT GREEN BILLIARD BALL, THE HULK CAROMS AIM-LESSLY ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE--
THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!
--HIS AWE-SOMELY-POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES CARRYING HIM FURTHER AND FURTHER NORTHWARD--
--UNTIL, AT LENGTH, HE COMES TO ANOTHER OF HIS FABLED CLUMSY LANDINGS SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE SPRAWLING CANADIAN NORTH WOODS.
THOOM!
HA! THIS IS A GOOD PLACE--FILLED WITH PRETTY TREES--FILLED WITH QUIET.
HULK WILL FIND NO PUNY HUMANS HERE.
MAYBE NOT, HULK--BUT IN THAT CASE, IT'S EVEN ODDS THEY'LL FIND YOU!
FOR, IN A TOP SECRET ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE TRACKING INSTALLATION, YOUR SUDDEN ARRIVAL NORTH OF THE BORDER HAS BEEN DULY DETECTED--AND REPORTED!
CAPTAIN! THERE'S SOME-THING ON THE SCREEN, SIR!
AND UNLESS IT'S A LOW-FLYING JET WITH THE HICCOUGHS--
--I'M AFRAID THAT THE HULK HAS RETURNED TO QUEBEC!
OF COURSE IT'S THE HULK, LEFTENANT!
ONE OF THE SPECIFIC REASONS THIS INSTALLA-TION WAS CONSTRUCTED IS TO DETECT THE PRESENCE OF THAT GREEN BRUTE AND OTHERS OF HIS KIND ON CANADIAN SOIL.
AND AFTER THE HAVOC HE WROUGHT ON HIS LAST VISIT TO THIS PROVINCE*--
--I'M AFRAID WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO MOBILIZE--WEAPON X!
*AS SEEN IN HULK #161 & 162, FAITH-FUL ONE. --ROY.


AND WHILE YOU PONDER THE GRIM SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT NAMELESS CAPTAIN'S COMMAND, TIGER--WHY DON'T WE RETURN TO THE GREEN-SKINNED STAR OF THIS BOOK...
HULK WAS RIGHT. IS PEACEFUL HERE.
NO HUMANS. NO NOISE. NO...
AWWOOOOO
HUH? DOGS. THERE ARE BIG DOGS HERE IN HULK'S FOREST.
CLOSE, HULK--BUT NO CIGAR.
FOR THESE AREN'T DOGS THAT SURROUND YOU, MOVING SLOWLY CLOSER, FANGS BARED AND SLAVERING--BUT WOLVES!
SNARLING, RAVENOUS WOLVES--DRIVEN SOUTH FROM THEIR ALMOST-ARCTIC HUNTING GROUNDS BY TOO MUCH WINTER AND TOO LITTLE GAME!
THEY ARE HUNGRY, HULK--DESPERATELY HUNGRY!
AND RIGHT NOW YOU LOOK ABOUT AS APPETIZING AS A CATERED TEN-COURSE BANQUET!
HUH? BIG DOGS ATTACK HULK--BUT WHY?
HULK LIKES LITTLE ANIMALS. LIKES DOGS MOST OF ALL--
--BUT DOGS WHO ATTACK HULK ARE NO BETTER THAN PUNY HUMANS--
SKROK!
--AND HULK DOES NOT LIKE HUMANS!
THUD!
DOES NOT LIKE HUMANS AT ALL!

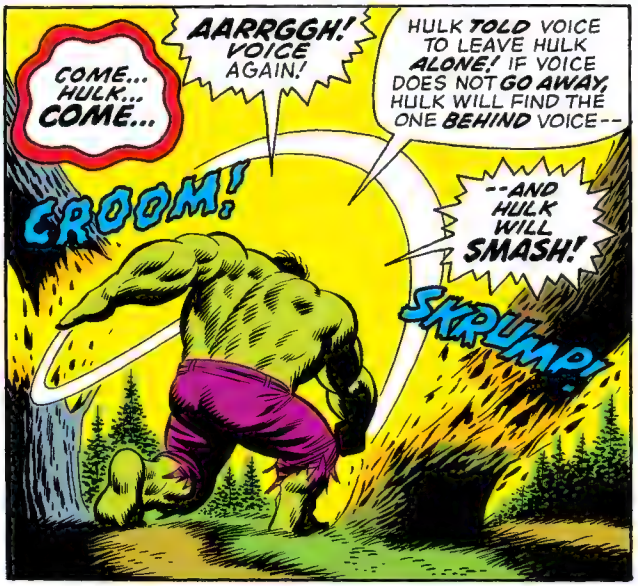

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE GREEN GOLIATH SENDS HIS CANINE ATTACKERS SPRAWLING--
--BUT STILL THEY ASSAULT AND PURSUE HIM, DRIVING THEIR WOULD-BE DINNER SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, BACK TO THE VERY EDGE OF A NEARBY RAVINE.
TO THE EDGE-- THEN OVER IT!
HUH? HULK IS FALLING--!
THE LANDSCAPE SHUDDERS AS THE HULK STRIKES BOTTOM--
--AND, INSTANTLY, HE IS SMOTHERED BENEATH A BLANKET OF SNARLING LUPINE FLESH!
HE DOES NOT STAY SMOTHERED LONG!
BWA-WHUMP!
WHINING IN PAIN AND DEFEAT, THE HUNGRY WOLF-PACK SCRAMBLES OFF INTO THE UNDERBRUSH--
--LEAVING ONE RATHER ANNOYED EX-ENTRÉE BEHIND THEM.
GO AHEAD, DOGS-- RUN FROM HULK.
BEFORE HULK SMASHES YOU ALL!

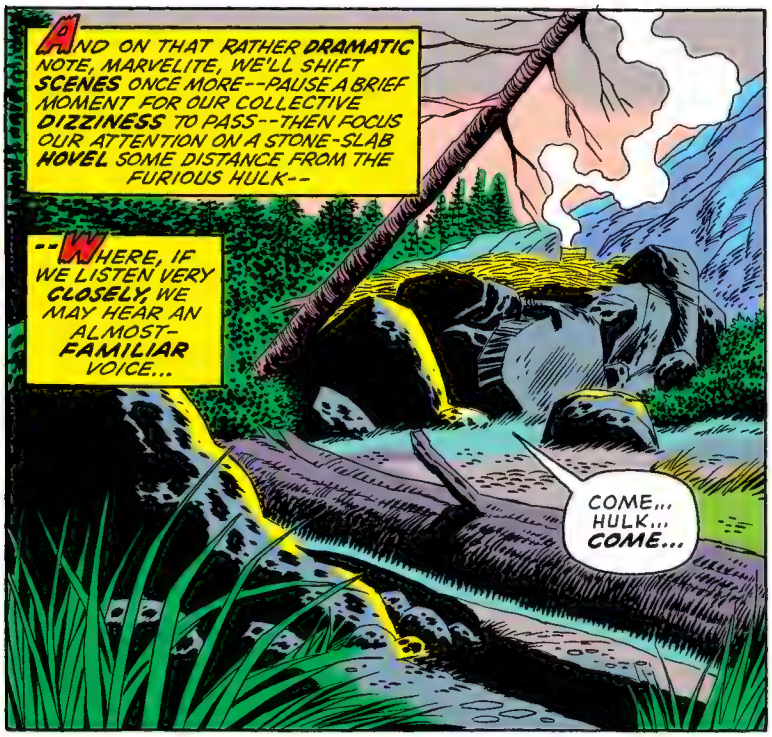
HULK DOESN'T NEED NASTY DOGS TO BE HULK'S FRIENDS!
HULK HAS HULK TO BE HULK'S FRIEND.
HULK DOESN'T NEED ANYONE!
HULK... ALWAYS HAS HULK.
WHILE THE GREAT BEHEMOTH WALLOWS IN EMERALD SELF-PITY, WHY DON'T WE TAKE A QUICK SIDE-TRIP TO THE VAST NEW MEXICAN DESERT--
--AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE REST OF OUR CAST-- AT THE MILITARY COMPLEX CALLED HULKBUSTER BASE ONE...
EXPERIMENTAL F-238
--AND THAT'S THE SITUATION IN A NUTSHELL, GENERAL ROSS.
THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF HAS PLANNED HIS VISIT FOR SOME-TIME LATE NEXT WEEK--TO INSPECT PROJECT: GREENSKIN--
--AND TO CONGRATULATE MAJOR TALBOT ON HIS ESCAPE FROM THE RUSSKIES.*
ASSUM-ING, OF COURSE, THAT TALBOT IS UP TO IT.
GOOD POINT, ARMBRUSTER. I KNOW THE MEDICS CHECKED GLENN OUT AS A-OK--
--BUT MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM TO WAIT A WHILE BEFORE...
*AS WITNESSED IN HULK #176. --ROY.
NOW WAIT JUST ONE BLASTED MINUTE, SIRS! STOP TALKING ABOUT ME AS IF I'M NOT EVEN HERE! I HAVE A SAY IN THIS TOO!
IF THE PRESIDENT IS COMING TO THIS BASE, I WANT TO MEET HIM!
AND I WILL MEET HIM, IF I HAVE TO...
GLENN! GLENN, CALM DOWN, DARLING.
YOU KNOW DAD ONLY THOUGHT HE WAS LOOKING OUT FOR YOUR BEST INTERESTS.

I--I'M SORRY, BETTY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE A SCENE.
GENERAL...COLONEL... PLEASE FORGIVE MY OUTBURST. IT'S JUST SO...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN. WE ALL KNOW THE STRAIN YOU'VE BEEN UNDER.
OF COURSE WE DO, SON. YOU JUST TAKE THINGS EASY FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS.
IF YOU WANT TO MEET THE PRESIDENT THAT BADLY, I PROMISE YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE.
WILL HE, GENERAL? I WONDER. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOUR MAJOR GLENN TALBOT ISN'T FIT TO MEET ANYONE--
--LET ALONE THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN AMERICA!
OMINOUS THOUGHTS, INDEED--
--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, WE'LL ALL HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE BEFORE WE DISCOVER THEIR IMPORTANCE.
'CAUSE AT THE MOMENT WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE HULK--WHO, HAVING SHAKEN OF HIS MELANCHOLY MOOD, NOW WANDERS HEAVILY THRU THE MAGNIFICENT CANADIAN HEART-LAND, SEARCHING FOR HE KNOWS NOT WHAT.
BUT, THOUGH OL' GREENSKIN IS DOING THE SEEKING, IT IS HE, IT SEEMS, WHO IS FOUND.
HULK...
HUH? WHO IS THERE? WHO CALLS HULK?
AND, TO THE EMERALD GOLIATH'S AMAZEMENT, HE WHIRLS TO FIND...
NOTHING!?! NOBODY THERE?
FUNNY. HULK WAS SURE SOMEBODY CALLED.
MUST BE BUGS IN HULK'S EAR.
HULK WILL FIX EAR. MAKE VOICE GO AWAY.


BUT TO THE MAN-BRUTE'S DISMAY...
NO! LEAVE HULK ALONE, VOICE! STOP TALKING IN HULK'S HEAD!
HULK...COME...
COME...HULK... COME...

WHERE? WHERE IS VOICE HIDING? UNDER ROCK? BEHIND TREE?
NO! THERE IS NOBODY HERE-- NOBODY!!
SKRAK!

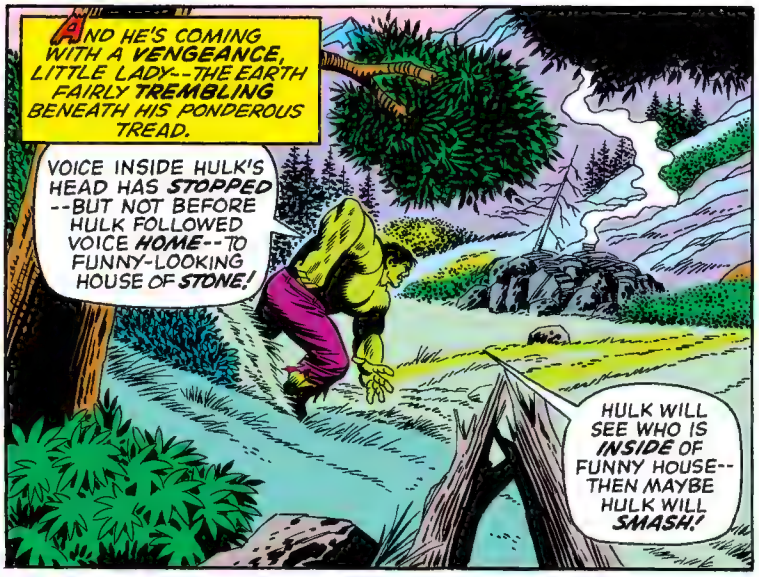

COME... HULK... COME...
AARRGGH! VOICE AGAIN!
HULK TOLD VOICE TO LEAVE HULK ALONE! IF VOICE DOES NOT GO AWAY, HULK WILL FIND THE ONE BEHIND VOICE--
CROOM!
--AND HULK WILL SMASH!
SKRUMP!


AND ON THAT RATHER DRAMATIC NOTE, MARVELITE, WE'LL SHIFT SCENES ONCE MORE--PAUSE A BRIEF MOMENT FOR OUR COLLECTIVE DIZZINESS TO PASS--THEN FOCUS OUR ATTENTION ON A STONE-SLAB HOVEL SOME DISTANCE FROM THE FURIOUS HULK--
--WHERE, IF WE LISTEN VERY CLOSELY, WE MAY HEAR AN ALMOST-- FAMILIAR VOICE...
COME... HULK... COME...

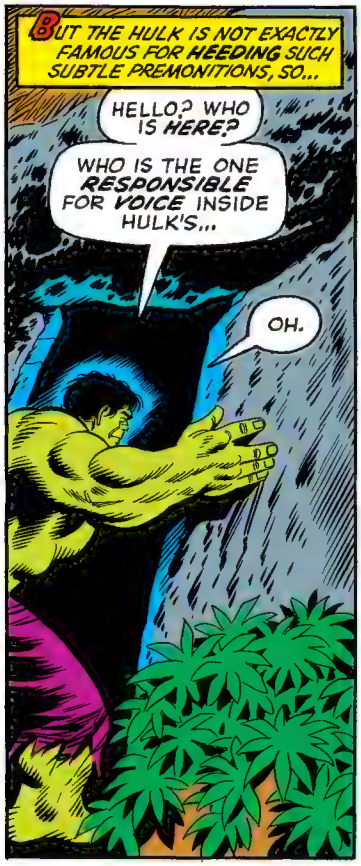
MARIE, PLEASE-- LISTEN TO ME.!
IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO STOP THIS MADNESS,!
YOU'RE WRONG, GEORGES. IT WAS TOO LATE FOR ME A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.

IT'S BEEN TOO LATE SINCE THE DAY MY BROTHER PAUL WAS FIRST LOST TO ME--
--LOST BECAUSE HE CHOSE TO PRESERVE HIS LIFE IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE--EVEN TO THE AWFUL EXTREME OF EATING HUMAN FLESH--
--AN ACT THAT CURSED HIM IN THE EYES OF THE ELDER GODS--TRANSFORMING HIM FOREVER INTO THE HIDEOUS CANNIBAL BEAST KNOWN ONLY AS--THE WENDIGO!
I'M GOING TO SAVE MY BROTHER, GEORGES--HOWEVER I MUST--
--AND YOU, MY FRIEND--ARE GOING TO HELP ME!
BUT, MARIE, WHAT YOU PLAN IS MONSTROUS ...INHUMAN!
NOTHING MORE INHUMAN THAN WHAT PAUL HAS BECOME!
REMEMBER, GEORGES--PAUL WAS STUDYING TO BE A DOCTOR, A HEALER OF MEN WHEN HE WENT HUNTING WITH YOU AND HENRI CLUZOT!
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, HE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THAT CAVE--WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE WHAT HE DID!
PERHAPS I DO, MARIE--BUT I'M NOT HERE OUT OF DEBT--AND YOU KNOW IT!
YOU OWE IT TO HIM TO HELP ME, GEORGES. YOU OWE IT TO HIM!
NOW HOW DO YOU INTEND TO EFFECT THIS MIRACULOUS CURE?
THE WENDIGO CURSE IS SUPER-NATURAL, GEORGES--AND I HAVE STUDIED THE DARK ARTS WELL SINCE PAUL'S TRANSFORMATION!
NOW ALL IS IN READINESS. I NEED ONLY PLACE PAUL ON ONE OF THOSE PALLETS--A SECOND BEING ON THE OTHER ONE--
--THEN USE THE ANCIENT ARTS I'VE LEARNED TO TRANSFER THE WENDIGO'S FORM FROM PAUL TO THE OTHER!
MY LORD, MARIE--YOU CAN'T!
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO CONDEMN ANOTHER TO THE HORRIBLE FATE YOUR BROTHER NOW ENDURES?
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO CONDEMN A MAN TO HELL?
DON'T WORRY, GEORGES. THE ONE I HAVE CHOSEN IS NOT A MAN--
--AND THE "HELL" THIS CURSE WILL VISIT UPON HIM CAN BE NO WORSE THAN THE ONE HE IS ALREADY LIVING!

BESIDES, GEORGES-- THE DECISION IS NO LONGER IN MY HANDS.
THE ONE I HAVE SUMMONED IS ALREADY COMING!

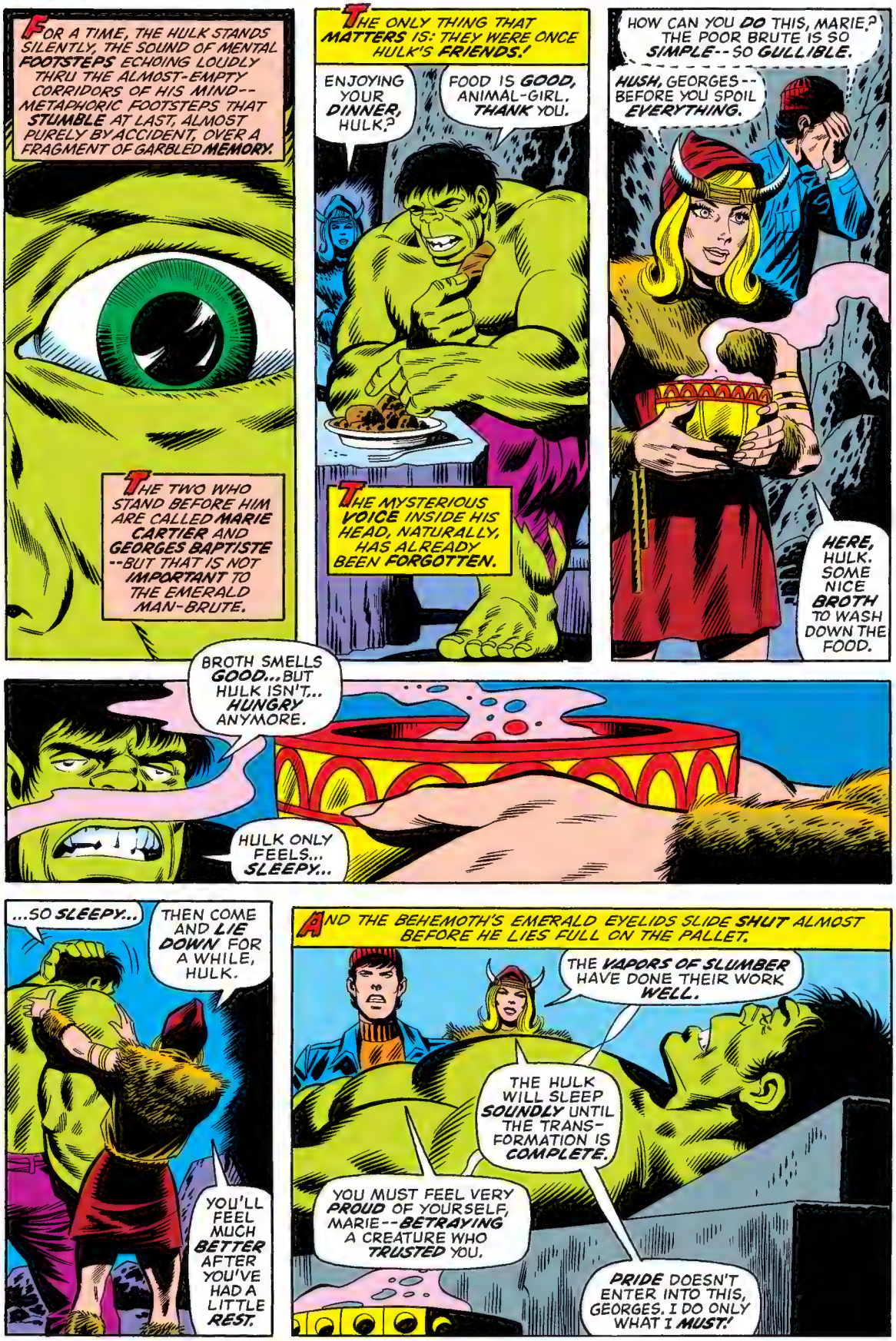

AND HE'S COMING WITH A VENGEANCE, LITTLE LADY--THE EARTH FAIRLY TREMBLING BENEATH HIS PONDEROUS TREAD.
VOICE INSIDE HULK'S HEAD HAS STOPPED --BUT NOT BEFORE HULK FOLLOWED VOICE HOME--TO FUNNY-LOOKING HOUSE OF STONE!
HULK WILL SEE WHO IS INSIDE OF FUNNY HOUSE-- THEN MAYBE HULK WILL SMASH!

ANGRILY, THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH LUMBERS TOWARDS THE PRIMITIVE STRUCTURE--THEN STOPS--
--AS SOME EQUALLY-PRIMITIVE INSTINCT, PERHAPS, WARNS HIM OF IMPENDING DANGER!

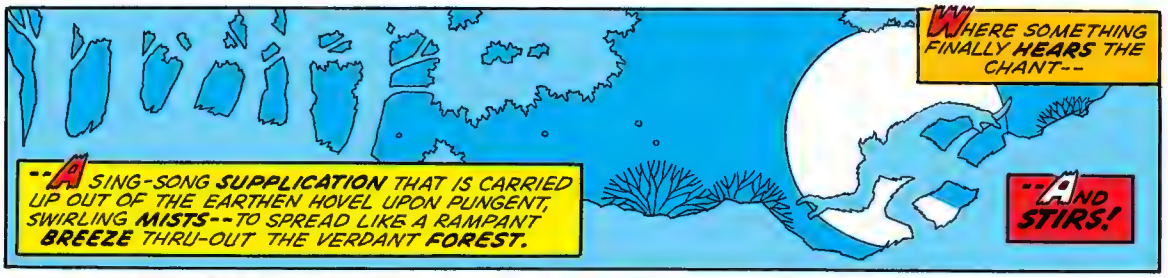

BUT THE HULK IS NOT EXACTLY FAMOUS FOR HEEDING SUCH SUBTLE PREMONITIONS, SO...
HELLO? WHO IS HERE?
WHO IS THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR VOICE INSIDE HULK'S...
OH.

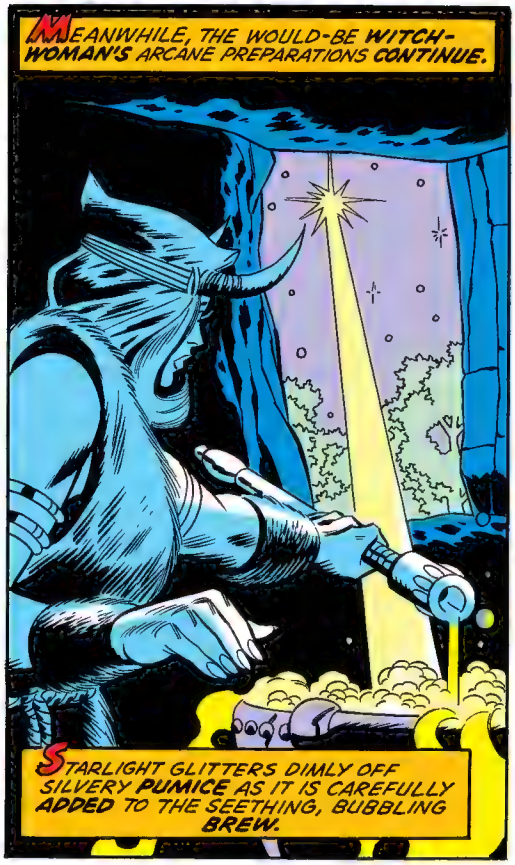
WELL, MARIE--YOU BROUGHT THE BRUTE HERE. NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?
QUIET, GEORGES-- AND LET ME HANDLE THIS.
HELLO, HULK.
BAH! IS ONLY ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN... AND GIRL DRESSED LIKE ANIMAL.

PUNY HUMAN AND ANIMAL-GIRL ARE ALMOST FAMILIAR --BUT HULK CAN'T REMEMBER WHO...
OF COURSE YOU CAN, HULK. THINK! TRY TO THINK! YOU REMEMBER US!
YOU TRIED TO HELP US ONCE-- AND NOW WE NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN.


FOR A TIME, THE HULK STANDS SILENTLY, THE SOUND OF MENTAL FOOTSTEPS ECHOING LOUDLY THRU THE ALMOST-EMPTY CORRIDORS OF HIS MIND--METAPHORIC FOOTSTEPS THAT STUMBLE AT LAST, ALMOST PURELY BY ACCIDENT, OVER A FRAGMENT OF GARBLED MEMORY.
THE TWO WHO STAND BEFORE HIM ARE CALLED MARIE CARTIER AND GEORGES BAPTISTE --BUT THAT IS NOT IMPORTANT TO THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE.
THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS: THEY WERE ONCE HULK'S FRIENDS!
ENJOYING YOUR DINNER, HULK?
FOOD IS GOOD, ANIMAL-GIRL. THANK YOU.
THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE INSIDE HIS HEAD, NATURALLY, HAS ALREADY BEEN FORGOTTEN.
HOW CAN YOU DO THIS, MARIE? THE POOR BRUTE IS SO SIMPLE--SO GULLIBLE.
HUSH, GEORGES--BEFORE YOU SPOIL EVERYTHING.
HERE, HULK. SOME NICE BROTH TO WASH DOWN THE FOOD.
BROTH SMELLS GOOD... BUT HULK ISN'T... HUNGRY ANYMORE.
HULK ONLY FEELS... SLEEPY...
...SO SLEEPY...
THEN COME AND LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE, HULK.
YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER AFTER YOU'VE HAD A LITTLE REST.
AND THE BEHEMOTH'S EMERALD EYELIDS SLIDE SHUT ALMOST BEFORE HE LIES FULL ON THE PALLET.
THE VAPORS OF SLUMBER HAVE DONE THEIR WORK WELL.
THE HULK WILL SLEEP SOUNDLY UNTIL THE TRANS-FORMATION IS COMPLETE.
YOU MUST FEEL VERY PROUD OF YOURSELF, MARIE--BETRAYING A CREATURE WHO TRUSTED YOU.
PRIDE DOESN'T ENTER INTO THIS, GEORGES. I DO ONLY WHAT I MUST!

HER GRACEFUL JAW FIRMLY SET, MARIE CARTIER THEN TURNS HER ATTENTION AWAY FROM HER REMORSEFUL COMPANION--
--AND BACK TO THE MYSTIC POTIONS SHE HAS TENDED SO CAREFULLY THESE MANY DAYS PAST.
THEN, IN A TONGUE FAR OLDER THAN THE TOWERING MAPLE TREES THAT ABOUND NEARBY, SHE SOFTLY BEGINS TO CHANT--

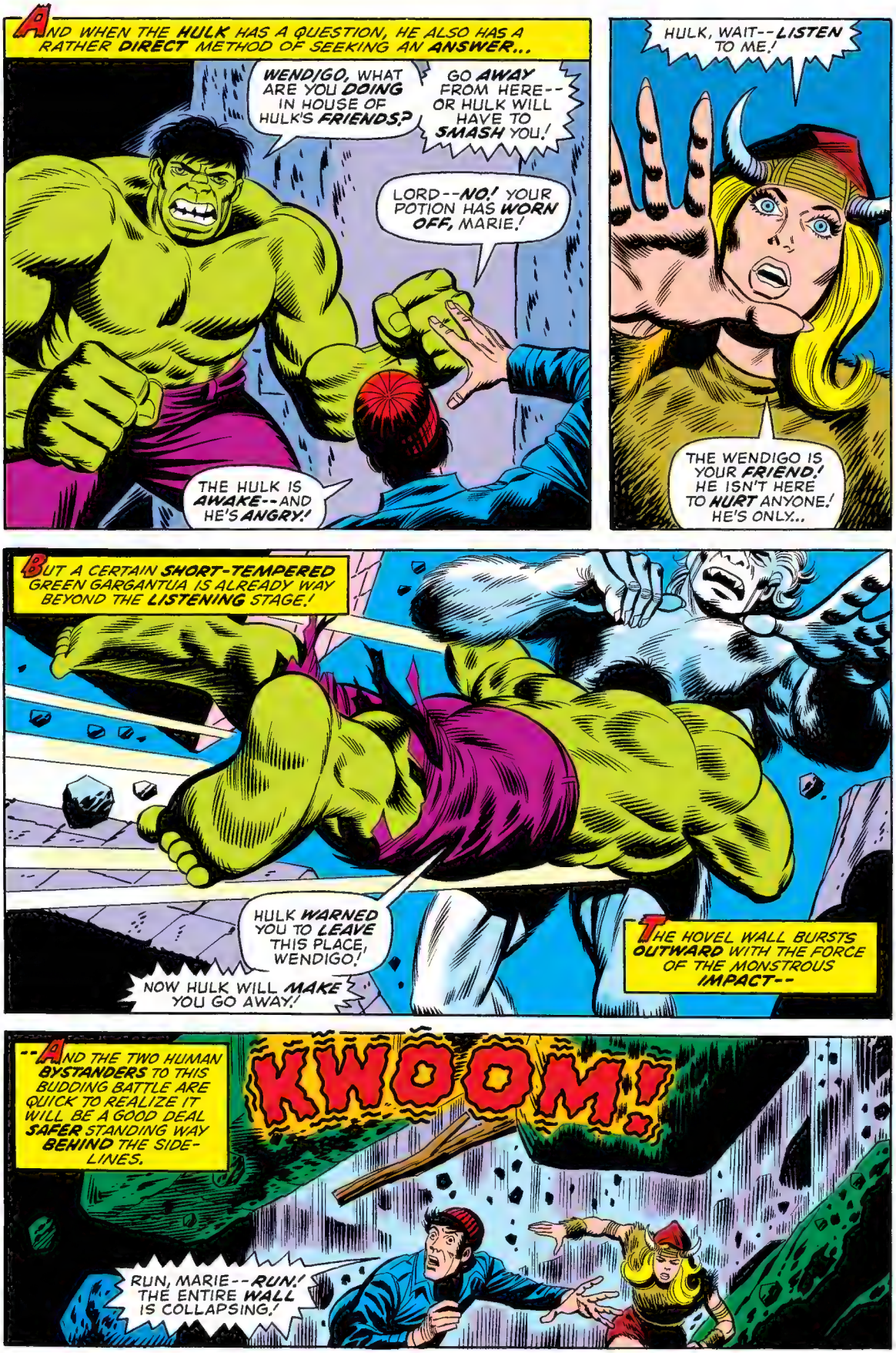

--A SING-SONG SUPPLICATION THAT IS CARRIED UP OUT OF THE EARTHEN HOVEL UPON PUNGENT, SWIRLING MISTS--TO SPREAD LIKE A RAMPANT BREEZE THRU-OUT THE VERDANT FOREST.
WHERE SOMETHING FINALLY HEARS THE CHANT--
--AND STIRS!


MEANWHILE, THE WOULD-BE WITCH-WOMAN'S ARCANE PREPARATIONS CONTINUE.
STARLIGHT GLITTERS DIMLY OFF SILVERY PUMICE AS IT IS CAREFULLY ADDED TO THE SEETHING, BUBBLING BREW.

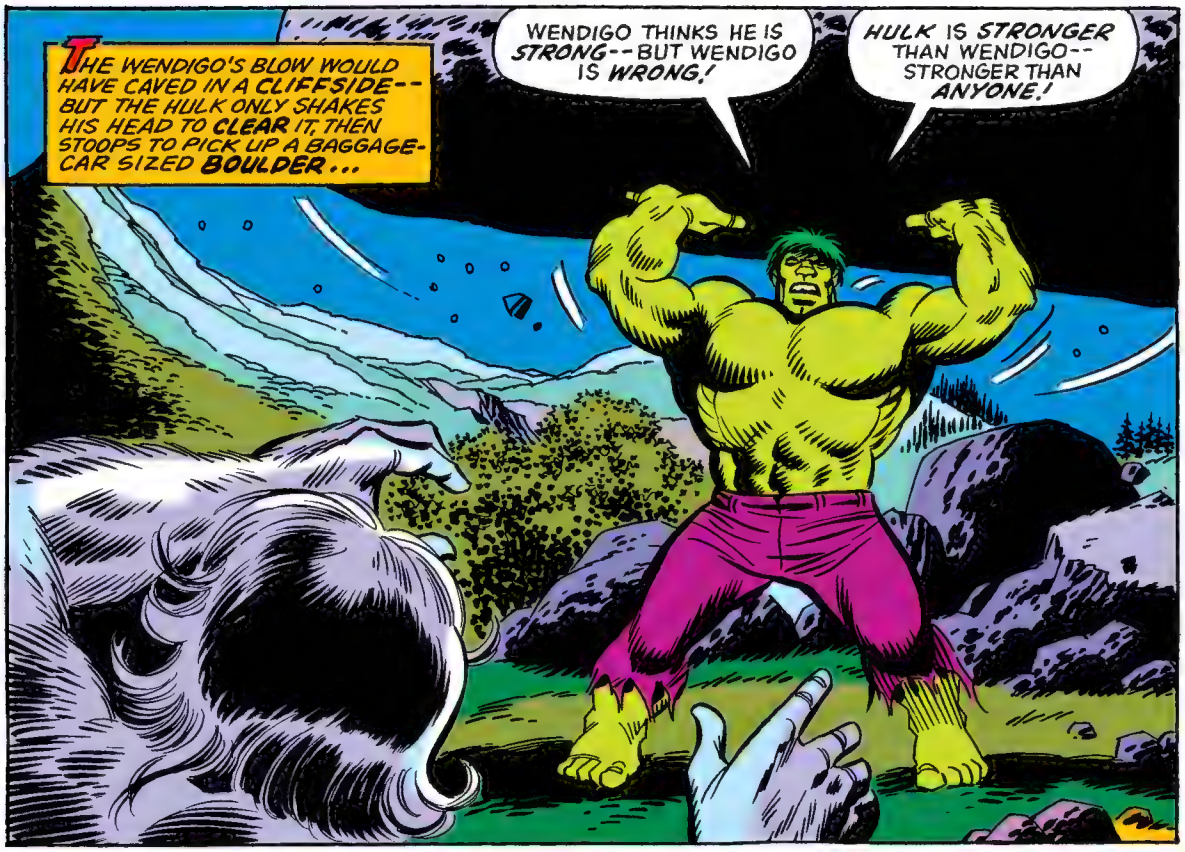
BUT THE NEOPHYTE SORCERESS HAS NOT YET PERFECTED HER ART, IT SEEMS--FOR ONE OF HER POTIONS HAS NOT DONE ITS JOB AT ALL WELL.
HUH?
EITHER THAT--OR SHE HAS FAILED TO CONSIDER THE INCREDIBLE STAMINA OF A MUCH-BEWILDERED HULK!

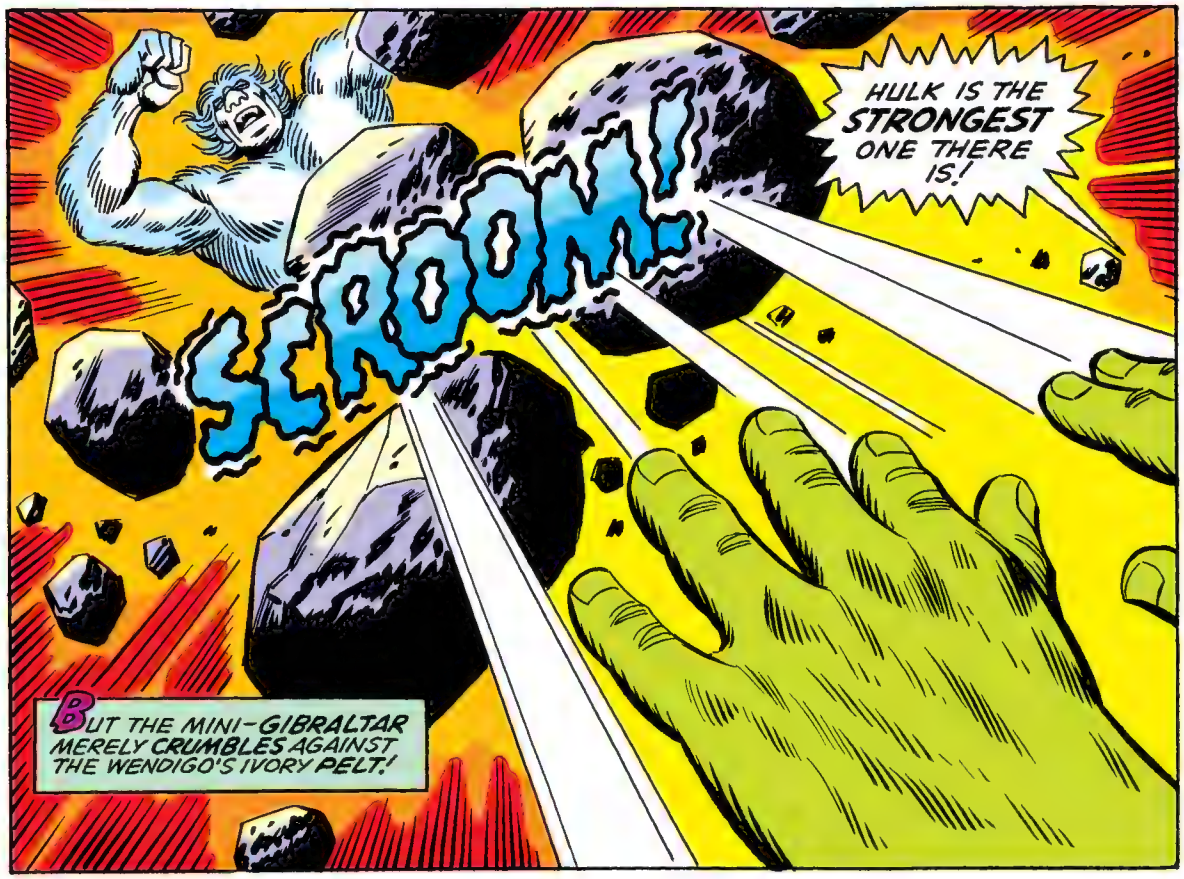
OH, HULK IS STILL IN ANIMAL-GIRL'S HOUSE. MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP.
HULK WILL GO TELL ANIMAL-GIRL THAT HULK IS AWAKE AGAIN--
--AND SEE IF ANIMAL-GIRL HAS ANY MORE GOOD FOOD.

BUT JUST BEYOND THE TATTERED CURTAINS THAT HAD SHELTERED THE SLUMBERING HULK...
IS THERE NO WAY TO DISSUADE YOU FROM THIS MAD SCHEME, MARIE?
THINK, GIRL! WOULD YOUR BROTHER WANT TO REGAIN HIS HUMANITY AT THE COST OF ANOTHER'S SOUL? WILL PAUL BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH YOUR SINS ON HIS CONSCIENCE?
THOSE ARE QUESTIONS THAT I CANNOT ANSWER, GEORGES.
WHY DON'T YOU ASK THEM OF PAUL INSTEAD?
OH... MY... LORD!
IT STANDS IN THE DOORWAY LIKE A FURRY COLOSSUS, ITS AMBER EYES GLARING BALEFULLY FROM BENEATH A HEAVY, SHAGGY BROW.
IF MAN COULD PUT A NAME TO ALL HIS DARKEST FEARS, HIS MOST SECRET SAVAGE HORRORS, THAT NAME WOULD BE--WENDIGO!*
*WENDY, MARIE AND GEORGES ALL FIRST APPEARED BACK IN ISSUE #162, HULKOPHILE. BET YOU THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET AROUND TO TELLING YOU THAT LITTLE FACT, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, NYAHH!--CATCH-'EM-WITH-THEIR-PARAGRAPHS-DOWN ROY.
AND THE MASSIVE WOODS-BEAST'S SUDDEN ARRIVAL HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED BY YOU-KNOW-WHO.
HUH? IS BIG WHITE MONSTER HULK FOUGHT ONCE BEFORE.
MONSTER CALLED WINNIE... WINDY... WENDIGO!
BUT WHAT IS WENDIGO-MONSTER DOING IN HOUSE OF HULK'S FRIENDS?


AND WHEN THE HULK HAS A QUESTION, HE ALSO HAS A RATHER DIRECT METHOD OF SEEKING AN ANSWER...
WENDIGO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HOUSE OF HULK'S FRIENDS?
GO AWAY FROM HERE--OR HULK WILL HAVE TO SMASH YOU!
LORD--NO! YOUR POTION HAS WORN OFF, MARIE!
THE HULK IS AWAKE--AND HE'S ANGRY!
HULK, WAIT--LISTEN TO ME!
THE WENDIGO IS YOUR FRIEND! HE ISN'T HERE TO HURT ANYONE! HE'S ONLY...
BUT A CERTAIN SHORT-TEMPERED GREEN GARGANTUA IS ALREADY WAY BEYOND THE LISTENING STAGE!
HULK WARNED YOU TO LEAVE THIS PLACE, WENDIGO!
NOW HULK WILL MAKE YOU GO AWAY!
THE HOVEL WALL BURSTS OUTWARD WITH THE FORCE OF THE MONSTROUS IMPACT--
--AND THE TWO HUMAN BYSTANDERS TO THIS BUDDING BATTLE ARE QUICK TO REALIZE IT WILL BE A GOOD DEAL SAFER STANDING WAY BEHIND THE SIDE-LINES.
KWOOM!
RUN, MARIE--RUN! THE ENTIRE WALL IS COLLAPSING!

SHATTERED STONE RAINING AROUND THEM, GEORGES AND MARIE MAKE IT OUT OF THE HOVEL AND INTO THE SHELTER OF THE FOREST WITH MICRO-SECONDS TO SPARE. THEN FROM THE SHADOWS THAT SURROUND THEM, THEY ARE PRIVILEGED TO STAND WITNESS--
--AS TWO OF THE MOST AWESOME BEHEMOTHS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH SQUARE OFF FOR WHAT COULD JUST BE THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!*
BWAM!
*(JOE FRAZIER AND MOHAMMED ALI, EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!)


THE WENDIGO'S BLOW WOULD HAVE CAVED IN A CLIFFSIDE--BUT THE HULK ONLY SHAKES HIS HEAD TO CLEAR IT, THEN STOOPS TO PICK UP A BAGGAGE-CAR SIZED BOULDER...
WENDIGO THINKS HE IS STRONG--BUT WENDIGO IS WRONG!
HULK IS STRONGER THAN WENDIGO--STRONGER THAN ANYONE!


SCROOM!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
BUT THE MINI-GIBRALTAR MERELY CRUMBLES AGAINST THE WENDIGO'S IVORY PELT!

IT IS QUITE A SPECTACLE TO BEHOLD, THESE TWO HIDEOUS ONCE-MEN CLASHING WITH NIGH-MINDLESS FURY--
THUD!
--THE HULK, AS ALWAYS, BELLOWING OF HIS STRENGTH, HIS POWER--
--THE SHAGGY WOODS-BEAST, HOWLING THE NERVE-NUMBING CRY THAT HAS LENT IT THE NAME--
WEN-DI-GO!
--AND MADE THAT NAME A BY-WORD FOR DESTRUCTION!
WEN-DI-GO!
SKRUMP!
BAH! HOW DOES WENDIGO THINK HE CAN HURT HULK WITH JUST ONE TREE--
KRAGGT!
--WHEN HULK CAN THROW WHOLE FOREST AT WENDIGO?
IMPRESSIVE, HULK--BUT INEFFECTUAL!
WEN-DI-GO! WEN-DI-GO!
SO! IF MONSTER STILL WANTS FIGHT--
--HULK WILL GIVE HIM ONE!
LIKE A PAIR OF ENRAGED RHINOS, THE TWO GOLIATHS THUNDER ACROSS THE CLEARING--TO COLLIDE HEAD-ON!
PWOOM!
AND WE DO MEAN HEAD ON!

ALMOST EQUALLY-MATCHED, ALL THE TWO MONSTERS CAN REALLY DO--
--IS RETURN BLOW--
KDOW!
--FOR BLOW--
PHTOP!
--FOR BLOW!
PWOK!
UNTIL A HARSH VOICE FROM BEHIND THEM MAKES THE TWO BRUTES HESITATE.
A VOICE THAT IS MORE LIKE A SNARL!
ALL RIGHT, YOU FREAKS-- JUST HOLD IT!
HUH?
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO TANGLE WITH SOMEONE--
--WHY NOT TRY YOUR LUCK AGAINST--
--THE WOLVERINE!
WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT--ER-- WHO WEAPON X IS, FAITHFUL ONE.
HE'S A LIVING, RAGING POWERHOUSE WHO'S BOUND TO KNOCK YOU BACK ON YOUR EMERALD POSTERIOR.

BETTER BE HERE NEXT TIME MARVELITE, SINCE... "The WOLVERINE STRIKES BUT ONCE!"

BUT IN HIS CASE, ONCE IS PLENTY!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
HE'S HERE! THE WORLD'S FIRST AND GREATEST CANADIAN SUPER-HERO!
AND NOW... the WOLVERINE!
AND THE SURVIVOR OF THEIR EPIC BATTLE MUST FACE-- the WENDIGO!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM

LEN WEIN & HERB TRIMPE * JACK ABEL * GLYNIS WEIN, COLORIST * ROY THOMAS
WRITER ARTIST INKER ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER EDITOR

AND NOW... The WOLVERINE!

INSTANT RECAP DEPT.: OL' GREENSKIN HAS BEEN LURED TO QUEBEC, CANADA AS PART OF A FANTASTIC PLAN TO CURE THE WILD-EYED WOODS-BEAST CALLED THE WENDIGO--

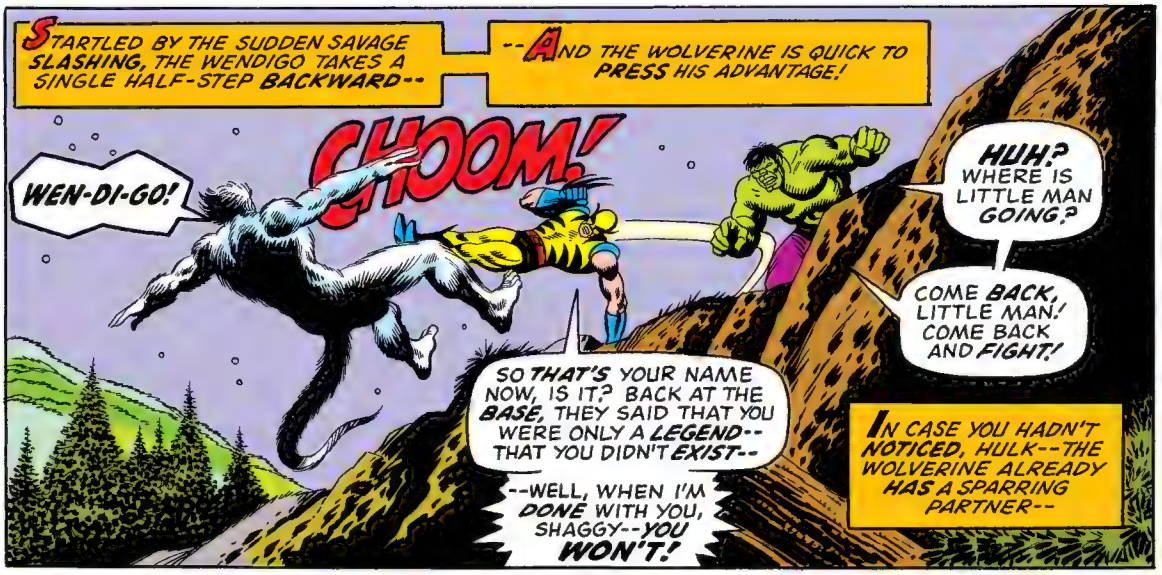
IF YOU FREAKS WANT TO TANGLE WITH SOMEONE--

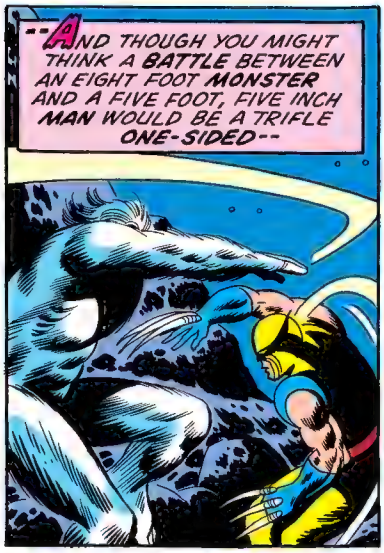
--WHY NOT TRY YOUR LUCK AGAINST-- ME!

--BUT WHERE THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE IS CONCERNED, NOTHING IS PREDICTABLE-- SO INSTEAD OF CURING WENDY, THE HULK IS EMBROILED IN BATTLE WITH HIM...

...A BATTLE THAT RAGES THRU THE FOREST, UNTIL THIS GAUDILY-GARBED GENTLEMAN INTRUDES UPON THE SCENE, CLAWS BARED, TEETH CLENCHED, HIS FACE AWASH WITH ALMOST FERAL FURY!

WITH ASTOUNDING SPEED, THE SNARLING WOLVERINE HURTLES FORWARD, HIS VERY MOMENTUM SCATTERING THE TWO MASSIVE MONSTERS WHO LOOM BEFORE HIM...
HEADS UP, HAIRIES! THE WOLVERINE IS COMING THRU!
THWASH!
HUH? LITTLE MAN ATTACKS HULK!
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, SONNY! THE GOVERNMENT SENT ME TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, HULK--
--AND I'M A GENT WHO ALWAYS DOES HIS JOB!
STAND STILL, LITTLE MAN-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!
SORRY, HULK--BUT SEEING AS HOW YOU'RE ABOUT TWO FEET TALLER THAN I AM AND HOW YOU OUTWEIGH ME BY ABOUT 100 STONE--
--I'LL JUST KEEP MOVING, IF YOU PLEASE--
--BECAUSE MOVING IS THE THING I DO BEST!
BAH! LITTLE MAN JUMPS AROUND LIKE A BIG RABBIT!
LIKE A WOLVERINE, IF YOU DON'T MIND, HULK!
AND LIKE A WOLVERINE, I'VE GOT CLAWS-- FORGED OF DIAMOND-HARD ADAMANTIUM-- AND THE POWER TO BACK THEM UP!
SKRAKT!
AND SINCE THOSE CLAWS CAN'T SEEM TO PIERCE THAT INCREDIBLE EMERALD HIDE OF YOURS--
--WHY DON'T I SEE HOW THEY FARE AGAINST YOUR SHAGGY FRIEND!
AHHH--THAT'S MUCH BETTER!


STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN SAVAGE SLASHING, THE WENDIGO TAKES A SINGLE HALF-STEP BACKWARD--
--AND THE WOLVERINE IS QUICK TO PRESS HIS ADVANTAGE!
WEN-DI-GO!
CHOOM!
HUH? WHERE IS LITTLE MAN GOING?
COME BACK, LITTLE MAN! COME BACK AND FIGHT!
SO THAT'S YOUR NAME NOW, IS IT? BACK AT THE BASE, THEY SAID THAT YOU WERE ONLY A LEGEND-- THAT YOU DIDN'T EXIST--
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, HULK--THE WOLVERINE ALREADY HAS A SPARRING PARTNER--
--WELL, WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, SHAGGY--YOU WON'T!


--AND THOUGH YOU MIGHT THINK A BATTLE BETWEEN AN EIGHT FOOT MONSTER AND A FIVE FOOT, FIVE INCH MAN WOULD BE A TRIFLE ONE-SIDED--

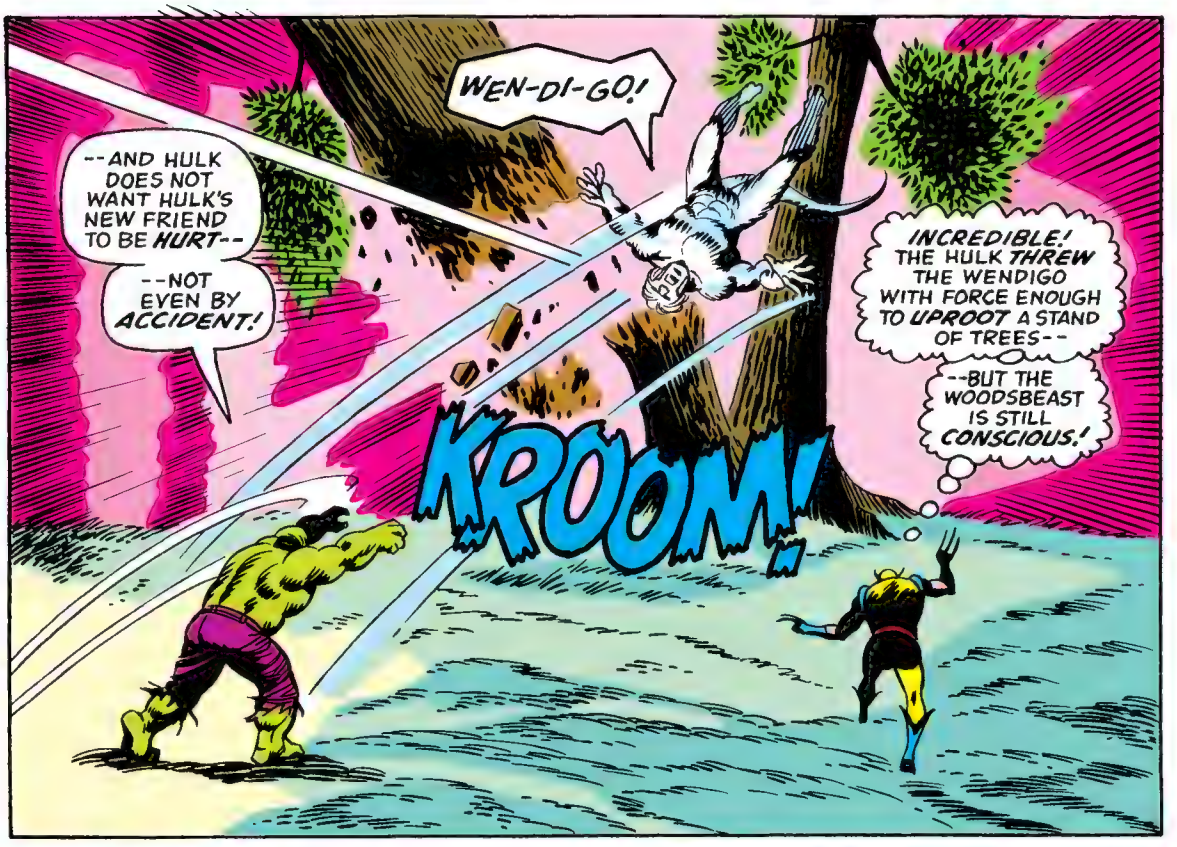
--WE ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT!
SKAK!

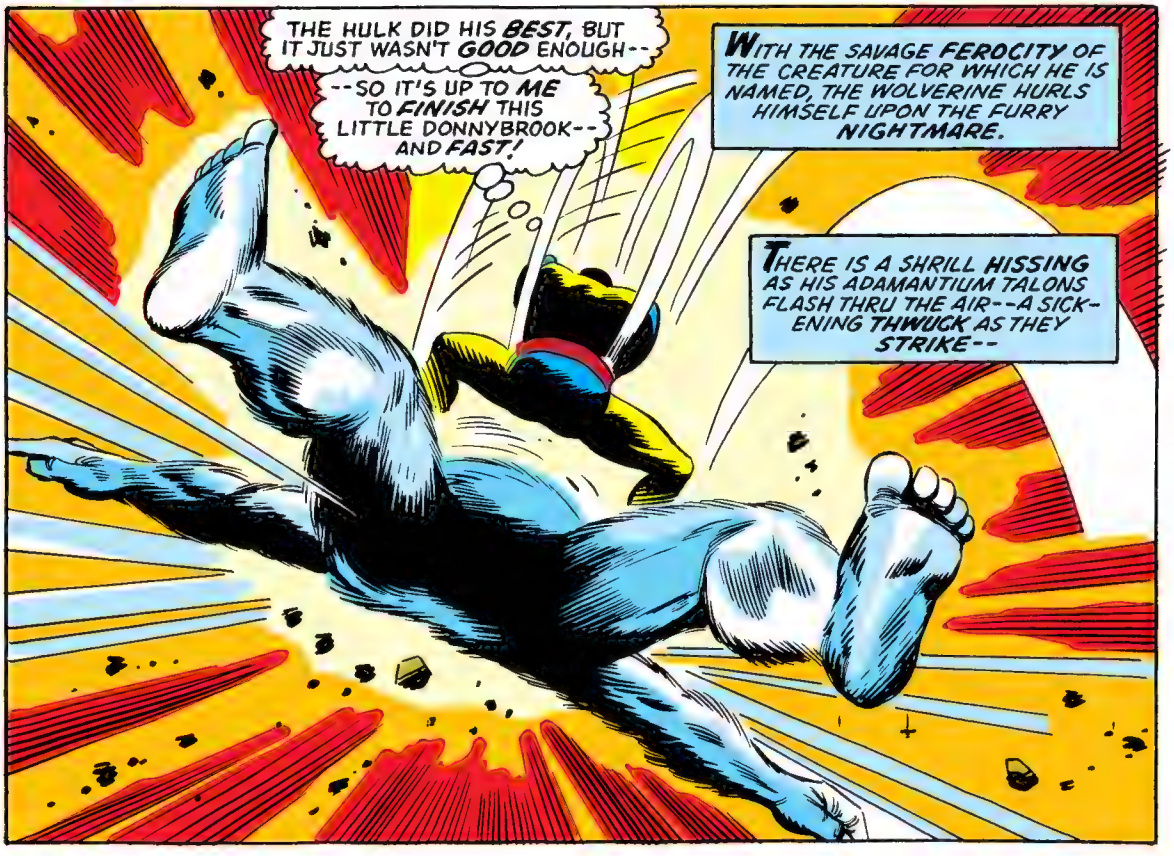
THE WENDIGO IS WEAKENING!
CHUT
HE'S BIGGER THAN THE HULK-- BUT HE'S NOT NEARLY AS IMPREG-NABLE!

HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. FIRST LITTLE MAN FIGHTS HULK... AND NOW HE FIGHTS HULK'S ENEMY?
BUT IF HULK'S ENEMY IS LITTLE MAN'S ENEMY... THEN LITTLE MAN IS HULK'S FRIEND!
HULK'S FRIEND?

YES! LITTLE MAN IS HULK'S FRIEND--
--SO HULK WILL HELP LITTLE MAN FIGHT HULK'S ENEMY!

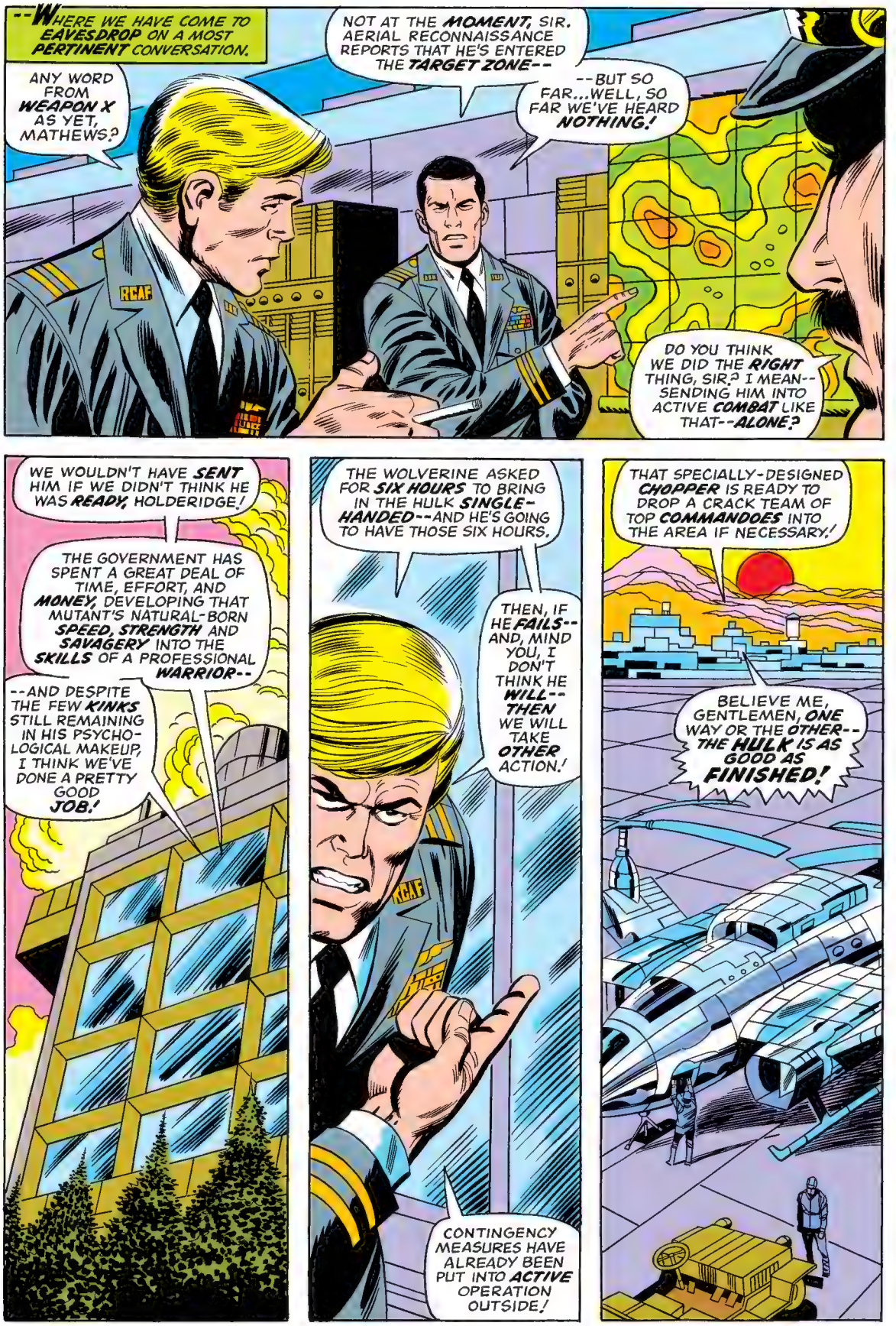
THE MOST AWESOMELY POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES ON EARTH PROPEL THE GREEN BEHEMOTH ACROSS THE GLADE--
--TO PLOW WITH STAGGERING IMPACT INTO HIS SHAGGY FOE!
HULK HAS COME, LITTLE FRIEND--TO HELP YOU BEAT WENDIGO!
PLOW!
BUT THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE MAY HAVE SPOKEN A TRIFLE PREMATURELY, AS SUDDENLY...
WEN-DI-GO!
UUNNH!
WENDIGO IS STRONG--BUT HULK AND HULK'S FRIEND ARE STRONGER!
SKOD!
HULK AND HULK'S FRIEND WILL SMASH WENDIGO!
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT BIG GREEN BRUTE SUDDENLY THINKS I'M HIS BUDDY--
--BUT IT'S A LITTLE MISCONCEPTION I CAN MAKE USE OF!
QUICKLY, MY FRIEND HULK--WHILE I'VE GOT THE WENDIGO DISTRACTED--
--ATTACK HIM!
HAH! IS GOOD PLAN, FRIEND. HULK WILL DO AS YOU SAY.
BUT FIRST, LITTLE FRIEND MUST GO AWAY FROM WENDIGO--
--BECAUSE WHAT HULK DOES NOW, ONLY HULK CAN DO--


WEN-DI-GO!
--AND HULK DOES NOT WANT HULK'S NEW FRIEND TO BE HURT--
--NOT EVEN BY ACCIDENT!
KROOM!
INCREDIBLE! THE HULK THREW THE WENDIGO WITH FORCE ENOUGH TO UPROOT A STAND OF TREES--
--BUT THE WOODSBEAST IS STILL CONSCIOUS!

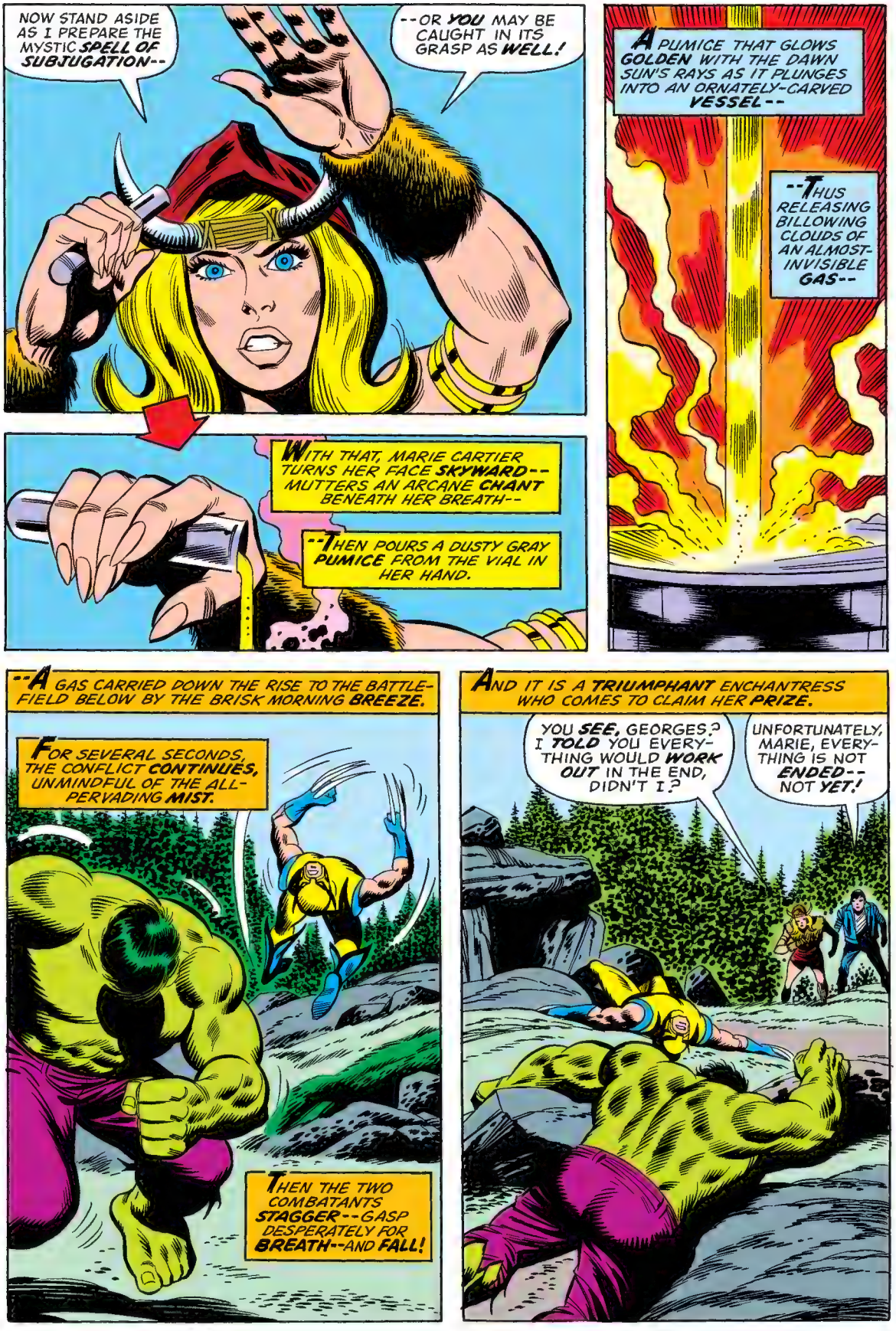

THE HULK DID HIS BEST, BUT IT JUST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH--
--SO IT'S UP TO ME TO FINISH THIS LITTLE DONNYBROOK--AND FAST!
WITH THE SAVAGE FEROCITY OF THE CREATURE FOR WHICH HE IS NAMED, THE WOLVERINE HURLS HIMSELF UPON THE FURRY NIGHTMARE.
THERE IS A SHRILL HISSING AS HIS ADAMANTIUM TALONS FLASH THRU THE AIR--A SICKENING THWUCK AS THEY STRIKE--

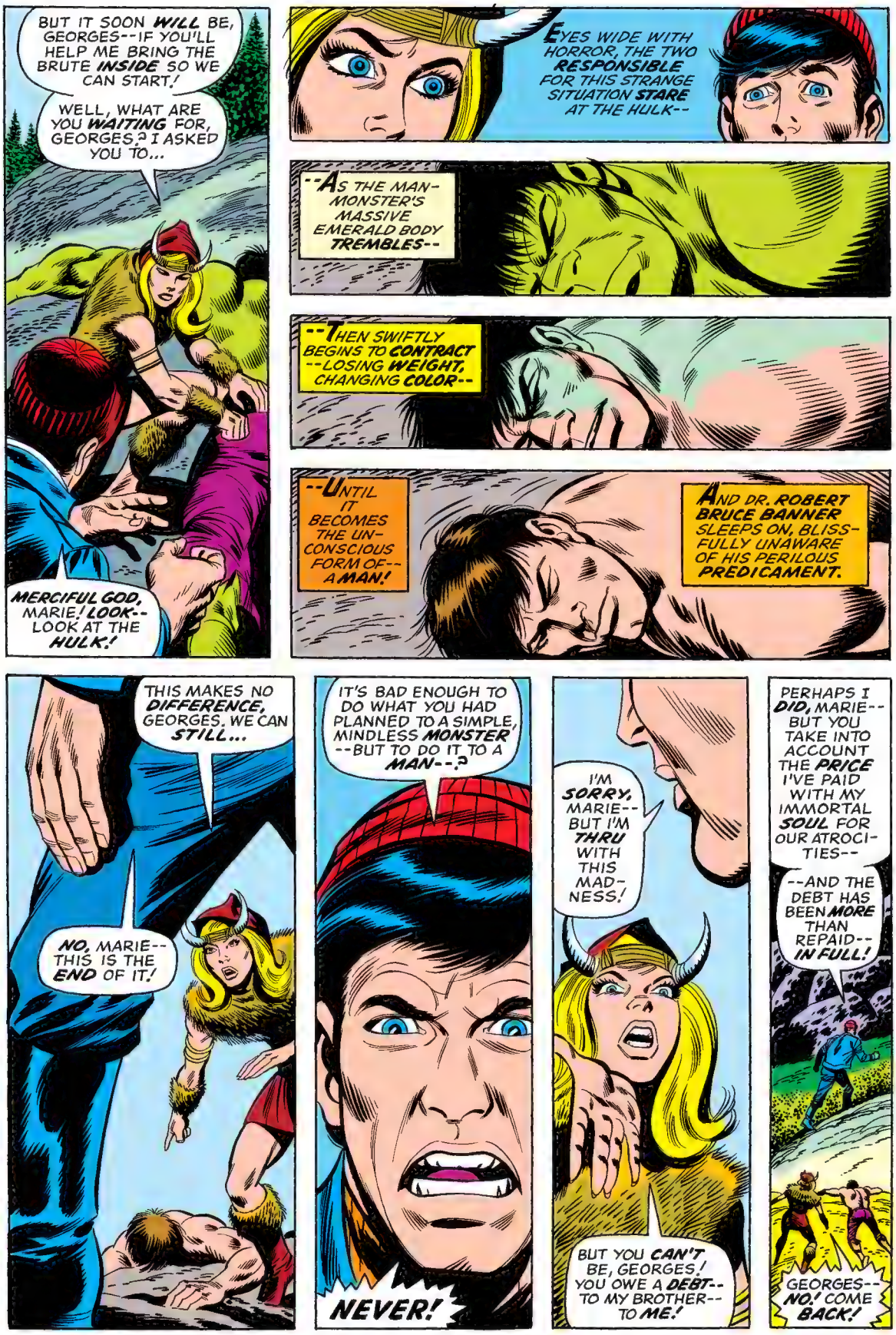
--AND WHEN THE WOLVERINE RISES, HE RISES ALONE!
HAH! LITTLE FRIEND DID GOOD. YOU SMASHED UGLY WENDIGO ONCE--
--AND NOW WENDIGO IS DEAD!
HE SHOULD BE, HULK--BUT HE'S NOT!
APPARENTLY, THE WENDIGO IS AS IMMORTAL AS THE LEGENDS SAY. MY TALONS ONLY RENDERED HIM UNCONSCIOUS!
A STRANGE, UNEASY SILENCE SETTLES OVER THE SCENE THEN. THE THREAT OF THE WENDIGO IS ENDED, OR SO IT SEEMS--
--AND THE HULK PEERS AT HIS PINT-SIZED COMPANION IN QUIET CONFUSION. HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO THE WOLVERINE NOW THAT THE BATTLE IS DONE--
--DOES NOT KNOW HOW HE SHOULD RESPOND TO THIS SOMBER LITTLE MAN.
BUT WHEN THE WOLVERINE SUDDENLY LASHES OUT WITH CUSTOMARY SAVAGERY, THE HULK'S RESPONSE BECOMES ALMOST AUTOMATIC!
ALL RIGHT, GREENSKIN--IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE A THRASHING!
THRAK
HUH?
PUNY LITTLE MAN, HULK THOUGHT YOU WERE HULK'S FRIEND! HULK TRUSTED YOU--
--BUT YOU BETRAYED HULK--ATTACKED HULK--JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER PUNY HUMANS HULK HAS KNOWN!
LITTLE MAN MADE A FOOL OF HULK--AND FOR THAT, HULK WILL SMASH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, UGLY--
--AND NOBODY IS FAST ENOUGH TO DO THAT!

HIDDEN IN THE PRE-DAWN SHADOWS NEARBY, AN UNCOMFORTABLE GEORGES BAPTISTE AND A GRIM MARIE CARTIER--THE GIRL WHO LURED THE HULK TO QUEBEC--WATCH THE RAGING BATTLE WITH A MIXTURE OF HORROR AND ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION.
THERE, MARIE. DO YOU SEE WHAT YOUR MADNESS HAS WROUGHT? YOUR BROTHER HAS FALLEN--PERHAPS MORTALLY WOUNDED--AND IT IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
NONSENSE, GEORGES--EVERYTHING GOES EVEN BETTER THAN EXPECTED!
THE WENDIGO CAN'T BE HARMED--YOU KNOW THAT.
THE HULK AND THE ONE CALLED WOLVERINE MERELY SAVED US THE TASK OF OVERCOMING PAUL ALL BY OURSELVES!
NOW QUICKLY--WHILE THEY'RE STILL DISTRACTED--HELP ME CARRY PAUL'S BODY INSIDE.
THE SOONER THINGS ARE PREPARED, THE SOONER WE'LL BE READY TO BEGIN THE TRANSFORMATION!
MOMENTS LATER, WITHIN THE STONE-SLAB HOVEL NEARBY...
--AND THEN I'LL UTILIZE THE BLACK ARTS I'VE LEARNED TO TRANSFER THE CURSE OF THE WENDIGO FROM MY BROTHER TO THE BRUTE.
FINE. THE VAPORS OF SLUMBER WILL KEEP PAUL UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL WE'VE CAPTURED THE HULK AS WELL--
MARIE, I BEG YOU--PLEASE RECONSIDER THIS INSANITY! WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO IS UNNATURAL--UNHOLY--
--AND DANGEROUS!
OUTSIDE, THE JADE-HUED JUGGERNAUT FIGHTS ON, UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE FATE THE MANIACALLY OBSESSED GIRL HAS PLANNED FOR HIM--
--UNAWARE OF THE GOLD-AND-CRIMSON SPLENDOR SPREAD ACROSS HIS BATTLEFIELD BY THE SWIFTLY RISING SUN--
--A SUN ALSO RISING BEHIND A SECRET CANADIAN MILITARY COMPLEX NESTLED DEEP IN THE SHELTERING HILLS NOT TOO VERY FAR AWAY.


--WHERE WE HAVE COME TO EAVESDROP ON A MOST PERTINENT CONVERSATION.
ANY WORD FROM WEAPON X AS YET, MATHEWS?
NOT AT THE MOMENT, SIR. AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS THAT HE'S ENTERED THE TARGET ZONE--
--BUT SO FAR...WELL, SO FAR WE'VE HEARD NOTHING!
RCAF
DO YOU THINK WE DID THE RIGHT THING, SIR? I MEAN--SENDING HIM INTO ACTIVE COMBAT LIKE THAT--ALONE?
WE WOULDN'T HAVE SENT HIM IF WE DIDN'T THINK HE WAS READY, HOLDERIDGE!
THE GOVERNMENT HAS SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME, EFFORT, AND MONEY, DEVELOPING THAT MUTANT'S NATURAL-BORN SPEED, STRENGTH AND SAVAGERY INTO THE SKILLS OF A PROFESSIONAL WARRIOR--
--AND DESPITE THE FEW KINKS STILL REMAINING IN HIS PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKEUP, I THINK WE'VE DONE A PRETTY GOOD JOB!
THE WOLVERINE ASKED FOR SIX HOURS TO BRING IN THE HULK SINGLE-HANDED--AND HE'S GOING TO HAVE THOSE SIX HOURS.
THEN, IF HE FAILS--AND, MIND YOU, I DON'T THINK HE WILL--THEN WE WILL TAKE OTHER ACTION!
RCAF
CONTINGENCY MEASURES HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUT INTO ACTIVE OPERATION OUTSIDE!
THAT SPECIALLY-DESIGNED CHOPPER IS READY TO DROP A CRACK TEAM OF TOP COMMANDOES INTO THE AREA IF NECESSARY!
BELIEVE ME, GENTLEMEN, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER--THE HULK IS AS GOOD AS FINISHED!

AND THAT UNNAMED OFFICER MAY SPEAK MORE TRULY THAN EVEN HE KNOWS--FOR BACK AT THE BATTLE SITE...
BLAST YOU, GREENSKIN--NO ONE COULD BE THAT STRONG!
WHY IN BLAZES DON'T YOU FALL?
STRONG? BAH!
PUNY LITTLE MAN, HULK WILL SHOW YOU STRONG!
SEE HOW EASY HULK LIFTS BIG ROCK--ROCK THAT HULK WILL SMASH YOU WITH?
YES, HULK, I SEE--
--BUT IN A SECOND, ALL THAT YOU'LL SEE ARE A LOT OF LITTLE STARS!
HUH? PUNY LITTLE MAN HITS HULK--MAKES HULK DROP ROCK--!
SPWAK
KWAMM!
PUNY LITTLE MAN, YOU MAKE HULK MAD!
NOW NOTHING WILL STOP HULK FROM CRUSHING YOU LIKE BUG!
NOTHING, JADE-JAWS? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT--
--FOR ON A SMALL RISE JUST BEHIND YOU...
EVERYTHING'S IN READINESS. THE SUN IS AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT ANGLE--THE BREEZE IS BLOWING PERFECTLY--!
MARIE, DON'T DO THIS! AS YOUR BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND, I BESEECH YOU--!
AS MY BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND, YOU'LL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY--SINCE IT'S YOUR FAULT HE BECAME THE WENDIGO IN THE FIRST PLACE!*
*AS EXPLAINED IN DETAIL LAST ISSUE AND WAY BACK IN HULK #162.--RASCALLY ROY.


NOW STAND ASIDE AS I PREPARE THE MYSTIC SPELL OF SUBJUGATION--
--OR YOU MAY BE CAUGHT IN ITS GRASP AS WELL!
WITH THAT, MARIE CARTIER TURNS HER FACE SKYWARD-- MUTTERS AN ARCANE CHANT BENEATH HER BREATH--
--THEN POURS A DUSTY GRAY PUMICE FROM THE VIAL IN HER HAND.
A PUMICE THAT GLOWS GOLDEN WITH THE DAWN SUN'S RAYS AS IT PLUNGES INTO AN ORNATELY-CARVED VESSEL--
--THUS RELEASING BILLOWING CLOUDS OF AN ALMOST-INVISIBLE GAS--
--A GAS CARRIED DOWN THE RISE TO THE BATTLE-FIELD BELOW BY THE BRISK MORNING BREEZE.
FOR SEVERAL SECONDS, THE CONFLICT CONTINUES, UNMINDFUL OF THE ALL-PERVADING MIST.
THEN THE TWO COMBATANTS STAGGER--GASP DESPERATELY FOR BREATH--AND FALL!
AND IT IS A TRIUMPHANT ENCHANTRESS WHO COMES TO CLAIM HER PRIZE.
YOU SEE, GEORGES? I TOLD YOU EVERY-THING WOULD WORK OUT IN THE END, DIDN'T I?
UNFORTUNATELY, MARIE, EVERY-THING IS NOT ENDED-- NOT YET!


BUT IT SOON WILL BE, GEORGES--IF YOU'LL HELP ME BRING THE BRUTE INSIDE SO WE CAN START!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, GEORGES? I ASKED YOU TO...
MERCIFUL GOD, MARIE! LOOK-- LOOK AT THE HULK!
EYES WIDE WITH HORROR, THE TWO RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS STRANGE SITUATION STARE AT THE HULK--
--AS THE MAN-MONSTER'S MASSIVE EMERALD BODY TREMBLES--
--THEN SWIFTLY BEGINS TO CONTRACT --LOSING WEIGHT, CHANGING COLOR--
--UNTIL IT BECOMES THE UN-CONSCIOUS FORM OF-- A MAN!
AND DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER SLEEPS ON, BLISS-FULLY UNAWARE OF HIS PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.
THIS MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, GEORGES. WE CAN STILL...
NO, MARIE-- THIS IS THE END OF IT!
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO DO WHAT YOU HAD PLANNED TO A SIMPLE, MINDLESS MONSTER --BUT TO DO IT TO A MAN--?
NEVER!
I'M SORRY, MARIE-- BUT I'M THRU WITH THIS MAD-NESS!
BUT YOU CAN'T BE, GEORGES! YOU OWE A DEBT-- TO MY BROTHER-- TO ME!
PERHAPS I DID, MARIE-- BUT YOU TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE PRICE I'VE PAID WITH MY IMMORTAL SOUL FOR OUR ATROCI-TIES--
--AND THE DEBT HAS BEEN MORE THAN REPAID-- IN FULL!
GEORGES-- NO! COME BACK!

GEORGES BAPTISTE STEELS HIMSELF AGAINST MARIE'S PLAINTIVE CRIES AND STRIDES SOMBERLY INTO THE FOREST'S DEPTHS.
THERE, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE STONE-SLAB HOVEL, AMIDST AN EVERGREEN BEAUTY THAT SPEAKS SILENTLY OF A PEACE HE MAY NEVER AGAIN FIND IN THIS LIFE, GEORGES SITS--AND THINKS.
MARIE'S LAST WORDS ECHO AND RE-ECHO WITHIN HIS MIND--THE DEBT HE OWES HER BROTHER, PAUL--THE DEBT HE OWES HER--!
THE IMAGE OF MARIE'S LOVELY FACE, SCARRED BY LINES OF TORMENT, DANCES MADLY BEFORE HIS EYES--AND, A SINGLE ANGUISHED SOB ESCAPING HIS LIPS, GEORGES KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO.

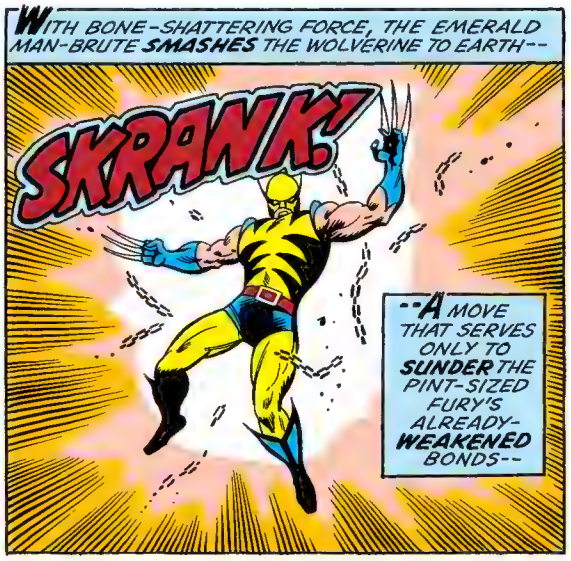
SO LONG AS PAUL CARTIER SUFFERS THE CURSE OF THE WENDIGO, MARIE WILL NEVER REST--AND THOUGH SHE CALLS THE SHAGGY WOODSBEAST IMMORTAL, GEORGES KNOWS THERE ARE MYSTIC THINGS WITHIN THE HOVEL THAT CAN PUT AN END TO PAUL'S SUFFERING--FOREVER!
STIFFLY, ALMOST MECHANICALLY, GEORGES RETURNS TO THE STONE-SLAB STRUCTURE--AND, HAVING CAST A MELANCHOLY GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE SUN-LIT SERENITY BEHIND HIM, GEORGES STEPS INSIDE!

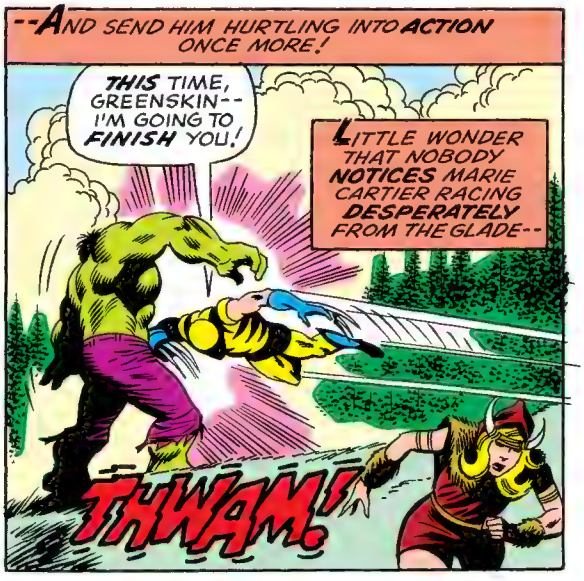
WHILE, BACK AT THE BATTLE-TORN CLEARING, MARIE CARTIER'S THOUGHTS ARE OPEN FOR ANY-ONE TO KNOW...
GO AHEAD, GEORGES--DESERT ME!
I DON'T NEED YOU! I DON'T NEED ANYONE!
I'LL COMPLETE THE RITE OF TRANSFORMATION ALONE--YOU'LL SEE!
ONCE I DRAG THIS SACRIFICE INSIDE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!
DON'T WORRY, PAUL DARLING--I'LL SAVE YOU! I'LL...
LORD, HE'S SO HEAVY FOR A LITTLE MAN--
--AND HIS SKIN--CHANGING COLOR--TURNING--
--GREEN.
OH... MY... GOD....
ANIMAL-GIRL TRICKED HULK--KNOCKED HULK OUT! HULK THOUGHT YOU WERE HULK'S FRIEND--
--BUT ANIMAL-GIRL IS JUST ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN!
NO, HULK--I AM YOUR FRIEND--I AM!

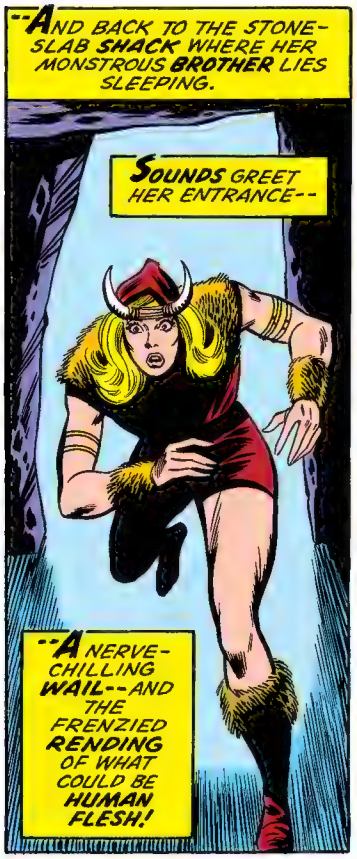
BAH! ANIMAL-GIRL LIES! HULK WILL...
...HULK WILL SMASH!

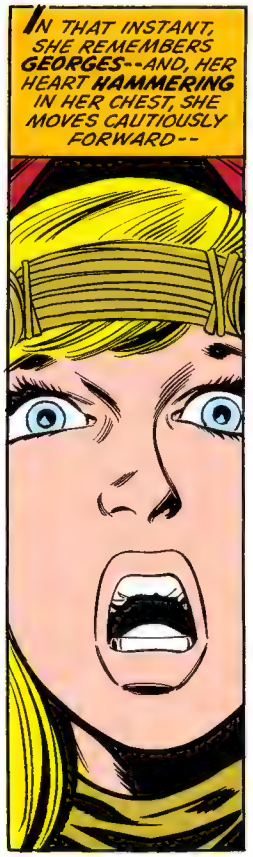
SCREAMING IN ABJECT TERROR AT THE THREAT, THE FUR-CLAD GIRL IS NATURALLY STARTLED WHEN THE GREEN GOLIATH LUMBERS RIGHT PAST HER--
--BEARING DOWN INSTEAD ON A SWIFTLY-REVIVING WOLVERINE!
YOU! YOU ARE THE ONE HULK TRULY HATES!
THEN YOU JUST GIVE ME A FEW MORE SECONDS TO BURST THESE CHAINS, AND I'LL...
HAH! LITTLE MAN CANNOT BREAK PUNY CHAINS?

THEN HULK WILL BREAK LITTLE MAN'S CHAINS--
--AND LITTLE MAN WITH THEM!


WITH BONE-SHATTERING FORCE, THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE SMASHES THE WOLVERINE TO EARTH--
SKRANK!
--A MOVE THAT SERVES ONLY TO SUNDER THE PINT-SIZED FURY'S ALREADY-WEAKENED BONDS--


--AND SEND HIM HURTLING INTO ACTION ONCE MORE!
THIS TIME, GREENSKIN-- I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU!
LITTLE WONDER THAT NOBODY NOTICES MARIE CARTIER RACING DESPERATELY FROM THE GLADE--
THWAM!

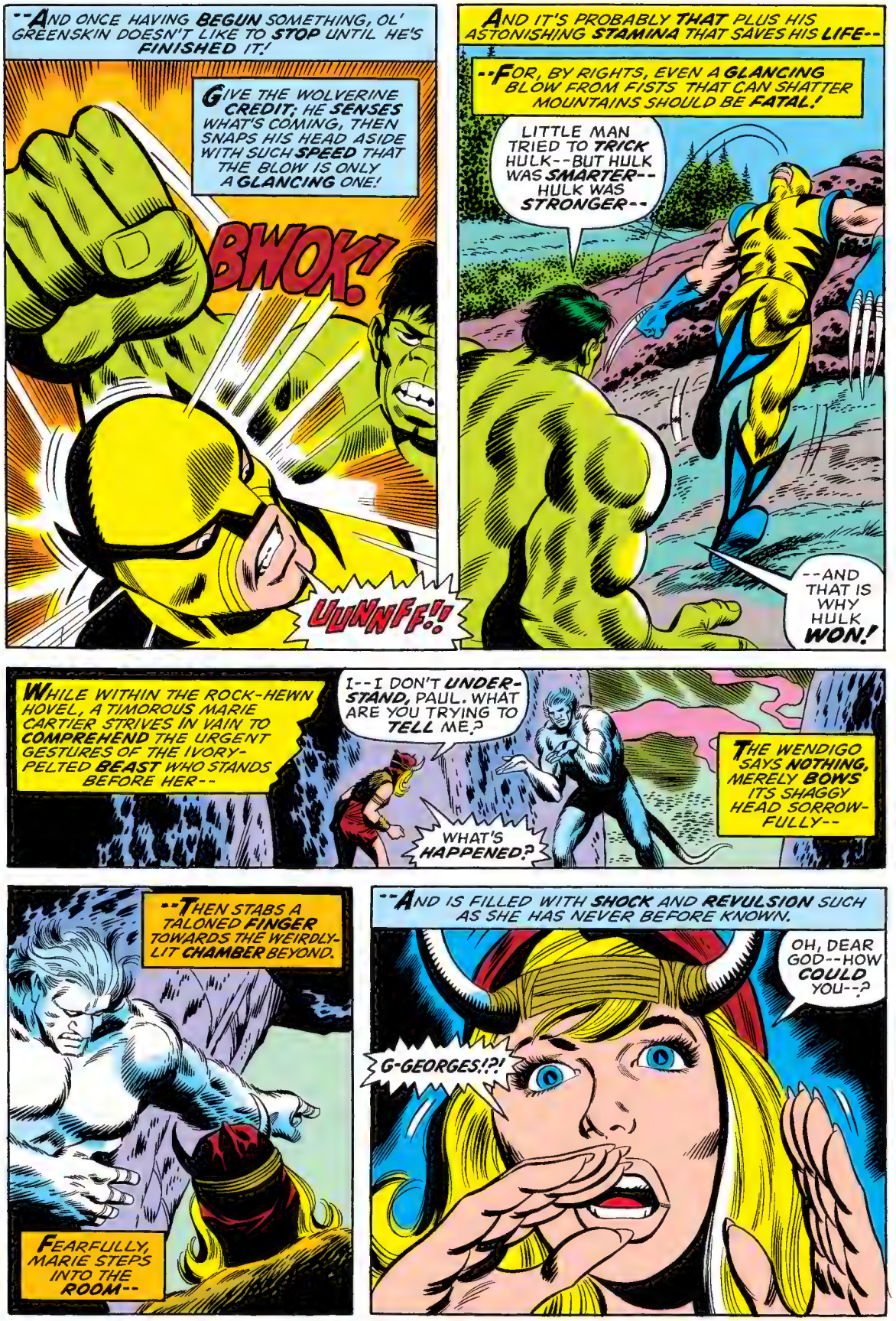

--AND BACK TO THE STONE-SLAB SHACK WHERE HER MONSTROUS BROTHER LIES SLEEPING.
SOUNDS GREET HER ENTRANCE--
--A NERVE-CHILLING WAIL--AND THE FRENZIED RENDING OF WHAT COULD BE HUMAN FLESH!


IN THAT INSTANT, SHE REMEMBERS GEORGES--AND, HER HEART HAMMERING IN HER CHEST, SHE MOVES CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD--

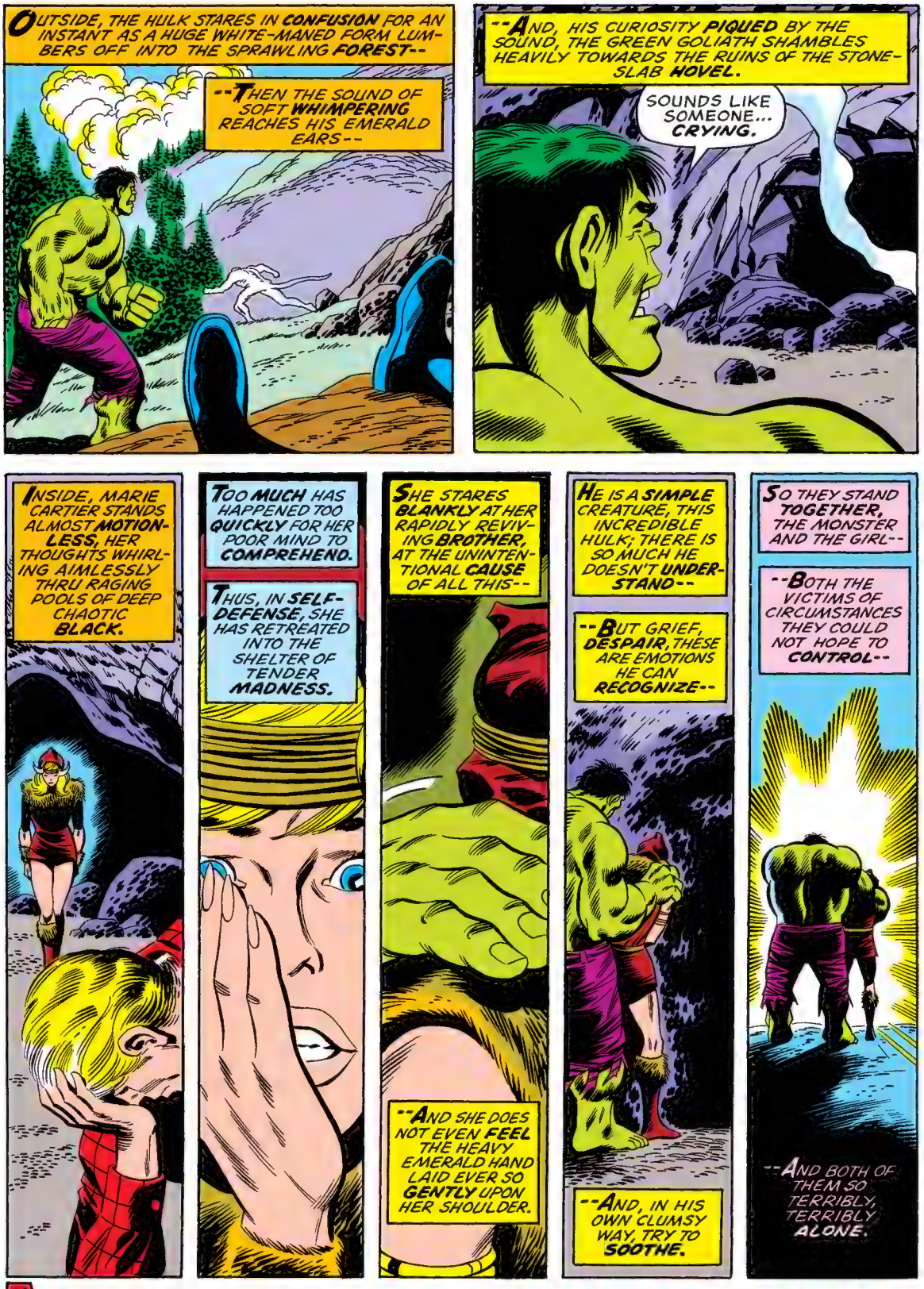
--TO FIND HER PATH BLOCKED BY THE THREATENING FORM OF A NEWLY-AWAKENED WENDIGO!
NO! OH-- NO!

MARIE'S SCREAM SLICES THE MORNING AIR LIKE THE STROKE OF A FINELY-HONED RAZOR.
EEEEEEEEE
FOR AN INSTANT, THE TWO COMBATANTS CEASE THEIR VIOLENT BATTLE--
WHAT IN HADES WAS THAT?

--BUT FOR ONLY AN INSTANT.
FOR, DESPITE ITS MANY FLAWS, THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH'S MIND GENERALLY RUNS ON ONE TRACK--


--AND ONCE HAVING BEGUN SOMETHING, OL' GREENSKIN DOESN'T LIKE TO STOP UNTIL HE'S FINISHED IT!
GIVE THE WOLVERINE CREDIT; HE SENSES WHAT'S COMING, THEN SNAPS HIS HEAD ASIDE WITH SUCH SPEED THAT THE BLOW IS ONLY A GLANCING ONE!
BWOK!
UUNNFF!!
AND IT'S PROBABLY THAT PLUS HIS ASTONISHING STAMINA THAT SAVES HIS LIFE--
--FOR, BY RIGHTS, EVEN A GLANCING BLOW FROM FISTS THAT CAN SHATTER MOUNTAINS SHOULD BE FATAL!
LITTLE MAN TRIED TO TRICK HULK--BUT HULK WAS SMARTER--HULK WAS STRONGER--
--AND THAT IS WHY HULK WON!
WHILE WITHIN THE ROCK-HEWN HOVEL, A TIMOROUS MARIE CARTIER STRIVES IN VAIN TO COMPREHEND THE URGENT GESTURES OF THE IVORY-PELTED BEAST WHO STANDS BEFORE HER--
I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PAUL. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
THE WENDIGO SAYS NOTHING, MERELY BOWS ITS SHAGGY HEAD SORROWFULLY--
--THEN STABS A TALONED FINGER TOWARDS THE WEIRDLY-LIT CHAMBER BEYOND.
FEARFULLY, MARIE STEPS INTO THE ROOM--
--AND IS FILLED WITH SHOCK AND REVULSION SUCH AS SHE HAS NEVER BEFORE KNOWN.
OH, DEAR GOD--HOW COULD YOU--?
G-GEORGES!?!

--FOR WHERE THE FUR-CLAD GIRL HAD EXPECTED TO FIND THE TORN AND BLOODIED BODY OF GEORGES BAPTISTE, INSTEAD SHE FINDS...
P-P-PAUL... MY BROTHER... NORMAL ONCE MORE!?!
TH-THEN THE RITE OF TRANSFORMATION HAS ALREADY BEEN PERFORMED!
OH, GEORGES...GEORGES...THE DEBT YOU OWED US WASN'T THAT STRONG!
NO DEBT COULD BE STRONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HAVE DONE... THIS!
WHY, GEORGES? WHY DID YOU DO IT?
YOU DON'T UNDER-STAND, MARIE...PERHAPS YOU NEVER WILL... BUT I DID NOT DO THIS... BECAUSE I OWED A DEBT...
...I DID IT... BECAUSE...
...I...LOVED... YOU...
THEN, HIS LAST VESTIGES OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS FADING, THE SHAGGY WOODSBEAST TURNS TO THE GRANITE WALL THAT IMPRISONS HIM--
--DEMOLISHES THE BARRIER WITH A SINGLE BLOW--
SCROOM!
--AND LOPES SWIFTLY OFF INTO THE UNDERBRUSH--
--LEAVING BEHIND A SHATTERED WALL AND AN EQUALLY-SHATTERED MARIE CARTIER.
GEORGES? GEORGES, PLEASE... COME BACK...
...COME... BACK...


OUTSIDE, THE HULK STARES IN CONFUSION FOR AN INSTANT AS A HUGE WHITE-MANED FORM LUMBERS OFF INTO THE SPRAWLING FOREST--
--THEN THE SOUND OF SOFT WHIMPERING REACHES HIS EMERALD EARS--
--AND, HIS CURIOSITY PIQUED BY THE SOUND, THE GREEN GOLIATH SHAMBLES HEAVILY TOWARDS THE RUINS OF THE STONE-SLAB HOVEL.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE... CRYING.
INSIDE, MARIE CARTIER STANDS ALMOST MOTIONLESS, HER THOUGHTS WHIRLING AIMLESSLY THRU RAGING POOLS OF DEEP CHAOTIC BLACK.
TOO MUCH HAS HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY FOR HER POOR MIND TO COMPREHEND.
THUS, IN SELF-DEFENSE, SHE HAS RETREATED INTO THE SHELTER OF TENDER MADNESS.
SHE STARES BLANKLY AT HER RAPIDLY REVIVING BROTHER, AT THE UNINTENTIONAL CAUSE OF ALL THIS--
--AND SHE DOES NOT EVEN FEEL THE HEAVY EMERALD HAND LAID EVER SO GENTLY UPON HER SHOULDER.
HE IS A SIMPLE CREATURE, THIS INCREDIBLE HULK; THERE IS SO MUCH HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND--
--BUT GRIEF, DESPAIR, THESE ARE EMOTIONS HE CAN RECOGNIZE--
--AND, IN HIS OWN CLUMSY WAY, TRY TO SOOTHE.
SO THEY STAND TOGETHER, THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL--
--BOTH THE VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES THEY COULD NOT HOPE TO CONTROL--
--AND BOTH OF THEM SO TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY ALONE.

NEXT CAN EVEN THE HULK SURVIVE BEING CAUGHT... "BETWEEN HAMMER AND ANVIL!"

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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MORTAL!
BETWEEN HAMMER AND ANVIL!
OKAY, HAMMER! NOTHING CAN STOP YOU-- AND NOTHING CAN MOVE ME!!
WHEN WE SLAM THE HULK BETWEEN US-- HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

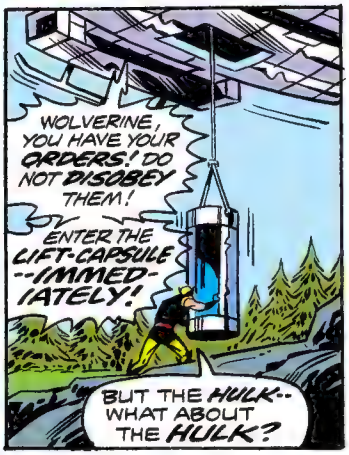
LEN WEIN & HERB TRIMPE
WRITER ARTIST

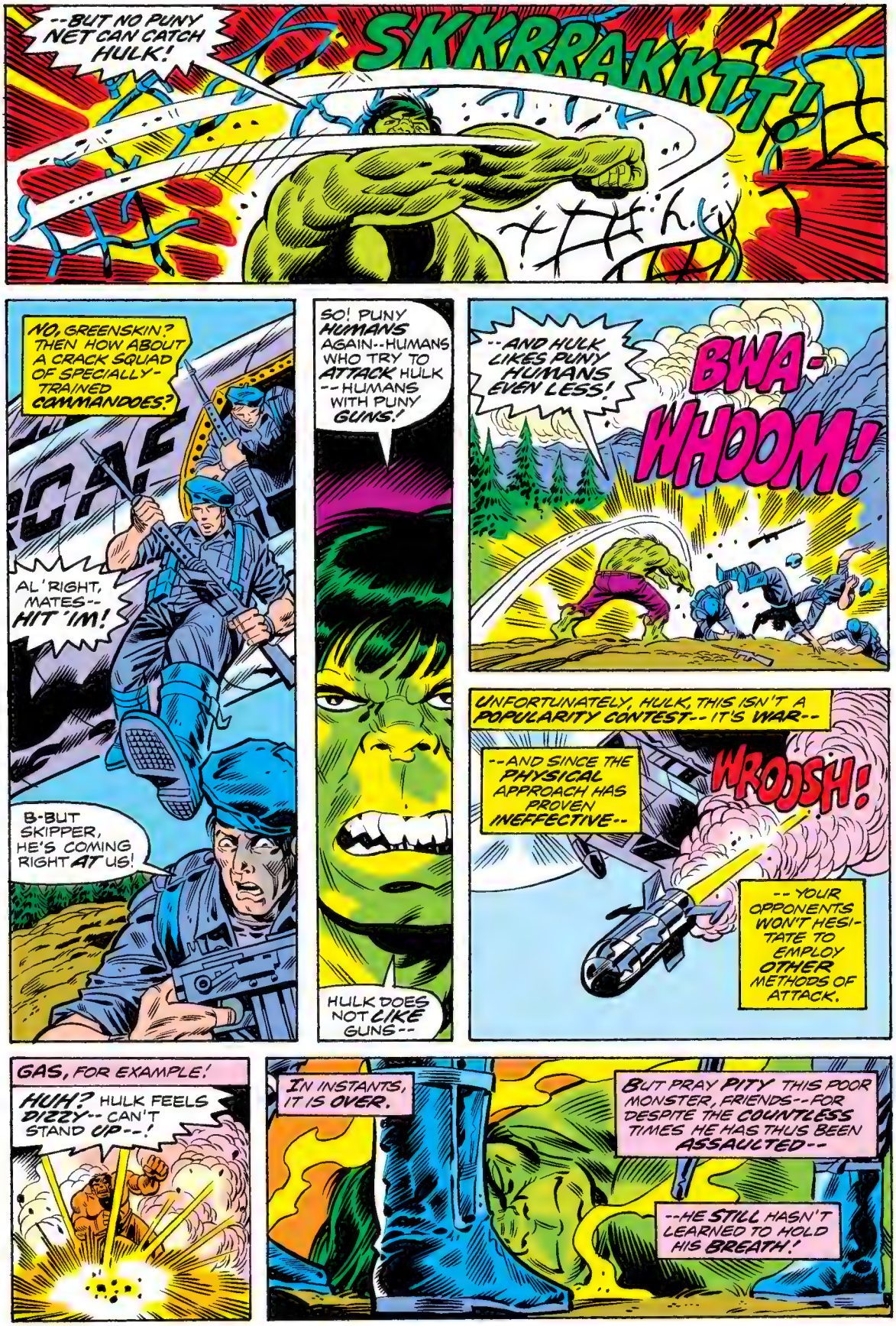
GLYNIS WEIN, colorist
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

BETWEEN HAMMER AND ANVIL!

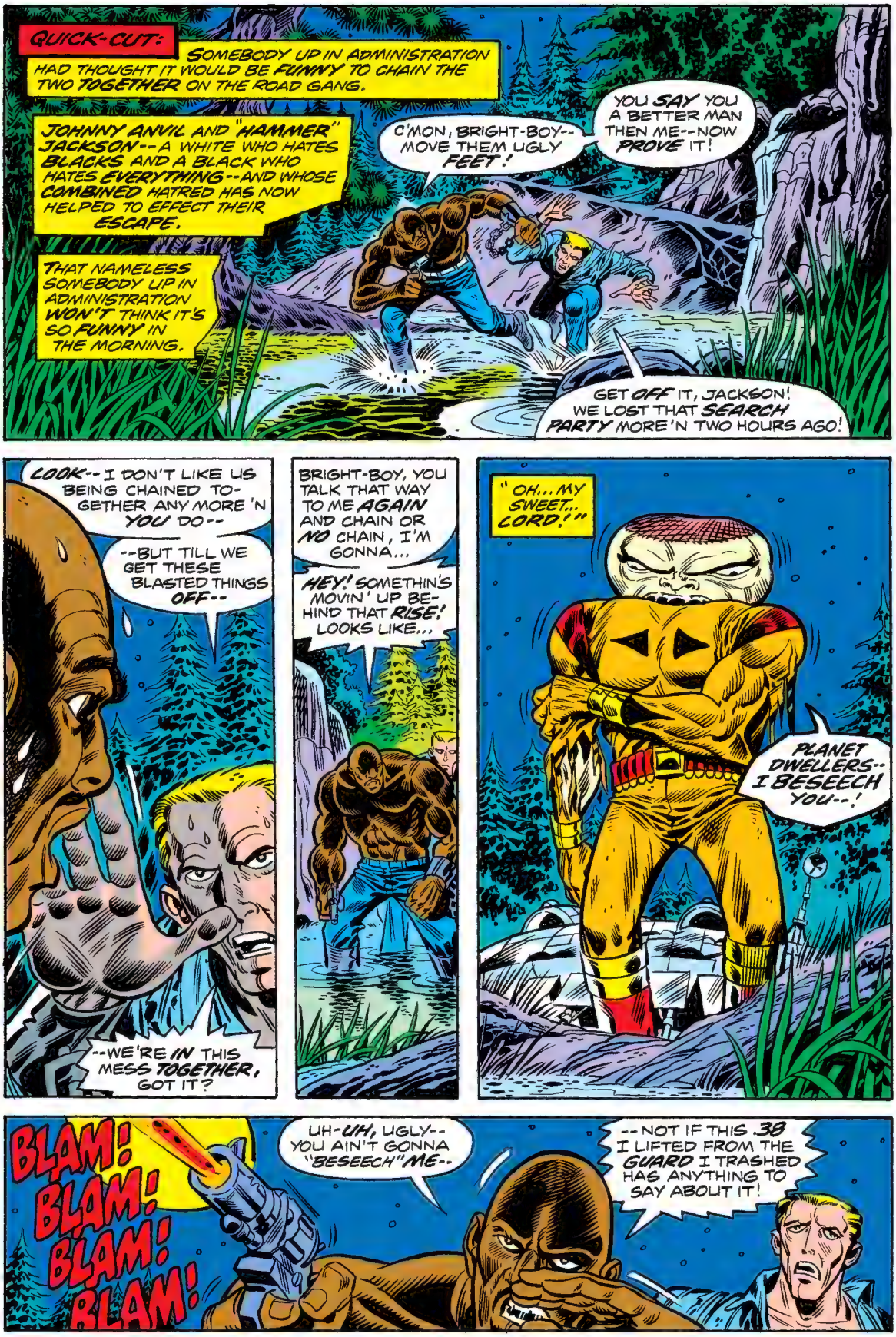
QUEBEC, CANADA-- DEEP IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS:
RCAF
ATTENTION, WOLVERINE-- YOUR SIX HOURS HAVE ELAPSED!
YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO CAPTURE THE MONSTER CALLED THE HULK-- AND YOU HAVE FAILED!
NOW IT IS OUR TURN TO TRY!




--BUT NO PUNY NET CAN CATCH HULK!
SKKRRAKKTT!
NO, GREENSKIN? THEN HOW ABOUT A CRACK SQUAD OF SPECIALLY-TRAINED COMMANDOES?
AL'RIGHT, MATES-- HIT 'IM!
B-BUT SKIPPER, HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US!
SO! PUNY HUMANS AGAIN--HUMANS WHO TRY TO ATTACK HULK --HUMANS WITH PUNY GUNS!
HULK DOES NOT LIKE GUNS--
--AND HULK LIKES PUNY HUMANS EVEN LESS!
BWA-WHOOM!
UNFORTUNATELY, HULK, THIS ISN'T A POPULARITY CONTEST--IT'S WAR--
--AND SINCE THE PHYSICAL APPROACH HAS PROVEN INEFFECTIVE--
WROOSH!
--YOUR OPPONENTS WON'T HESITATE TO EMPLOY OTHER METHODS OF ATTACK.
GAS, FOR EXAMPLE!
HUH? HULK FEELS DIZZY-- CAN'T STAND UP--!
IN INSTANTS, IT IS OVER.
BUT PRAY PITY THIS POOR MONSTER, FRIENDS--FOR DESPITE THE COUNTLESS TIMES HE HAS THUS BEEN ASSAULTED--
--HE STILL HASN'T LEARNED TO HOLD HIS BREATH!

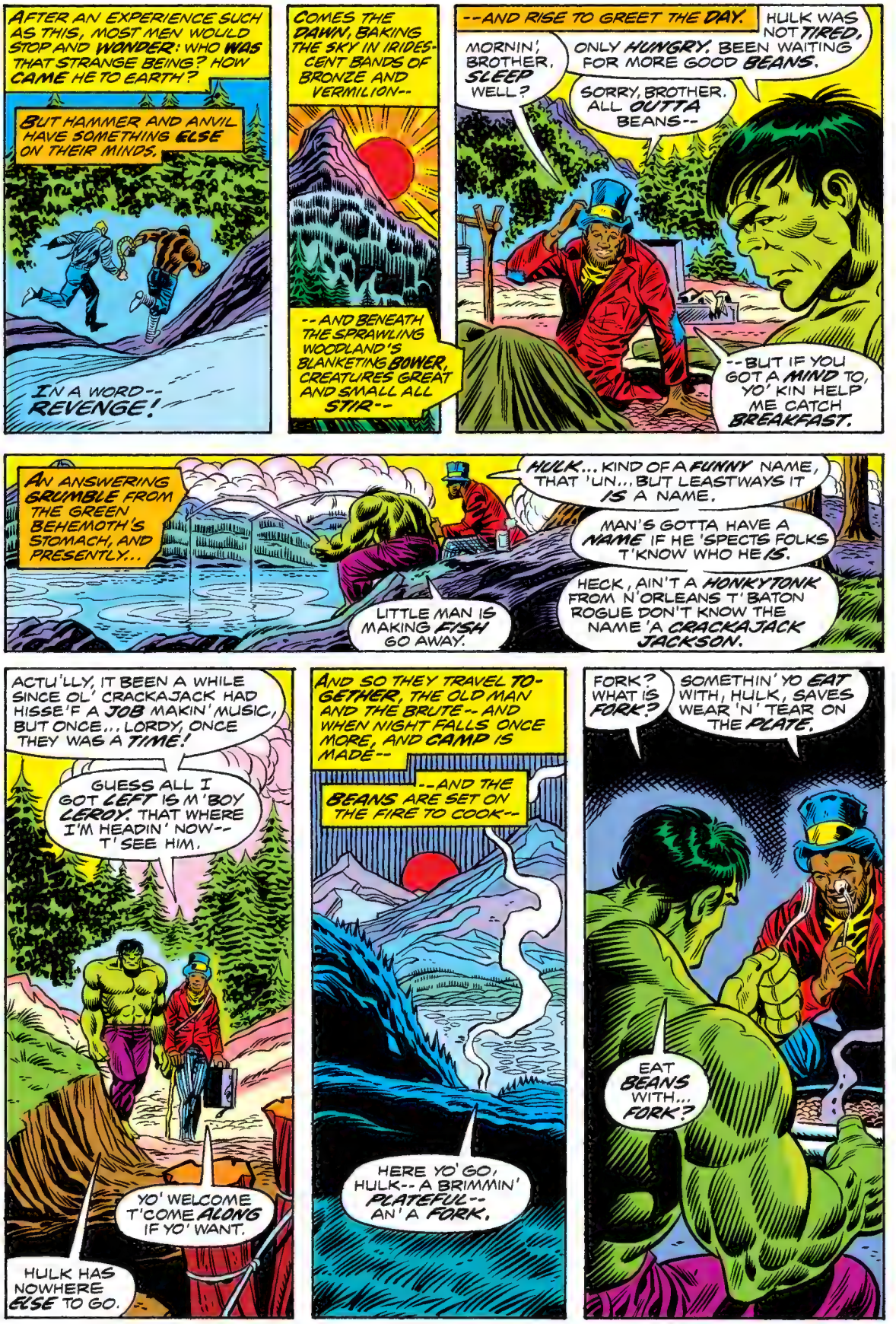
IT'S THE BRISK RUSH OF CHILL AIR UPON HIS FACE THAT AWAKENS THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH A SHORT WHILE LATER--
--TO FIND HIMSELF SUSPENDED BENEATH THE AWESOME HELICRAFT IN A TITANIUM STEEL CAGE.
IT DOES NOT CONCERN HIM THAT THE BATTERED TROOPERS HAD DISCOVERED MARIE CARTIER AND HER AMNESIAC BROTHER WITHIN THE STONE-SLAB HOVEL THAT HAS NOW BEEN LEFT SO FAR BEHIND*--
--FOR HE HAS ALREADY FORGOTTEN THEM.
*JUST TYING UP A LOOSE END OR TWO FROM LAST ISH. -- RECTIFYIN' ROY.
NO, ALL THAT CONCERNS THE INCREDIBLE ONE AT THE MOMENT IS--
CAGE!!
PUNY HUMANS THINK THEY CAN KEEP HULK PRISONER IN FLYING CAGE--
--BUT PUNY HUMANS ARE WRONG!!
THRANG!
ANGRILY, THE MAN-BRUTE TEARS THE RUINED BARS ASIDE, AND STEPS OUT OF HIS CELL--
--NEVER ONCE CONSIDERING THAT HIS FIRST STEP IS GOING TO BE A WHOPPER!
THOOM!
BY THE TIME THE FAST-MOVING AIRCRAFT RETURNS TO THE POINT OF IMPACT, THE HULK IS ALREADY GONE--
THRAK
--THE TRAIL OF MINDLESS DEVASTATION LEFT IN HIS WAKE DWINDLING INTO THE FOREST'S DEPTHS.
THE DAY IS PASSED IN AIMLESS WANDERING, AND THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC IS SOON LOST IN THE DISTANCE.
NIGHT FALLS--BUT THE STAR DAPPLED SKY HOLDS NO WONDER FOR THE TIRELESS GOLIATH.
HE LUMBERS HEAVILY ONWARD, PURSUING SOME ELUSIVE MOTE OF MEMORY PERHAPS--
--BUT STOPS, ROOTED IN CONFUSION, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND.
HULK HEARS... MUSIC?

VIGOROUSLY, THE GREEN GOLIATH SHAKES HIS SHAGGY HEAD TO RID HIMSELF OF THE UNFAMILIAR NOISE--
--BUT THE SOULFUL MELODY GOES ON.
MUSIC COMES FROM BEHIND BIG BUSHES.
SUCH STRANGE MUSIC.
THE TUNE IS "NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN"--AN APPROPRIATE NUMBER IN THE MAN-BRUTE'S CASE--BUT NOT ONE THE HULK IS LIKELY TO RECOGNIZE.
IT'S IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH THAT HE KNOWS THE SOUNDS ARE MUSIC.
FOR A TIME, THE BEHEMOTH STANDS IN SILENCE, TOTALLY ABSORBED IN THE HARMONICA'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY--
--UNTIL, AS IF SUDDENLY SENSING HIS AUDIENCE, THE TUNESMITH TURNS.
EVENIN', BROTHER. HOPE M' PLAYIN' AIN'T BOTHERED YO' NONE.
GUESS OL' CRACKA-JACK JACKSON AIN'T TH' KIND 'A MUSIC MAN I ONCE WAS, HEY?
CARE T' TAKE A TURN YO'SEF?
BUT LIKE A CHILD CAUGHT WITH HIS HAND IN THE COOKIE JAR, THE HULK'S REACTION IS PURELY DE-FENSIVE.
BAH! IS ONLY ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN! HULK WILL GO.
BROTHER-- WAIT! NO NEED TO HURRY OFF LIKE THET.
NIGHT'S LONG AN' IT'S LORD A' MIGHTY LONESOME.
C'MON BACK AN' SET A WHILE... PLEASE.
FIRE AIN'T MUCH-- BUT IT'S WARM.
AN' YO' COMP'NY 'LL MAKE IT A GOOD SIGHT WARMER.
AIN'T GOT MUCH T' OFFER YO' BY WAY 'A FOOD--
--BUT IF YO' HUNGRY, I STILL GOT SOME 'A THESE BEANS.
YEP, GUESS YO' WAS HUNGRY ENUFF, A' RIGHT.
BEANS ARE-- URP!-- GOOD.

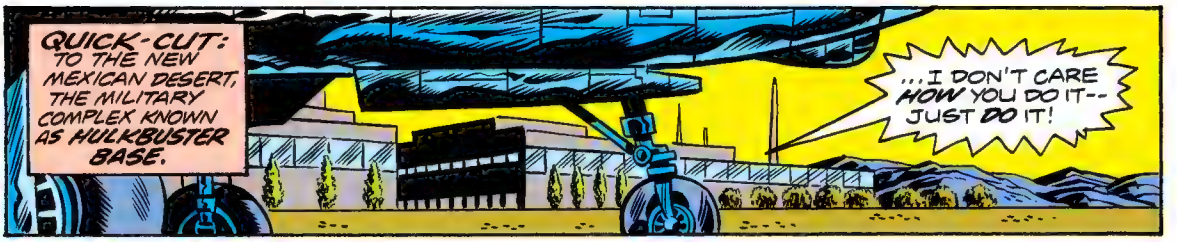

QUICK-CUT:
SOMEBODY UP IN ADMINISTRATION HAD THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO CHAIN THE TWO TOGETHER ON THE ROAD GANG.
JOHNNY ANVIL AND "HAMMER" JACKSON--A WHITE WHO HATES BLACKS AND A BLACK WHO HATES EVERYTHING--AND WHOSE COMBINED HATRED HAS NOW HELPED TO EFFECT THEIR ESCAPE.
THAT NAMELESS SOMEBODY UP IN ADMINISTRATION WON'T THINK IT'S SO FUNNY IN THE MORNING.
C'MON, BRIGHT-BOY--MOVE THEM UGLY FEET!
YOU SAY YOU A BETTER MAN THEN ME--NOW PROVE IT!
GET OFF IT, JACKSON! WE LOST THAT SEARCH PARTY MORE'N TWO HOURS AGO!
LOOK--I DON'T LIKE US BEING CHAINED TOGETHER ANY MORE 'N YOU DO--
--BUT TILL WE GET THESE BLASTED THINGS OFF--
--WE'RE IN THIS MESS TOGETHER, GOT IT?
BRIGHT-BOY, YOU TALK THAT WAY TO ME AGAIN AND CHAIN OR NO CHAIN, I'M GONNA...
HEY! SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' UP BEHIND THAT RISE! LOOKS LIKE...
"OH... MY SWEET... LORD!"
PLANET DWELLERS--I BESEECH YOU--!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
UH-UH, UGLY--YOU AIN'T GONNA "BESEECH" ME--
--NOT IF THIS .38 I LIFTED FROM THE GUARD I TRASHED HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!

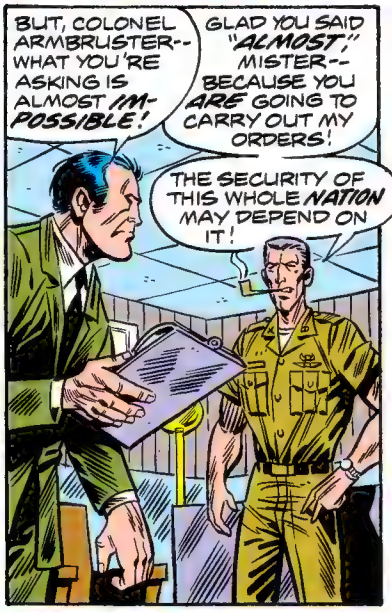
LIKE JET-PROPELLED BEES, THE LEADEN PELLETS HUM THRU THE AIR-- THEN ARE DRIVEN THRU A BROAD, INHUMAN CHEST.
FOR AN INSTANT, AN EXPRESSION VERY MUCH LIKE ASTONISHMENT CROSSES THE ALIEN'S VAST FACE--
THAK!
THAK!
THAK!
--TO BE ABRUPTLY REPLACED BY WHAT COULD ALMOST BE CALLED-- A SMILE!
THANK YOU, PLANET DWELLERS-- FOR PREVENTING MY TERMINATION!
WH-WHAT 'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE METAL YOU INJECTED HAS BEEN ABSORBED AND WILL SUSTAIN INTERNAL EXISTENCE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS.
YOU MEAN THOSE SLUGS SAVED YOUR LIFE?
INDEED-- AND YOU MUST NOW BE REPAID FOR YOUR GENEROSITY!
THOSE CHAINS! SUCH DRAB ADORNMENTS ARE UNWORTHY OF YOU--
--THUS LET THEM BEGONE!
SKRAKT!
MY MOLECULAR TRANSFUSER SHALL CREATE A NEW BOND BETWEEN YOU--
--THUS!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?
THAT GIZMO OF HIS--!
IT JUST CREATED ANOTHER --CHAIN!

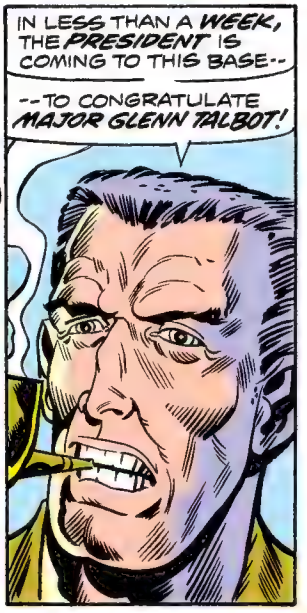
THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET FOR HELPIN' YOU? THIS IS OUR REWARD?
WELL, YOU CAN JUST TAKE YOUR REWARD AN' STUFF IT!
GET THE POINT, FREAK? THE CAST THING WE TWO WANT BETWEEN US IS ANOTHER LOUSY CHAIN!
CHAIN? WHAT YOU NOW WEAR UPON YOUR PERSONS IS NOT A SHACKLE--
--BUT AN ENERGY-SYNTHICON!
IF PROPERLY APPLIED, ITS ENERGIES CANNOT BE WITHSTOOD!
THAT TALL VEGETARIAN GROWTH, FOR EXAMPLE! IT APPEARS QUITE SUBSTANTIAL--
"--BUT I SUGGEST YOU TEST IT FOR YOURSELVES!"
OKAY, FREAK-- WE'LL TRY IT!
BUT IF WE GET KNOCKED ON OUR CANS, WE'RE GONNA FIND SOME WAY TO UNDO THAT LIFE-SAVING BIT!
RELUCTANTLY, THE TWO ESCAPED CONVICTS CHARGE FORWARD-- AND SUDDENLY THEIR EXHAUSTED BODIES SEEM TO SURGE WITH NEWFOUND POWER!
THEY PASS BESIDE THE MIGHTY FIR TREE AT ALMOST A GALLOP--
--BESIDE THE TREE-- AND THRU IT!
SWEET MAMA! THAT FREAK WASN'T KIDDIN'! I FEEL STRONG ENOUGH T'TAKE ON AN ARMY!
HELL'S BELLS, MAN! I FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO BE AN ARMY!
LOST IN JUBILATION, NEITHER MAN NOTICES THE ALIEN'S DEPARTURE..
--UNTIL THE SOUND OF COSMIC THUNDER FILLS THE NIGHT AIR-- AND A SHINING METAL STAR RETURNS TO THE HEAVENS ONCE MORE.
HEY-- THE FREAK--!
HE'S GONE!


AFTER AN EXPERIENCE SUCH AS THIS, MOST MEN WOULD STOP AND WONDER: WHO WAS THAT STRANGE BEING? HOW CAME HE TO EARTH?
BUT HAMMER AND ANVIL HAVE SOMETHING ELSE ON THEIR MINDS.
IN A WORD-- REVENGE!
COMES THE DAWN, BAKING THE SKY IN IRIDESCENT BANDS OF BRONZE AND VERMILION--
--AND BENEATH THE SPRAWLING WOODLAND'S BLANKETING BOWER, CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL ALL STIR--
--AND RISE TO GREET THE DAY.
HULK WAS NOT TIRED, ONLY HUNGRY. BEEN WAITING FOR MORE GOOD BEANS.
MORNIN', BROTHER. SLEEP WELL?
SORRY, BROTHER. ALL OUTTA BEANS--
--BUT IF YOU GOT A MIND TO, YO' KIN HELP ME CATCH BREAKFAST.
AN ANSWERING GRUMBLE FROM THE GREEN BEHEMOTH'S STOMACH, AND PRESENTLY...
HULK... KIND OF A FUNNY NAME, THAT 'UN... BUT LEASTWAYS IT IS A NAME.
MAN'S GOTTA HAVE A NAME IF HE 'SPECTS FOLKS T'KNOW WHO HE IS.
HECK, AIN'T A HONKYTONK FROM N'ORLEANS T' BATON ROGUE DON'T KNOW THE NAME 'A CRACKAJACK JACKSON.
LITTLE MAN IS MAKING FISH GO AWAY.
ACTU'LLY, IT BEEN A WHILE SINCE OL' CRACKAJACK HAD HISSE'F A JOB MAKIN' MUSIC, BUT ONCE... LORDY, ONCE THEY WAS A TIME!
GUESS ALL I GOT LEFT IS M'BOY LEROY. THAT WHERE I'M HEADIN' NOW-- T' SEE HIM.
YO' WELCOME T'COME ALONG IF YO' WANT.
HULK HAS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.
AND SO THEY TRAVEL TOGETHER, THE OLD MAN AND THE BRUTE -- AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS ONCE MORE, AND CAMP IS MADE--
--AND THE BEANS ARE SET ON THE FIRE TO COOK--
HERE YO' GO, HULK-- A BRIMMIN' PLATEFUL-- AN' A FORK.
FORK? WHAT IS FORK?
SOMETHIN' YO EAT WITH, HULK, SAVES WEAR 'N' TEAR ON THE PLATE.
EAT BEANS WITH... FORK?

HULK WILL DO WHAT CRACKA-JACK SAYS--
--BUT HULK STILL THINKS BEANS TASTE BETTER WITHOUT FORK.
KRONCH!
FORK TASTES FUNNY.
AT THAT, THE OLD MAN ROCKS WITH LAUGHTER, A BROADER, RICHER, FULLER LAUGH THAN HE HAS LAUGHED IN MANY YEARS.
HE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD IT IS TO HAVE FRIENDS.
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
NOW WHAT YO' GOT THERE, HULK?
A STICK.
WHAT YO' GON' DO WITH IT? WRITE YO' MEMOIRS?
WRITE?
SURE--LIKE THIS! SEE? THAT'S YO' NAME.
HULK'S NAME? NICE. HULK WISHES HULK COULD DO THAT.
HULK
SO, SLOWLY, PATIENTLY, THE OLD MAN TEACHES HIM HOW.
LIKE THIS?
CLOSE, HULK--'CEPT AN 'O' DON'T HAVE NO STRAIGHT LINES.
A...B...C...D... LETTER BY LETTER, THE BEHEMOTH LEARNS IT ALL--
--UNTIL AT LAST--
H-U-L-K... HULK!
HA! HULK KNOWS HULK'S NAME.
PROUD 'A YO', BROTHER, MAN AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' IF HE AIN'T GOT HIS NAME.
Y'KNOW--YO' A STRANGE 'UN, HULK, SKIN'S THE WRONG COLOR-- BUT THEN, THEY USE'TA SAY THAT 'BOUT ME--AN' YO' SO QUIET!
BUT WHATEVER ELSE YOU ARE, HULK, I WANT YO' TO KNOW--YO' MY FRIEND.
HULK... KNOWS, CRACKAJACK.


QUICK-CUT: TO THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT, THE MILITARY COMPLEX KNOWN AS HULKBUSTER BASE.
...I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT-- JUST DO IT!


BUT, COLONEL ARMBRUSTER-- WHAT YOU'RE ASKING IS ALMOST IM-POSSIBLE!
GLAD YOU SAID "ALMOST," MISTER-- BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO CARRY OUT MY ORDERS!
THE SECURITY OF THIS WHOLE NATION MAY DEPEND ON IT!

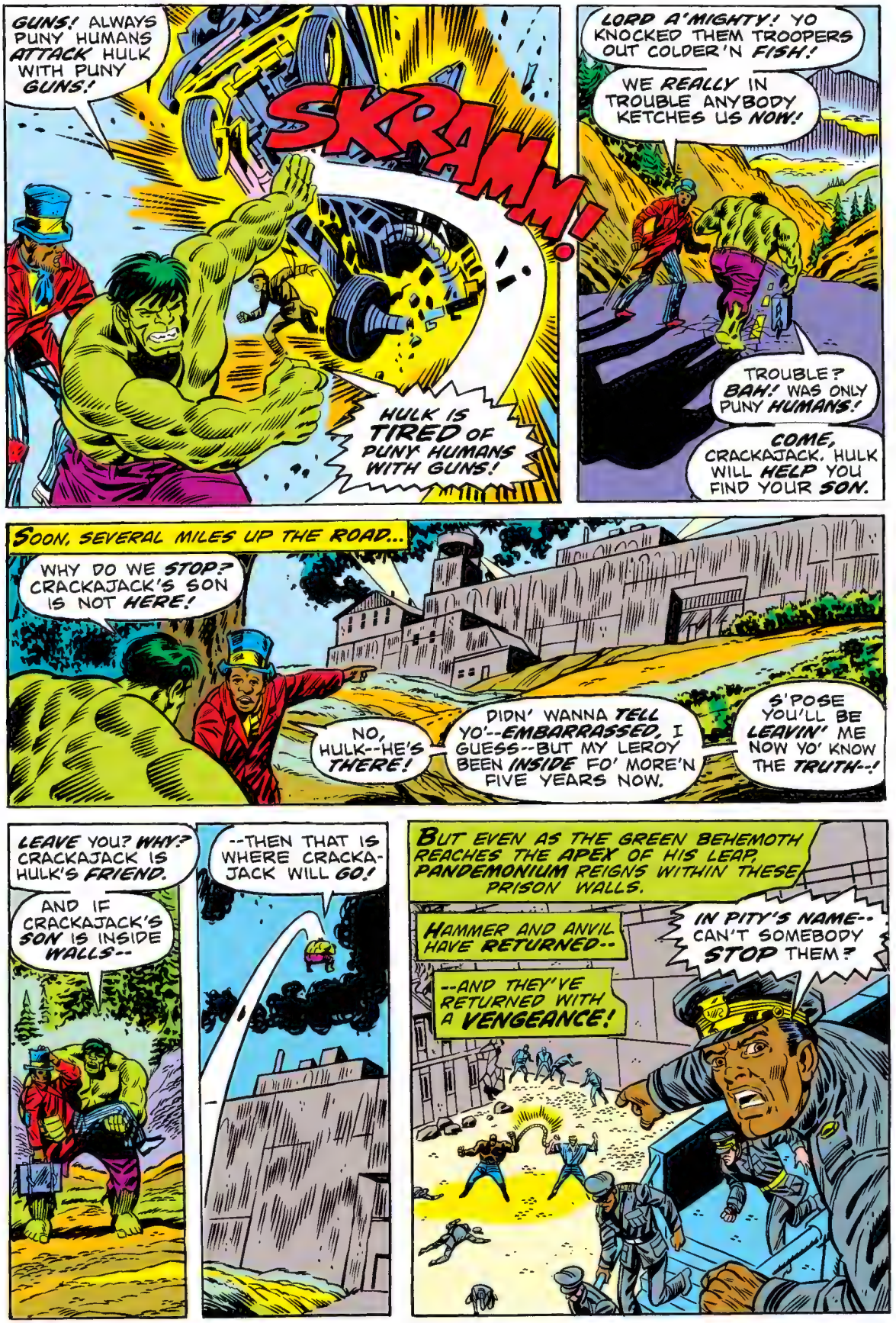

IN LESS THAN A WEEK, THE PRESIDENT IS COMING TO THIS BASE--
--TO CONGRATULATE MAJOR GLENN TALBOT!

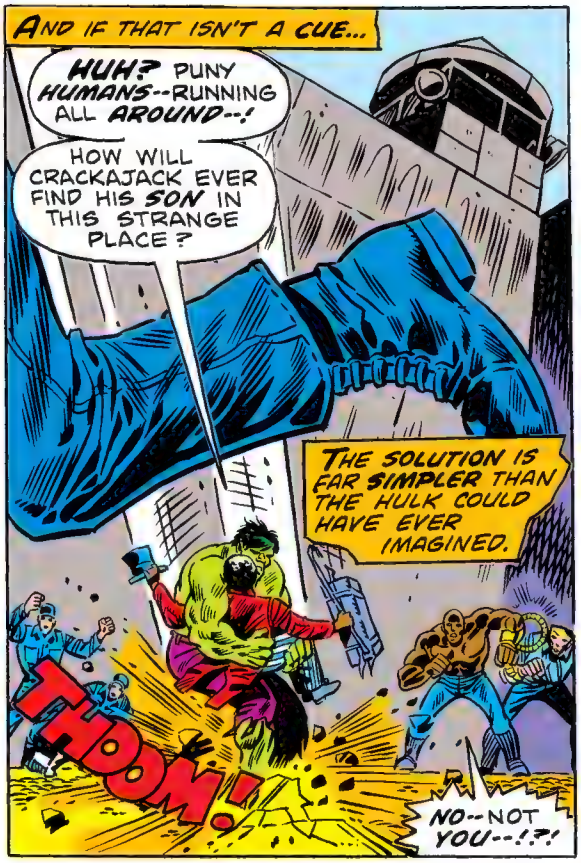
DESPITE THE CLEARANCE YOUR DEPARTMENT GAVE HIM, I'M CONVINCED THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH TALBOT--!
I WANT YOUR BOYS TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS BEFORE THE CHIEF EXEC-UTIVE GETS HERE-- AND I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT!

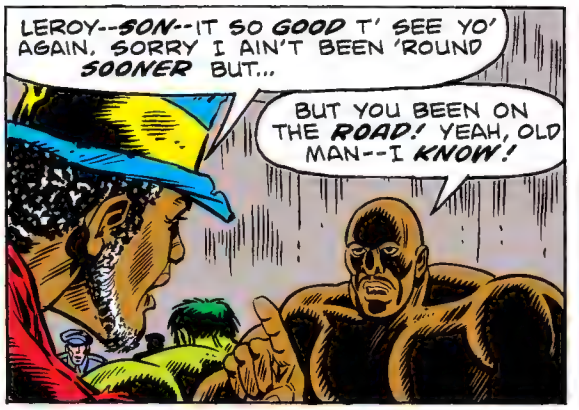
SLOW-DISSOLVE: A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, LIT CRIMSON BY THE FLASHING BEACON OF A STATE POLICE CAR.
SORRY, OLD-TIMER-- BUT WE CAN'T LET YOU THRU!
THERE'S SOME KIND'A TROUBLE AT THE STATE PRISON UP AHEAD! THE WHOLE AREA IS CORDONED OFF!
BUT I GOTTA GET THRU! MY SON IS UP T' THE PRISON-- AN' I WALKED TWELVE HUN'ERD MILES T'SEE 'IM!

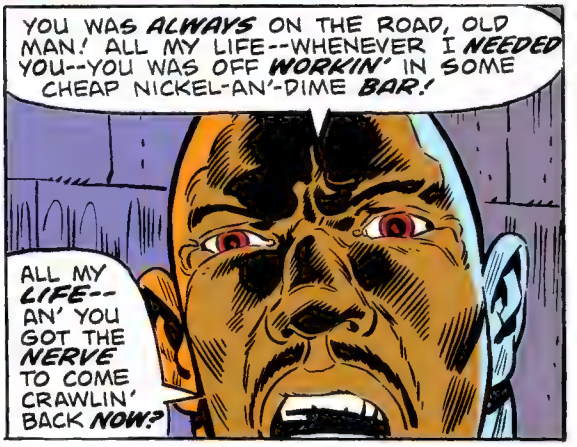
WISH I COULD MAKE AN EXCEPTION, OLD-TIMER, BUT...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
NO, BROTHER! STAY BACK LIKE I TOLD YO' TO!

PUNY HUMANS! LET CRACKAJACK THRU--OR HULK WILL SMASH!
ST-STAY BACK-- OR I'LL SHOOT!

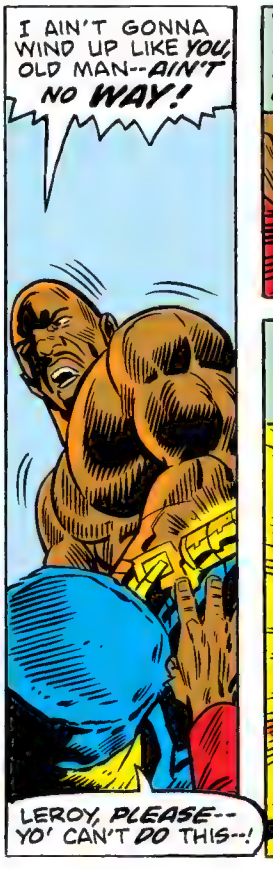

GUNS! ALWAYS PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HULK WITH PUNY GUNS!
SKRAMM!
HULK IS TIRED OF PUNY HUMANS WITH GUNS!
LORD A'MIGHTY! YO KNOCKED THEM TROOPERS OUT COLDER'N FISH!
WE REALLY IN TROUBLE ANYBODY KETCHES US NOW!
TROUBLE? BAH! WAS ONLY PUNY HUMANS!
COME, CRACKAJACK. HULK WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR SON.
SOON, SEVERAL MILES UP THE ROAD..
WHY DO WE STOP? CRACKAJACK'S SON IS NOT HERE!
NO, HULK--HE'S THERE!
DIDN' WANNA TELL YO'--EMBARRASSED, I GUESS--BUT MY LEROY BEEN INSIDE FO' MORE'N FIVE YEARS NOW.
S'POSE YOU'LL BE LEAVIN' ME NOW YO' KNOW THE TRUTH--!
LEAVE YOU? WHY? CRACKAJACK IS HULK'S FRIEND.
AND IF CRACKAJACK'S SON IS INSIDE WALLS--
--THEN THAT IS WHERE CRACKA-JACK WILL GO!
BUT EVEN AS THE GREEN BEHEMOTH REACHES THE APEX OF HIS LEAP, PANDEMONIUM REIGNS WITHIN THESE PRISON WALLS.
HAMMER AND ANVIL HAVE RETURNED--
--AND THEY'VE RETURNED WITH A VENGEANCE!
IN PITY'S NAME-- CAN'T SOMEBODY STOP THEM?

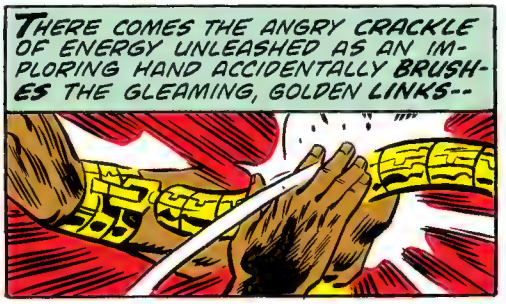

AND IF THAT ISN'T A CUE...
HUH? PUNY HUMANS--RUNNING ALL AROUND--!
HOW WILL CRACKAJACK EVER FIND HIS SON IN THIS STRANGE PLACE?
THE SOLUTION IS FAR SIMPLER THAN THE HULK COULD HAVE EVER IMAGINED.
THOOM!
NO--NOT YOU--!?!


LEROY--SON--IT SO GOOD T' SEE YO' AGAIN. SORRY I AIN'T BEEN 'ROUND SOONER BUT...
BUT YOU BEEN ON THE ROAD! YEAH, OLD MAN--I KNOW!


YOU WAS ALWAYS ON THE ROAD, OLD MAN! ALL MY LIFE--WHENEVER I NEEDED YOU--YOU WAS OFF WORKIN' IN SOME CHEAP NICKEL-AN'-DIME BAR!
ALL MY LIFE-- AN' YOU GOT THE NERVE TO COME CRAWLIN' BACK NOW?

I'M...SORRY, SON. I MEANT T' BE THERE... I WANTED T' BE THERE BUT...
FORGET IT, OLD MAN--I DON'T NEED YOU NO MORE! I GOT ME A NEW GIG NOW--
--AN' ONCE I TEAR THIS STINKHOLE DOWN, I'M GONNA GO GET ME SOME REAL MONEY!

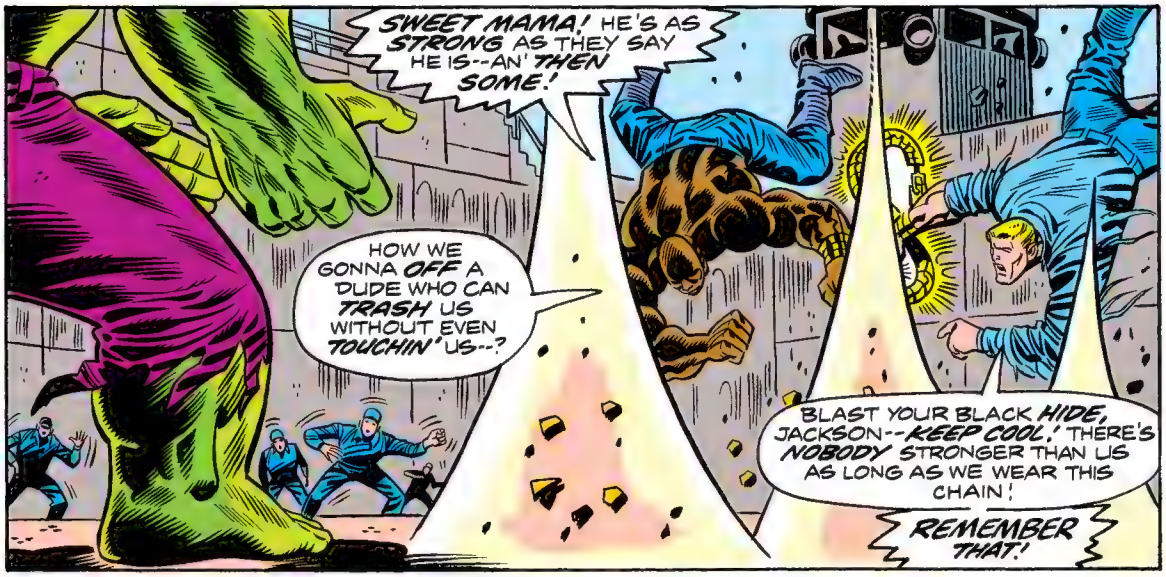

I AIN'T GONNA WIND UP LIKE YOU, OLD MAN--AIN'T NO WAY!
LEROY, PLEASE-- YO' CAN'T DO THIS--!

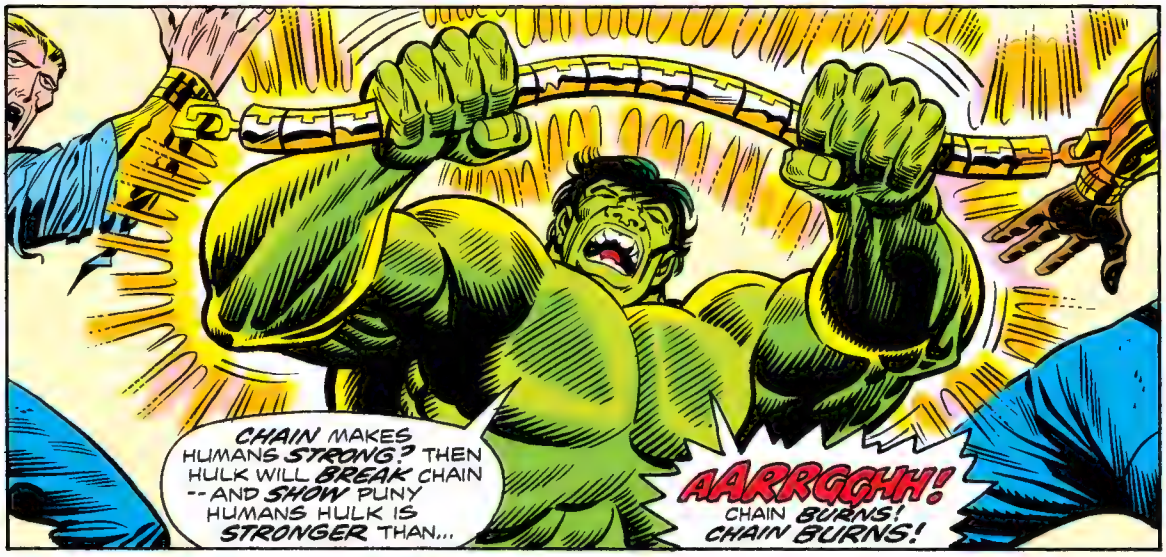

THERE COMES THE ANGRY CRACKLE OF ENERGY UNLEASHED AS AN IMPLORING HAND ACCIDENTALLY BRUSHES THE GLEAMING, GOLDEN LINKS--

--AND THE MAN CALLED CRACKAJACK JACKSON TOPPLES FACE FORWARD INTO THE DIRT.
PAPA? PAPA, I DIDN'T MEAN TO--!

BUT "HAMMER" JACKSON'S INTENTIONS MEAN ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO THE OLD MAN'S EMERALD COMPANION...
WHAT--WHAT HAS HAPPENED? CRACKAJACK LIES SO STILL--LIKE--LIKE HE WAS DEAD!
DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, FREAK! I'LL TEAR YOU APART!
CRACKAJACK'S SON DID THIS TERRIBLE THING? CRACKAJACK'S SON?
HEY? DON'T DRAG ME INTO THIS, JACKSON!
LOOK--JUST LOOK AT THAT MONSTER'S FACE--!
YOU...KILLED... HULK'S... FRIEND!
LOOK OUT! HE'S...
UUNFF!
HUHNN!
HOLY MOSES! IT'S THE HULK --AND HE'S FLATTENED THE BOTH OF 'EM!
THE HULK, HEY? I'VE HEARD'A HIM--S'POSED TO BE THE STRONGEST DUDE THERE IS!
STRONGEST DUDE THERE WAS, YOU MEAN! WE'RE THE STRONGEST GUYS AROUND AS OF NOW!
THEN LET'S PROVE IT! HE AIN'T CATCHIN' US OFF-BALANCE TWICE!
AND ALMOST BEFORE THE MAN-BRUTE CAN MOVE...
AARRGGHH!!
C'MON, ANVIL-- HIT 'IM!
DON'T THINK EVEN I CAN HOLD THIS FREAK FOR LONG!

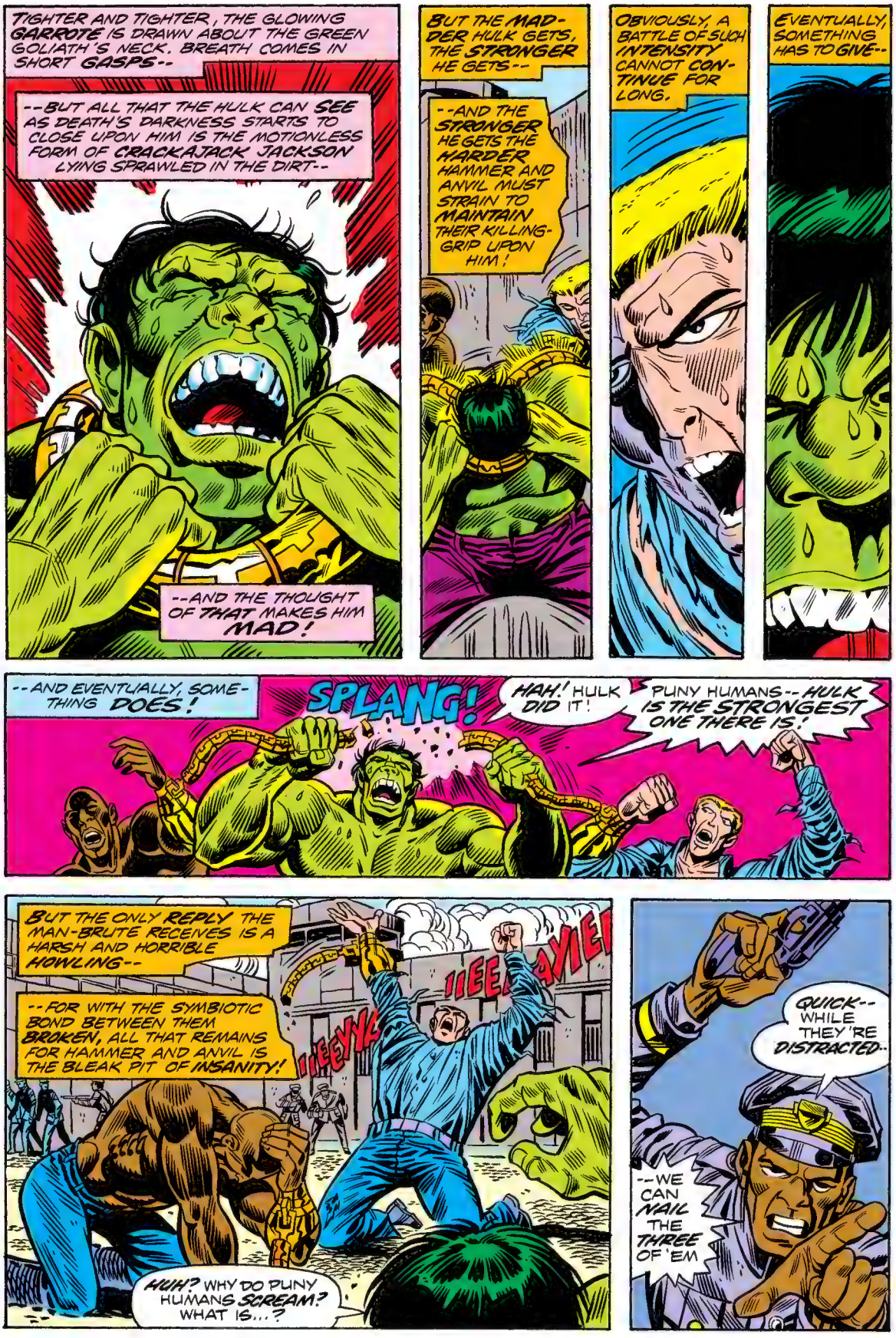
DON'T SWEAT IT, JACKSON! NOT WITH POWER LIKE WE'VE GOT WITH THESE SCREWBALL SHACKLES ON!
WHEN WE SLAM THE HULK BETWEEN US--HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!
THWAMM!
BAH! CRACKAJACK'S SON AND FLAT-HEAD ARE STRONG--
--BUT HULK IS STRONGER!
WE'LL CARVE THAT LINE ON YOUR TOMBSTONE, FREAK, WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH YOU--
'CAUSE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, GREENIE--
--YOU ARE GONNA BE TRASHED!
THWANG!
BUH-TOOM!
PUNY HUMANS! FIRST YOU KILL HULK'S FRIEND--
--NOW YOU TRY TO KILL HULK!
BUT HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH OF PUNY HUMANS TODAY!
GO AWAY OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU--LIKE THIS!
CHOOM!

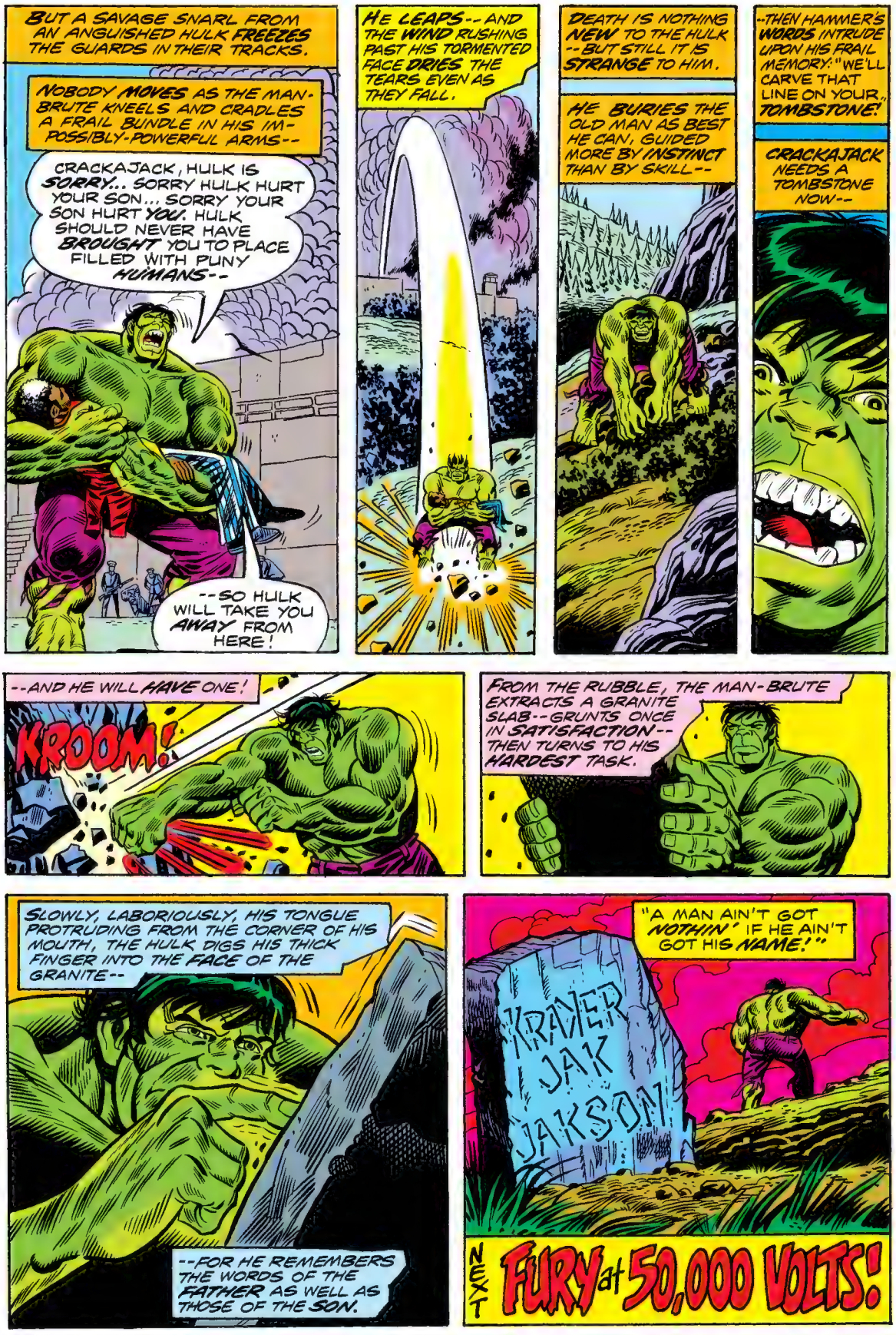

SWEET MAMA! HE'S AS STRONG AS THEY SAY HE IS--AN' THEN SOME!
HOW WE GONNA OFF A DUDE WHO CAN TRASH US WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHIN' US--?
BLAST YOUR BLACK HIDE, JACKSON--KEEP COOL! THERE'S NOBODY STRONGER THAN US AS LONG AS WE WEAR THIS CHAIN!
REMEMBER THAT!


CHAIN MAKES HUMANS STRONG? THEN HULK WILL BREAK CHAIN --AND SHOW PUNY HUMANS HULK IS STRONGER THAN...
AARRGGHH! CHAIN BURNS! CHAIN BURNS!

STAGGERED BY THE ENERGY-SYNTHICON'S ASTONISHING POWER, THE MAN-BRUTE RELEASES HIS GRIP--
MUST...LET... GO!

--WHICH PROVIDES HIS DESPERATE FOES WITH PRECISELY THE OPENING THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
THAT'S IT, JACKSON--WE GOT HIM NOW!
PULL, BLAST YOU--AND KEEP PULLING!


TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, THE GLOWING GARROTE IS DRAWN ABOUT THE GREEN GOLIATH'S NECK. BREATH COMES IN SHORT GASPS--
--BUT ALL THAT THE HULK CAN SEE AS DEATH'S DARKNESS STARTS TO CLOSE UPON HIM IS THE MOTIONLESS FORM OF CRACKAJACK JACKSON LYING SPRAWLED IN THE DIRT--
--AND THE THOUGHT OF THAT MAKES HIM MAD!
BUT THE MADDER HULK GETS, THE STRONGER HE GETS--
--AND THE STRONGER HE GETS THE HARDER HAMMER AND ANVIL MUST STRAIN TO MAINTAIN THEIR KILLING-GRIP UPON HIM!
OBVIOUSLY, A BATTLE OF SUCH INTENSITY CANNOT CONTINUE FOR LONG.
EVENTUALLY, SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE--
--AND EVENTUALLY, SOMETHING DOES!
SPLANG!
HAH! HULK DID IT!
PUNY HUMANS--HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
BUT THE ONLY REPLY THE MAN-BRUTE RECEIVES IS A HARSH AND HORRIBLE HOWLING--
--FOR WITH THE SYMBIOTIC BOND BETWEEN THEM BROKEN, ALL THAT REMAINS FOR HAMMER AND ANVIL IS THE BLEAK PIT OF INSANITY!
IIEEYYE
IIEEYYE
HUH? WHY DO PUNY HUMANS SCREAM? WHAT IS...?
QUICK--WHILE THEY'RE DISTRACTED--
--WE CAN NAIL THE THREE OF 'EM


BUT A SAVAGE SNARL FROM AN ANGUISHED HULK FREEZES THE GUARDS IN THEIR TRACKS.
NOBODY MOVES AS THE MAN-BRUTE KNEELS AND CRADLES A FRAIL BUNDLE IN HIS IM-POSSIBLY-POWERFUL ARMS--
CRACKAJACK, HULK IS SORRY... SORRY HULK HURT YOUR SON... SORRY YOUR SON HURT YOU. HULK SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO PLACE FILLED WITH PUNY HUMANS--
--SO HULK WILL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE!
HE LEAPS--AND THE WIND RUSHING PAST HIS TORMENTED FACE DRIES THE TEARS EVEN AS THEY FALL.
DEATH IS NOTHING NEW TO THE HULK --BUT STILL IT IS STRANGE TO HIM.
HE BURIES THE OLD MAN AS BEST HE CAN, GUIDED MORE BY INSTINCT THAN BY SKILL--
--THEN HAMMER'S WORDS INTRUDE UPON HIS FRAIL MEMORY: "WE'LL CARVE THAT LINE ON YOUR TOMBSTONE!"
CRACKAJACK NEEDS A TOMBSTONE NOW--
--AND HE WILL HAVE ONE!
KROOM!
FROM THE RUBBLE, THE MAN-BRUTE EXTRACTS A GRANITE SLAB--GRUNTS ONCE IN SATISFACTION--THEN TURNS TO HIS HARDEST TASK.
SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY, HIS TONGUE PROTRUDING FROM THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH, THE HULK DIGS HIS THICK FINGER INTO THE FACE OF THE GRANITE--
--FOR HE REMEMBERS THE WORDS OF THE FATHER AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE SON.
"A MAN AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' IF HE AIN'T GOT HIS NAME!"
KRAKER JAK JAKSON
NEXT FURY at 50,000 VOLTS!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢ CC
183 JAN 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
™
NO! THE GIRL BELONGS TO HULK--AND HULK WILL KILL TO KEEP HER!
THE GIRL BELONGS TO ZZZAX!
THIS IS IT!
THE SHOCKING RETURN OF THE LIVING DYNAMO!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—***The Incredible*** **HULK!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!** TM

LEN WEIN WRITER / HERB TRIMPE ARTIST / GLYNIS WEIN · COLORIST / C. JETTER · LETTERER / ROY THOMAS EDITOR

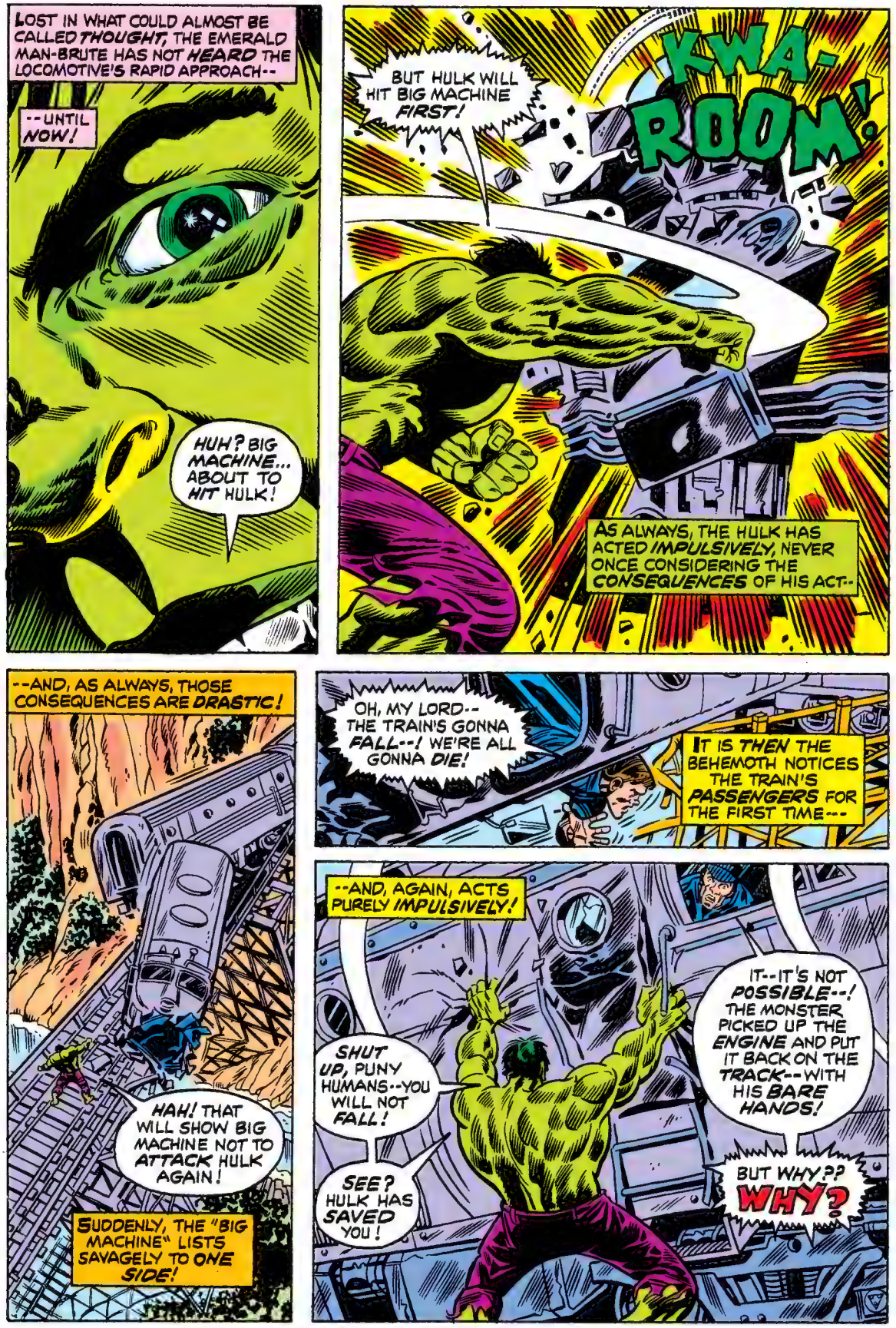
FURY AT 50,000 VOLTS!

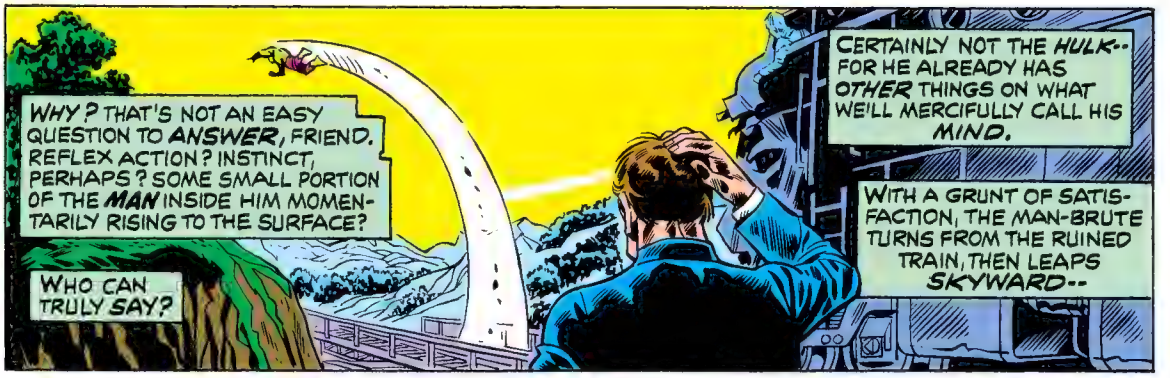
HE COULD NOT REMEMBER EVER HAVING SEEN A *ROAD* SUCH AS THIS BEFORE, BORDERED BY RIBBONS OF *STEEL*, CROSSED EVERY FEW FEET WITH RECTANGULAR BARS OF *WOOD*--SO HE DECIDED TO *FOLLOW* IT, TO SEE WHERE IT WOULD *LEAD*.

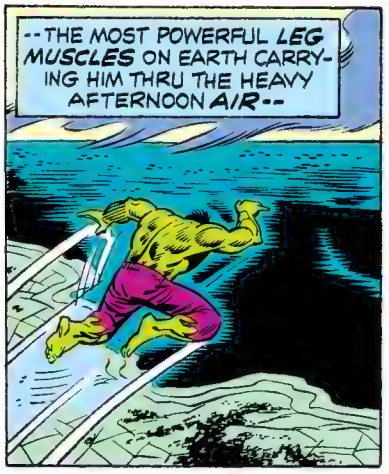
BUT AS WITH *ALL* THINGS THAT TOUCH THE LIFE OF THE HARRIED-AND-HUNTED CREATURE CALLED THE INCREDIBLE *HULK*, IT ONLY LEADS TO *TROUBLE*!

LORD--NO! THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE *TRACKS* IN FRONT OF US--

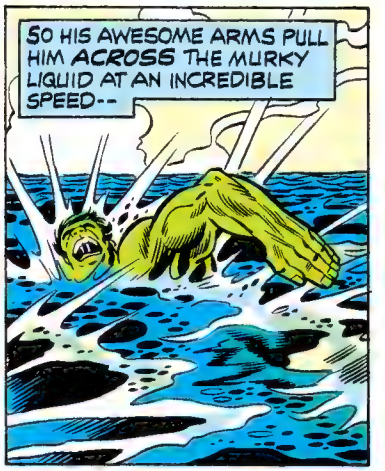
--AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN *STOP* THIS TRAIN IN TIME!

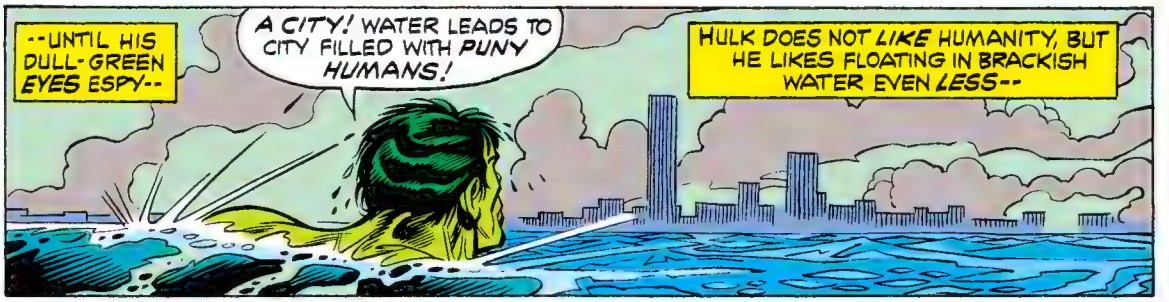

LOST IN WHAT COULD ALMOST BE CALLED THOUGHT, THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE HAS NOT HEARD THE LOCOMOTIVE'S RAPID APPROACH--
--UNTIL NOW!
HUH? BIG MACHINE... ABOUT TO HIT HULK!
BUT HULK WILL HIT BIG MACHINE FIRST!
KWA-ROOM!
AS ALWAYS, THE HULK HAS ACTED IMPULSIVELY, NEVER ONCE CONSIDERING THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACT--
--AND, AS ALWAYS, THOSE CONSEQUENCES ARE DRASTIC!
HAH! THAT WILL SHOW BIG MACHINE NOT TO ATTACK HULK AGAIN!
SUDDENLY, THE "BIG MACHINE" LISTS SAVAGELY TO ONE SIDE!
OH, MY LORD-- THE TRAIN'S GONNA FALL--! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!
IT IS THEN THE BEHEMOTH NOTICES THE TRAIN'S PASSENGERS FOR THE FIRST TIME---
--AND, AGAIN, ACTS PURELY IMPULSIVELY!
SHUT UP, PUNY HUMANS--YOU WILL NOT FALL!
SEE? HULK HAS SAVED YOU!
IT--IT'S NOT POSSIBLE--! THE MONSTER PICKED UP THE ENGINE AND PUT IT BACK ON THE TRACK--WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
BUT WHY?? WHY?

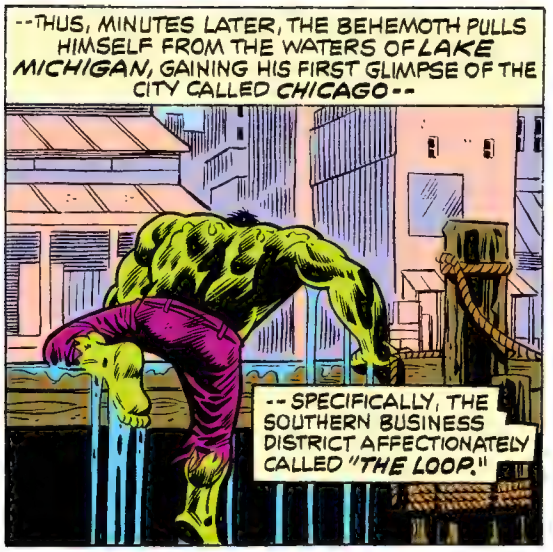

WHY? THAT'S NOT AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER, FRIEND. REFLEX ACTION? INSTINCT, PERHAPS? SOME SMALL PORTION OF THE MAN INSIDE HIM MOMENTARILY RISING TO THE SURFACE?
WHO CAN TRULY SAY?
CERTAINLY NOT THE HULK--FOR HE ALREADY HAS OTHER THINGS ON WHAT WE'LL MERCIFULLY CALL HIS MIND.
WITH A GRUNT OF SATISFACTION, THE MAN-BRUTE TURNS FROM THE RUINED TRAIN, THEN LEAPS SKYWARD--


--THE MOST POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES ON EARTH CARRYING HIM THRU THE HEAVY AFTERNOON AIR--

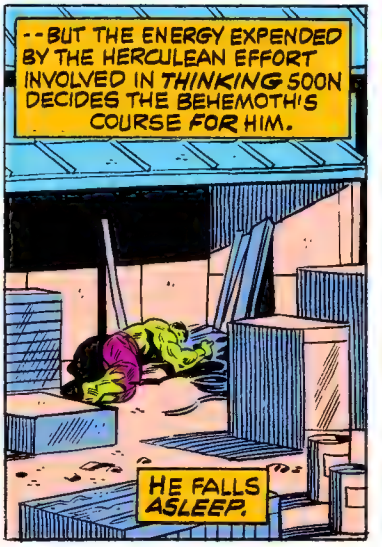
--TO A MOST UNEXPECTED LANDING!
WATER! HULK HATES WATER!
SPLASHH!


SO HIS AWESOME ARMS PULL HIM ACROSS THE MURKY LIQUID AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED--

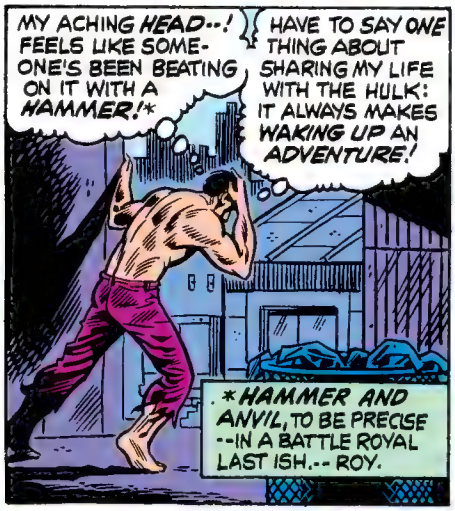

--UNTIL HIS DULL-GREEN EYES ESPY--
A CITY! WATER LEADS TO CITY FILLED WITH PUNY HUMANS!
HULK DOES NOT LIKE HUMANITY, BUT HE LIKES FLOATING IN BRACKISH WATER EVEN LESS--


--THUS, MINUTES LATER, THE BEHEMOTH PULLS HIMSELF FROM THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN, GAINING HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CITY CALLED CHICAGO--
--SPECIFICALLY, THE SOUTHERN BUSINESS DISTRICT AFFECTIONATELY CALLED "THE LOOP."

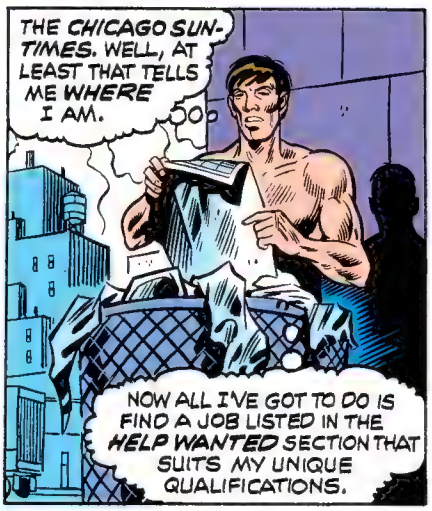
UNSURE OF WHAT NEXT TO DO, THE GREEN GOLIATH SITS QUIETLY--
--STRUGGLING TO FORMULATE SOME PLAN OF ACTION--

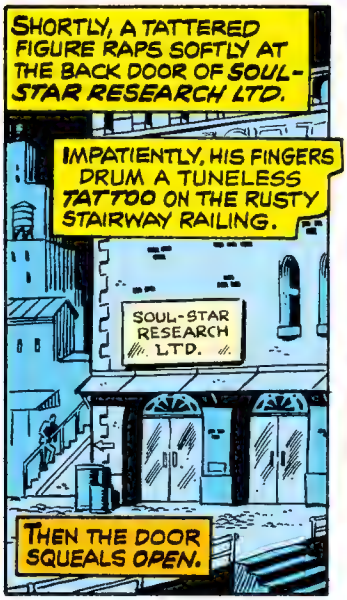

--BUT THE ENERGY EXPENDED BY THE HERCULEAN EFFORT INVOLVED IN THINKING SOON DECIDES THE BEHEMOTH'S COURSE FOR HIM.
HE FALLS ASLEEP.

AND, SLOWLY, THE PEACE ENGENDERED BY THAT SLUMBER STEALS AWAY THE MANTLE OF THE BRUTE--
--LEAVING IN ITS STEAD, THE FRAIL FORM AND SUBTLY-TORMENTED FEATURES OF--
--A MAN!
DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER AWAKES WITH A START, A CONDITION HE HAS LONG SINCE BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO.


MY ACHING HEAD--! FEELS LIKE SOME-ONE'S BEEN BEATING ON IT WITH A HAMMER!*
I HAVE TO SAY ONE THING ABOUT SHARING MY LIFE WITH THE HULK: IT ALWAYS MAKES WAKING UP AN ADVENTURE!
*HAMMER AND ANVIL, TO BE PRECISE --IN A BATTLE ROYAL LAST ISH.-- ROY.

BLAST:-- NO MONEY! MUST'VE USED THE LAST OF IT IN APPALACHIA.*
GUESS MY BEST MOVE NOW IS TO FIND A WAY TO EARN SOME.
* BACK IN HULK#179. --ROY AGAIN.

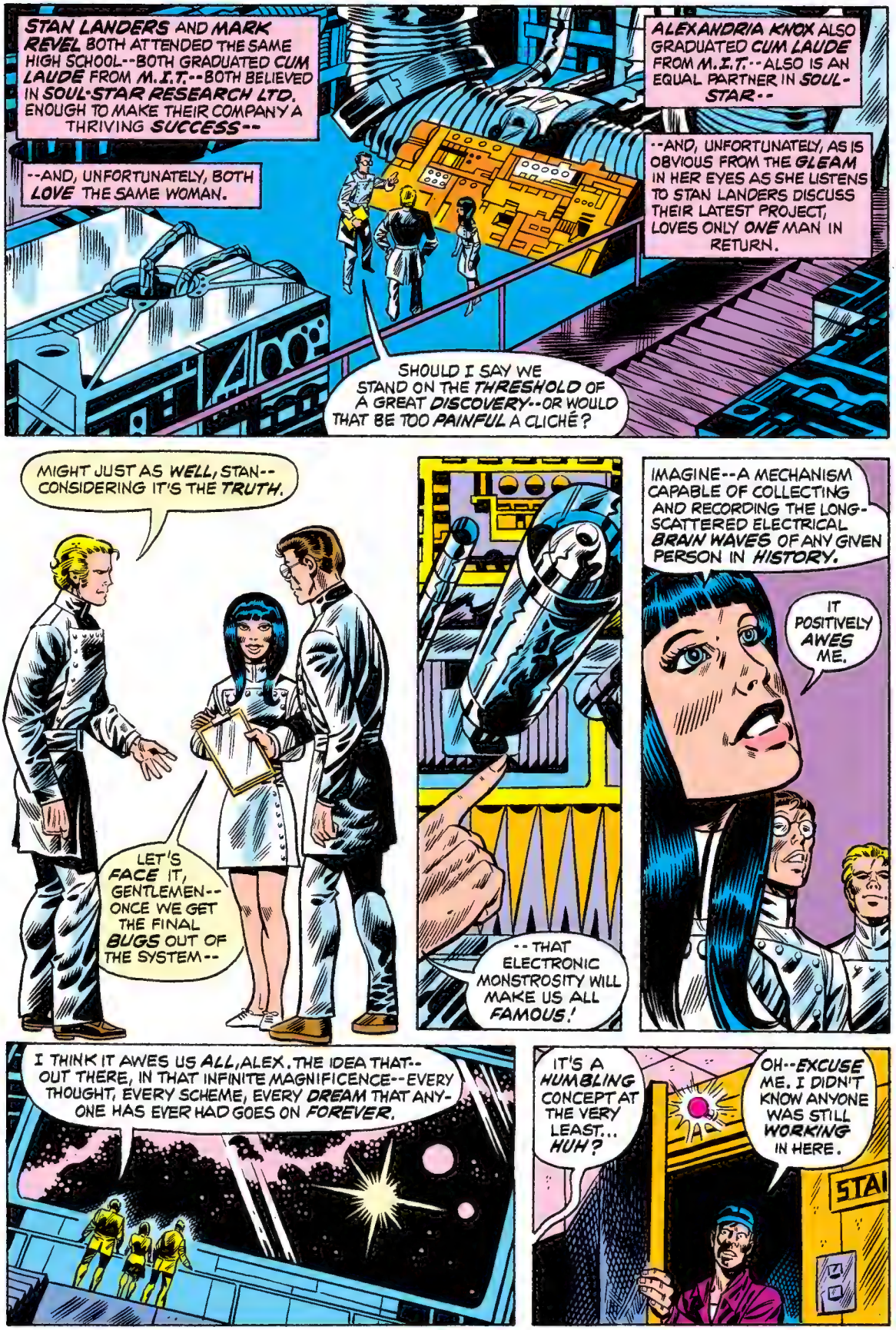

THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES. WELL, AT LEAST THAT TELLS ME WHERE I AM.
NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND A JOB LISTED IN THE HELP WANTED SECTION THAT SUITS MY UNIQUE QUALIFICATIONS.

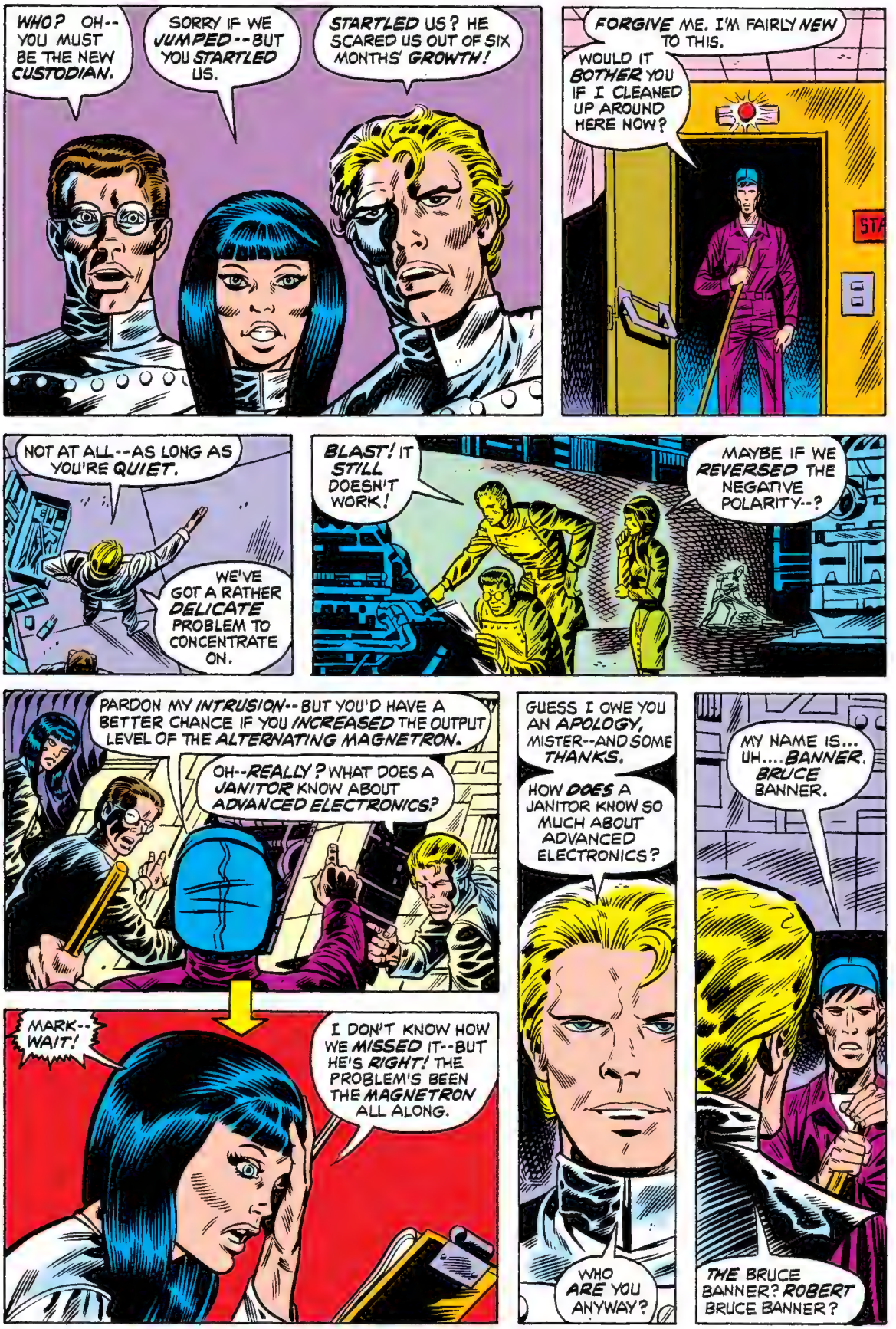

SHORTLY, A TATTERED FIGURE RAPS SOFTLY AT THE BACK DOOR OF SOUL-STAR RESEARCH LTD.
IMPATIENTLY, HIS FINGERS DRUM A TUNELESS TATTOO ON THE RUSTY STAIRWAY RAILING.
SOUL-STAR RESEARCH LTD.
THEN THE DOOR SQUEALS OPEN.

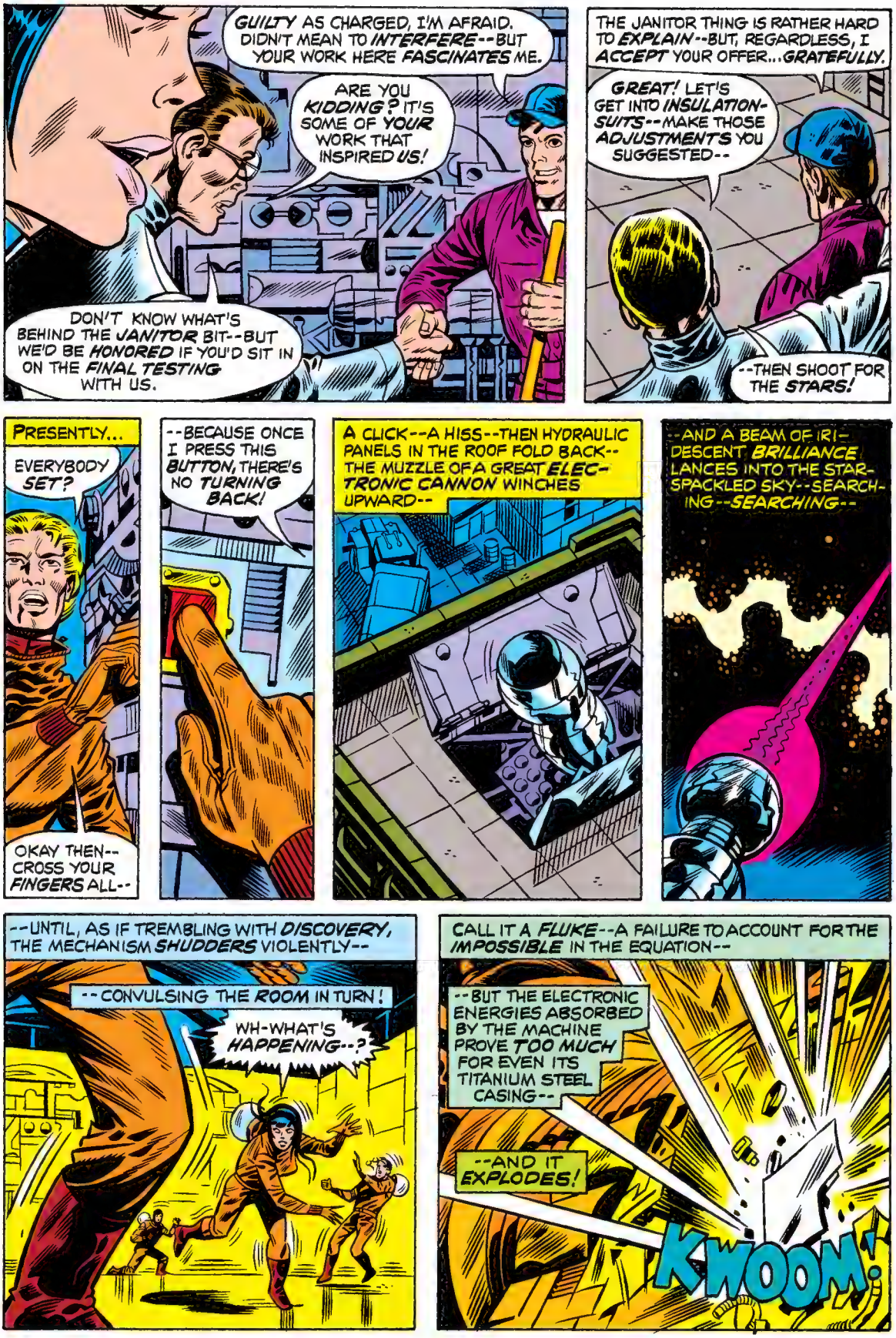
YOU HAVE A JANITORIAL POSITION OPEN HERE?
HUH?
OH--YOU MEAN THE JANITOR JOB? YEAH-- SURE. C'MON IN.

JOB DON'T PAY MUCH-- BUT THE WORK'S STEADY. YOU'LL FIND COVER-ALL S AN' THE REST IN THAT LOCKER.
JEST DO YOUR JOB--DON'T MESS AROUND WITH NOTHIN' --AN' YOU'LL GET ALONG JEST FINE.

IF THIS ISN'T IRONIC, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS.
ROBERT BRUCE BANNER, WHO USED TO PUSH THE BUTTONS OF NUCLE-AR REACTORS PUSHING A BROOM INSTEAD.
I'D LAUGH-- IF IT WASN'T SO SAD.


STAN LANDERS AND MARK REVEL BOTH ATTENDED THE SAME HIGH SCHOOL--BOTH GRADUATED CUM LAUDE FROM M.I.T.--BOTH BELIEVED IN SOUL-STAR RESEARCH LTD. ENOUGH TO MAKE THEIR COMPANY A THRIVING SUCCESS--
--AND, UNFORTUNATELY, BOTH LOVE THE SAME WOMAN.
ALEXANDRIA KNOX ALSO GRADUATED CUM LAUDE FROM M.I.T.--ALSO IS AN EQUAL PARTNER IN SOUL-STAR--
--AND, UNFORTUNATELY, AS IS OBVIOUS FROM THE GLEAM IN HER EYES AS SHE LISTENS TO STAN LANDERS DISCUSS THEIR LATEST PROJECT, LOVES ONLY ONE MAN IN RETURN.
SHOULD I SAY WE STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF A GREAT DISCOVERY--OR WOULD THAT BE TOO PAINFUL A CLICHÉ?
MIGHT JUST AS WELL, STAN--CONSIDERING IT'S THE TRUTH.
LET'S FACE IT, GENTLEMEN--ONCE WE GET THE FINAL BUGS OUT OF THE SYSTEM--
--THAT ELECTRONIC MONSTROSITY WILL MAKE US ALL FAMOUS!
IMAGINE--A MECHANISM CAPABLE OF COLLECTING AND RECORDING THE LONG-SCATTERED ELECTRICAL BRAIN WAVES OF ANY GIVEN PERSON IN HISTORY.
IT POSITIVELY AWES ME.
I THINK IT AWES US ALL, ALEX. THE IDEA THAT--OUT THERE, IN THAT INFINITE MAGNIFICENCE--EVERY THOUGHT, EVERY SCHEME, EVERY DREAM THAT ANY-ONE HAS EVER HAD GOES ON FOREVER.
IT'S A HUMBLING CONCEPT AT THE VERY LEAST... HUH?
OH--EXCUSE ME. I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS STILL WORKING IN HERE.
STAI

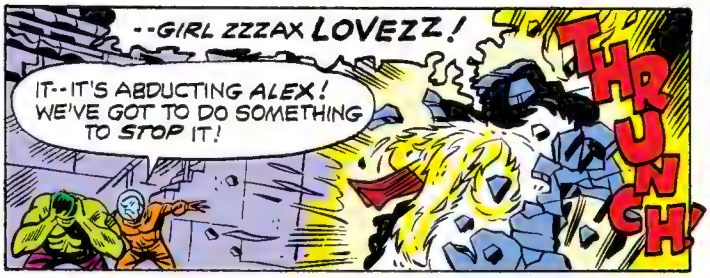

WHO? OH--YOU MUST BE THE NEW CUSTODIAN.
SORRY IF WE JUMPED--BUT YOU STARTLED US.
STARTLED US? HE SCARED US OUT OF SIX MONTHS' GROWTH!
FORGIVE ME. I'M FAIRLY NEW TO THIS.
WOULD IT BOTHER YOU IF I CLEANED UP AROUND HERE NOW?
NOT AT ALL--AS LONG AS YOU'RE QUIET.
WE'VE GOT A RATHER DELICATE PROBLEM TO CONCENTRATE ON.
BLAST! IT STILL DOESN'T WORK!
MAYBE IF WE REVERSED THE NEGATIVE POLARITY--?
PARDON MY INTRUSION--BUT YOU'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE IF YOU INCREASED THE OUTPUT LEVEL OF THE ALTERNATING MAGNETRON.
OH--REALLY? WHAT DOES A JANITOR KNOW ABOUT ADVANCED ELECTRONICS?
MARK--WAIT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW WE MISSED IT--BUT HE'S RIGHT! THE PROBLEM'S BEEN THE MAGNETRON ALL ALONG.
GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, MISTER--AND SOME THANKS.
HOW DOES A JANITOR KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ADVANCED ELECTRONICS?
WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
MY NAME IS... UH.... BANNER. BRUCE BANNER.
THE BRUCE BANNER? ROBERT BRUCE BANNER?

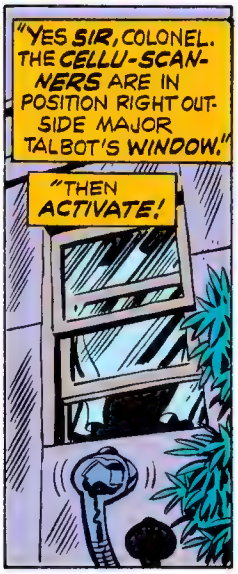

GUILTY AS CHARGED, I'M AFRAID. DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERFERE--BUT YOUR WORK HERE FASCINATES ME.
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S SOME OF YOUR WORK THAT INSPIRED US!
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THE JANITOR BIT--BUT WE'D BE HONORED IF YOU'D SIT IN ON THE FINAL TESTING WITH US.
THE JANITOR THING IS RATHER HARD TO EXPLAIN--BUT, REGARDLESS, I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER...GRATEFULLY.
GREAT! LET'S GET INTO INSULATION-SUITS--MAKE THOSE ADJUSTMENTS YOU SUGGESTED--
--THEN SHOOT FOR THE STARS!
PRESENTLY...
EVERYBODY SET?
OKAY THEN--CROSS YOUR FINGERS ALL--
--BECAUSE ONCE I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!
A CLICK--A HISS--THEN HYDRAULIC PANELS IN THE ROOF FOLD BACK--THE MUZZLE OF A GREAT ELECTRONIC CANNON WINCHES UPWARD--
--AND A BEAM OF IRIDESCENT BRILLIANCE LANCES INTO THE STAR-SPACKLED SKY--SEARCHING--SEARCHING--
--UNTIL, AS IF TREMBLING WITH DISCOVERY, THE MECHANISM SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY--
--CONVULSING THE ROOM IN TURN!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING--?
CALL IT A FLUKE--A FAILURE TO ACCOUNT FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE IN THE EQUATION--
--BUT THE ELECTRONIC ENERGIES ABSORBED BY THE MACHINE PROVE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN ITS TITANIUM STEEL CASING--
--AND IT EXPLODES!
KWOOM!

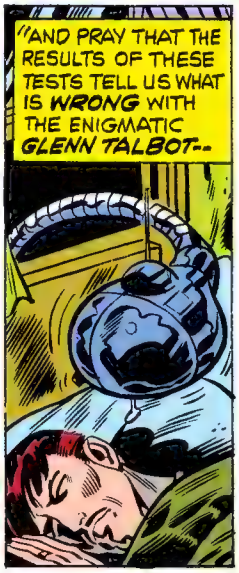
SOUL-STAR'S DEVICE HAS BEEN DESIGNED TO SEEK OUT AND GATHER IN THOSE RANDOM ELECTRICAL IMPULSES WHICH, WHEN CALLED TO ORDER, BECOME KNOWN AS THOUGHT.
A DEVICE WHICH, IN SO DOING, HAD CHANCED UPON A CERTAIN REMARKABLY INTENSE FIELD OF PSYCHIC ENERGY--A FIELD BELIEVED DIS-INTEGRATED SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE BY THE AVENGER CALLED HAWKEYE*--
--A FIELD OF SEETHING ELECTRONIC MADNESS ONCE CALLED THE DESTROYER FROM THE DYNAMO--NOW KNOWN ONLY AS--
ZZZAX!
ZZZAX LIVEZZ!
ZZZAX THINKZZ!
ZZZAX HUNGERZZ!
STAN! LOOK--
UUNGH!
QUICK! ZIP YOUR HELMETS ON--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BUT ALEX--SHE'S BEEN INJURED--!
* IN HULK #166.--ROY.

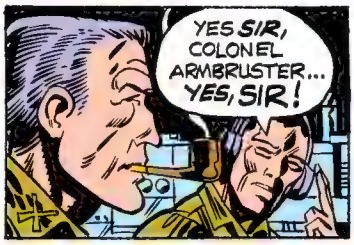
AH! HUMAN! ZZZAX WILL FEAZZT!
DAZED, STUNNED, ALEXANDRIA KNOX LIES SPRAWLED LIKE SOME UNWILLING SACRIFICE ON THE RUBBLE-STREWN FLOOR--
--BUT THOUGH SHE CANNOT MOVE, THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CAN!
THAT CREATURE--! ALEX--! GOT TO SAVE HER--!
STAN, COME BACK--IT'S TOO LATE! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HER NOW!
THERE MUST BE, YOU IDIOT--I LOVE HER!
THAT'S IT...GOT HER HELMET ON!
NOW TO GET HER AWAY FROM THE BRUTE BEFORE...
HUMANZZ! ZZZAX NEEDZZ HUMANZZ--TO THINK--TO GROW! ZZZAX NEEDZZ YOU!
AARGH!
WITH DESPERATE STRENGTH, STAN LANDERS PUSHES THE GIRL TO SAFETY!
THANK GOD...SHE'S NOT HURT...JUST UNCONSCIOUS!
BUT YOUR FRIEND--YOUR FRIEND--WHAT ABOUT HIM?
REGRETTABLY, STAN LANDERS, HAVING FAILED TO SECURE HIS PROTECTIVE HELMET, IS OVERWHELMED BY ZZZAX' ELECTRONIC FURY--AND SWIFTLY CONSUMED BY IT!
HIS FINAL THOUGHTS ARE OF THE GIRL!

OH...MY... GOD.
TH-THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF HIM! THAT--THAT THING SUCKED HIM RIGHT OUT OF HIS SUIT!
STAN IS... GONE.
THESE ARE THE FIRST WORDS ALEXANDRIA HEARS UPON AWAKENING.
SAD WORDS INDEED.
OH, MY POOR STAN. THIS IS MY FAULT-- MY FAULT! IF ONLY I HAD...
LOOK! LOOK AT THE DOORWAY!
NO! THE MONSTER HAS BLOCKED OUR ONLY WAY OUT!
HUMANZZ WILL ZZTAY! ZZZAX HUNGERZZ
--AND ZZZAX MUST BE FED!
COME ON! WE'D BETTER ...HEY!
BANNER! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, MAN?
M-MY HEAD--!
THE STRAIN-- THE TENSION-- TAKING THEIR TOLL--!
I'M CHANGING-- BUT I MUSTN'T CHANGE-- I MUSTN'T--!
YES, I MUST!
HULK MUST LIVE--
--SO GLOWING MONSTER MUST DIE!!

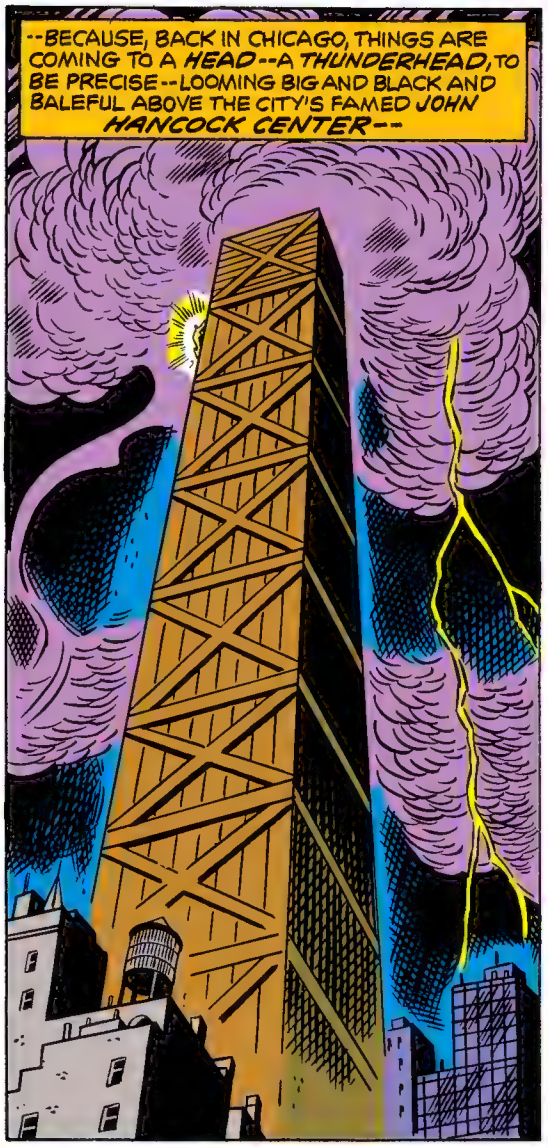




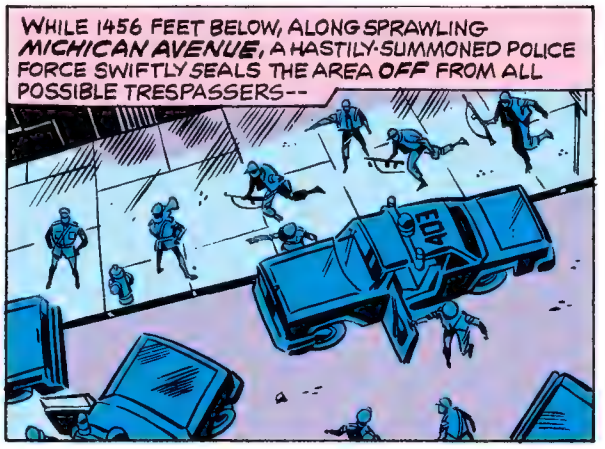




UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN TARRY IN NEW MEXICO NO LONGER--


--BECAUSE, BACK IN CHICAGO, THINGS ARE COMING TO A HEAD--A THUNDERHEAD, TO BE PRECISE--LOOMING BIG AND BLACK AND BALEFUL ABOVE THE CITY'S FAMED JOHN HANCOCK CENTER--

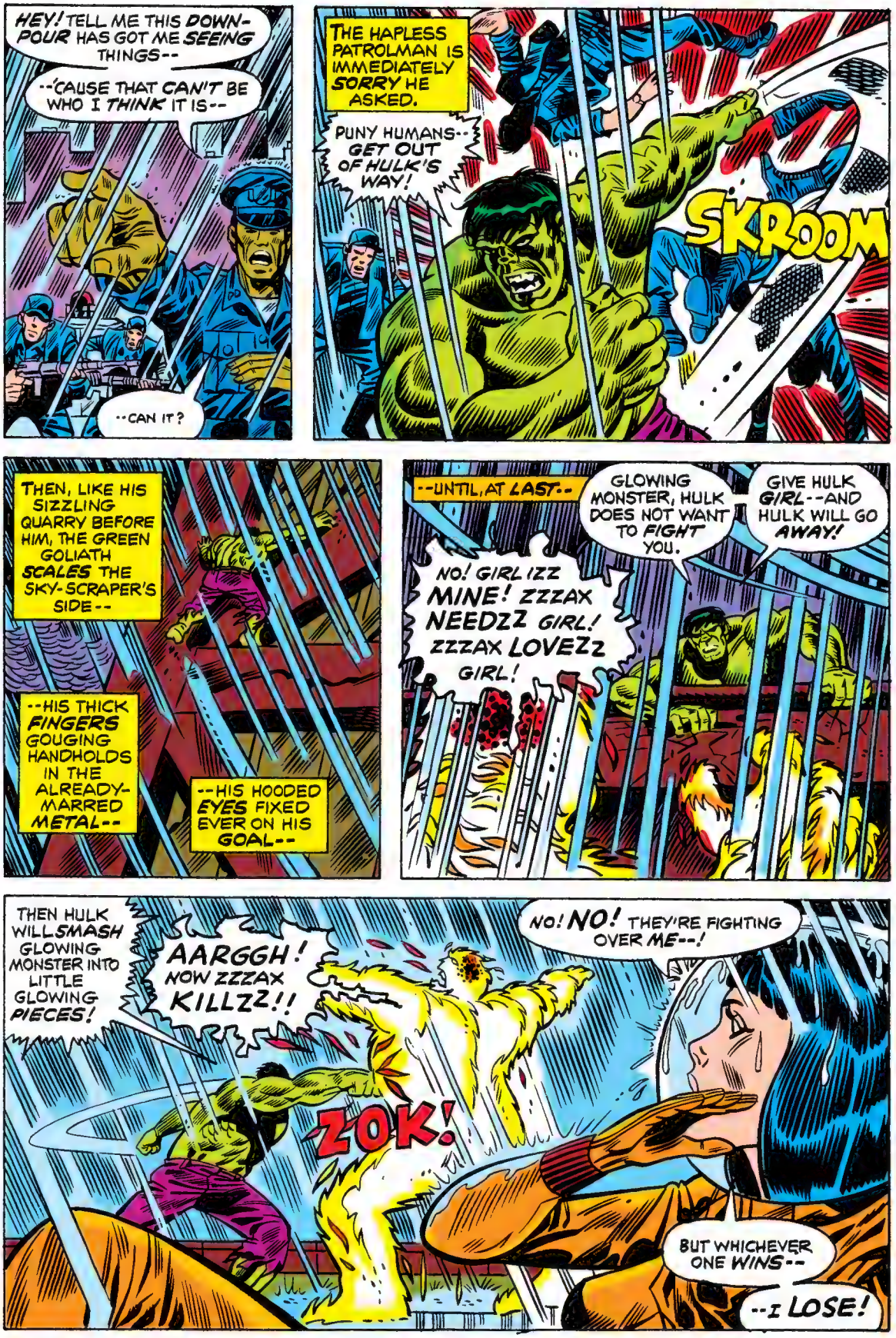
--WHOSE GLEAMING, BURNISHED FACE IS SCARRED BY THE SMOLDERING MONSTROSITY CLAMBERING GLEEFULLY UP ITS 100-STORY SIDE.
ZZZAX
CLIMBZZ--
TO PLAZZE WHERE GIRL BELONGZZ ONLY TO ZZZAX!


WHILE 1456 FEET BELOW, ALONG SPRAWLING MICHICAN AVENUE, A HASTILY-SUMMONED POLICE FORCE SWIFTLY SEALS THE AREA OFF FROM ALL POSSIBLE TRESPASSERS--

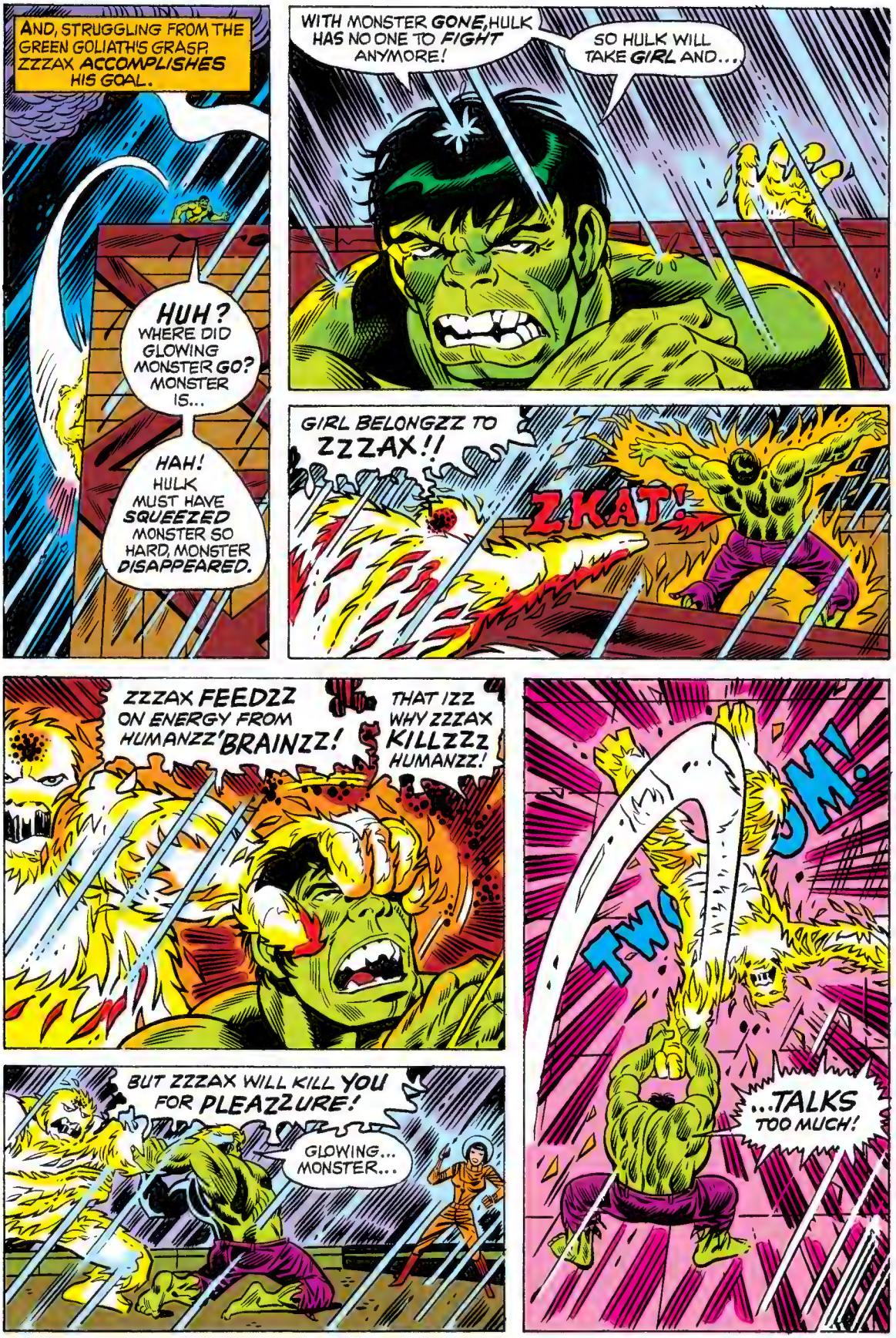
--SAVE ONE!
HAH! GLOWING MONSTER RAN FROM HULK--
--BUT GLOWING MONSTER CANNOT ESCAPE HULK!
SKRAK!

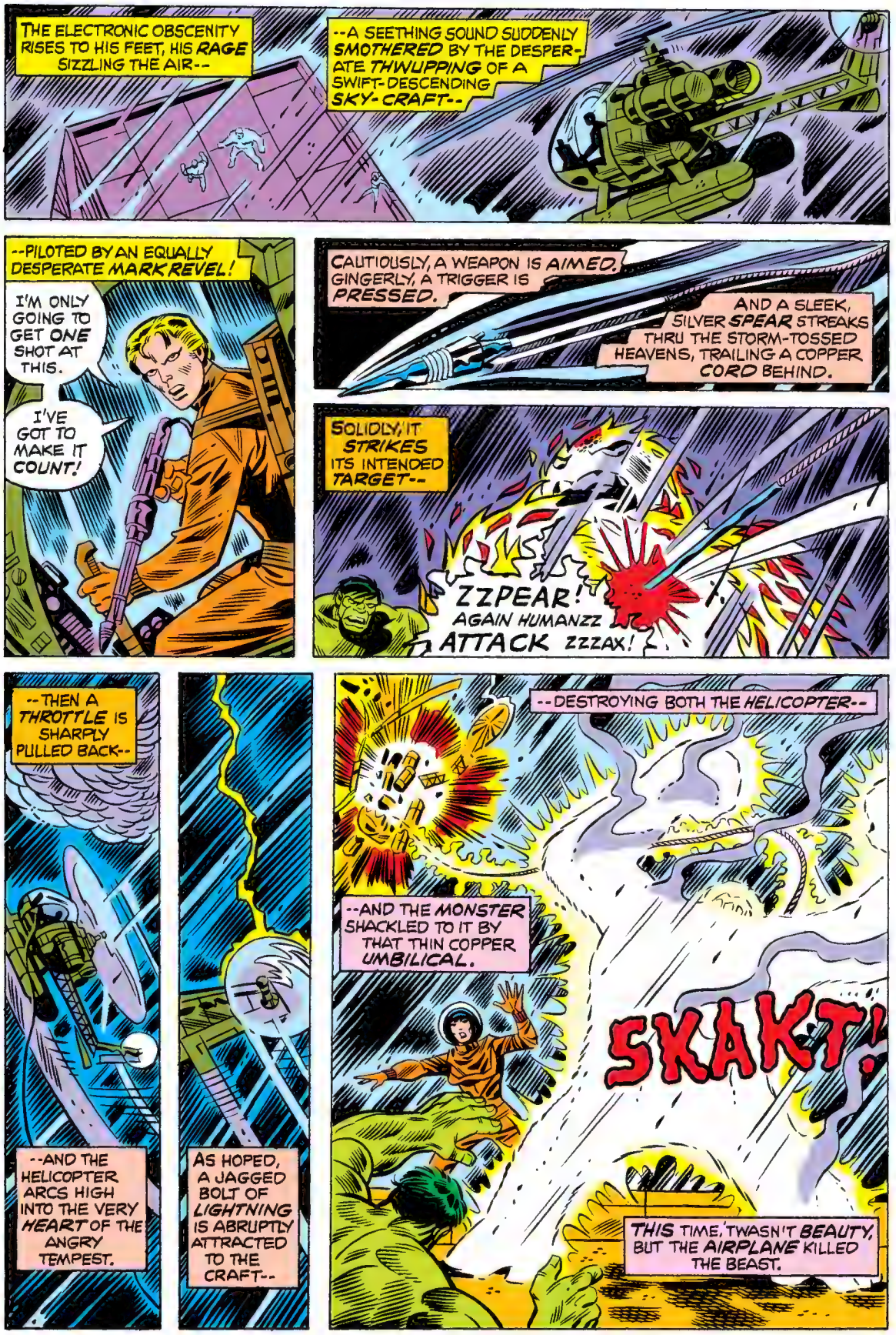
THERE IS MONSTER-- ON TOP OF BIG BUILDING! HULK WILL... HUH?
WATER-FROM-SKY.

BAH! HULK HATES WATER-FROM-SKY--
--SO HULK WILL TAKE GIRL FROM MONSTER LIKE HULK PROMISED HUMAN CALLED MARK--
--AND THEN HULK WILL SMASH STUPID WATER!


HEY! TELL ME THIS DOWN-POUR HAS GOT ME SEEING THINGS--
--'CAUSE THAT CAN'T BE WHO I THINK IT IS--
--CAN IT?
THE HAPLESS PATROLMAN IS IMMEDIATELY SORRY HE ASKED.
PUNY HUMANS-- GET OUT OF HULK'S WAY!
SKROOM
THEN, LIKE HIS SIZZLING QUARRY BEFORE HIM, THE GREEN GOLIATH SCALES THE SKY-SCRAPER'S SIDE--
--HIS THICK FINGERS GOUGING HANDHOLDS IN THE ALREADY-MARRED METAL--
--HIS HOODED EYES FIXED EVER ON HIS GOAL--
--UNTIL, AT LAST--
GLOWING MONSTER, HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT YOU.
GIVE HULK GIRL--AND HULK WILL GO AWAY!
NO! GIRL IZZ MINE! ZZZAX NEEDZZ GIRL! ZZZAX LOVEZz GIRL!
THEN HULK WILL SMASH GLOWING MONSTER INTO LITTLE GLOWING PIECES!
AARGGH! NOW ZZZAX KILLZZ!!
ZOK!
NO! NO! THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER ME--!
BUT WHICHEVER ONE WINS--
--I LOSE!

KILL? BAH! GLOWING MONSTER THINKS HE IS STRONG--
--BUT HULK IS STRONGER!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
HULK IZZ.... WRONG!!
AARRGH! EYES--! EYES BURN--!
ZAT!
HULK, ZZZAX CANNOT ABZZORB YOU LIKE OTHER HUMANZZ--
--BUT ZZZAX CAN ZZTILL CRUSH YOU--ZZTILL KILL YOU!
SAVAGELY, ZZZAX ATTACKS--
--AND INSTANTLY REGRETS IT!
HA! HULK FOOLED GLOWING-MONSTER--CAUGHT MONSTER OFF-GUARD!
NO! ZZZAX MUZZT BE FREE--!


AND, STRUGGLING FROM THE GREEN GOLIATH'S GRASP, ZZZAX ACCOMPLISHES HIS GOAL.
HUH? WHERE DID GLOWING MONSTER GO? MONSTER IS...
HAH! HULK MUST HAVE SQUEEZED MONSTER SO HARD, MONSTER DISAPPEARED.
WITH MONSTER GONE, HULK HAS NO ONE TO FIGHT ANYMORE!
SO HULK WILL TAKE GIRL AND...
GIRL BELONGZZ TO ZZZAX!!
ZKAT!
ZZZAX FEEDZZ ON ENERGY FROM HUMANZZ' BRAINZZ!
THAT IZZ WHY ZZZAX KILLZZZ HUMANZZ!
BUT ZZZAX WILL KILL YOU FOR PLEAZZURE!
GLOWING... MONSTER...
TWO
UM!
...TALKS TOO MUCH!


THE ELECTRONIC OBSCENITY RISES TO HIS FEET, HIS RAGE SIZZLING THE AIR--
--A SEETHING SOUND SUDDENLY SMOTHERED BY THE DESPERATE THWUPPING OF A SWIFT-DESCENDING SKY-CRAFT--
--PILOTED BY AN EQUALLY DESPERATE MARK REVEL!
I'M ONLY GOING TO GET ONE SHOT AT THIS.
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT COUNT!
CAUTIOUSLY, A WEAPON IS AIMED. GINGERLY, A TRIGGER IS PRESSED.
AND A SLEEK, SILVER SPEAR STREAKS THRU THE STORM-TOSSED HEAVENS, TRAILING A COPPER CORD BEHIND.
SOLIDLY, IT STRIKES ITS INTENDED TARGET--
ZZPEAR!
AGAIN HUMANZZ ATTACK ZZZAX!
--THEN A THROTTLE IS SHARPLY PULLED BACK--
--AND THE HELICOPTER ARCS HIGH INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE ANGRY TEMPEST.
AS HOPED, A JAGGED BOLT OF LIGHTNING IS ABRUPTLY ATTRACTED TO THE CRAFT--
--DESTROYING BOTH THE HELICOPTER--
--AND THE MONSTER SHACKLED TO IT BY THAT THIN COPPER UMBILICAL.
SKAK-T!
THIS TIME, 'TWASN'T BEAUTY, BUT THE AIRPLANE KILLED THE BEAST.

HIS AERIAL SUPPORT SHATTERED, MARK REVEL PLUNGES HELPLESSLY TOWARDS THE CONCRETE WAITING HUNGRILY FAR BELOW--
--BUT SURPRIZINGLY, THE THOUGHT OF DEATH DOES NOT SEEM TO DISTURB HIM--
--FOR HE HAS SAVED THE LIFE OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES!
GOD--NO! MARK'S FALLING--! HE'LL BE KILLED!
HUH?
BAH! ONE CALLED MARK IS ONLY ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN!
BUT...MARK HELPED HULK...
...SO HULK WILL HELP HIM!
DROPPING LIKE A VAST EMERALD STONE, HULK STRIKES THE PAVEMENT INSTANTS BEFORE THE PLUMMETING MARK--
--AND HIS REMARKABLY POWERFUL ARMS SOMEHOW CUSHION THE HUMAN'S FALL.
MARK LOSES ONLY HIS BREATH...NOT HIS LIFE!
WHEN ALEXANDRIA KNOX REACHES THE STREET A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SHE FINDS ONLY THE SCIENTIST AWAITING HER THERE.
THE MAN-BRUTE IS GONE,
SUNRISE: TO SOME, IT BRINGS A NEW BEGINNING.
TO THE HULK, IT BRINGS ONLY ANOTHER LONELY DAY.
NEXT ISSUE:
THE INCREDIBLE ONE BATTLES A MENACE OF HIS OWN MAKING! BE HERE FOR...
SHADOW ON THE LAND!

Wolverine character designs
by John Romita

The Incredible Hulk #180, page 18 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Jack Abel

ALMOST EQUALLY-MATCHED, ALL THE TWO MONSTERS CAN REALLY DO--
--US RETURN BLOW--
KDOK!
--FOR BLOW--
PHTOP!
--FOR BLOW!
PWOK!
UNTIL A HARSH VOICE FROM BEHIND THEM MAKES THE TWO BRUTES HESITATE.
A VOICE THAT IS MORE LIKE A SNARL!
ALL RIGHT, YOU FREAKS-- JUST HOLD IT!
HUH?
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO TANGLE WITH SOMEONE--
--WHY NOT TRY YOUR LUCK AGAINST--
--THE WOLVERINE!
WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT--ER-- WHO WEAPON X IS, FAITHFUL ONE.
HE'S A LIVING, RAGING POWERHOUSE WHO'S BOUND TO KNOCK YOU BACK ON YOUR EMERALD POSTERIOR.
BETTER BE HERE NEXT TIME MARVELITE, SINCE...
"The WOLVERINE STRIKES BUT ONCE!"
BUT IN HIS CASE, ONCE IS PLENTY!
Best Wishes Herb Trimpe

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Incredible Hulk #181 house ad from November 1974 titles

MARVEL 25TH ANNIVERSARY

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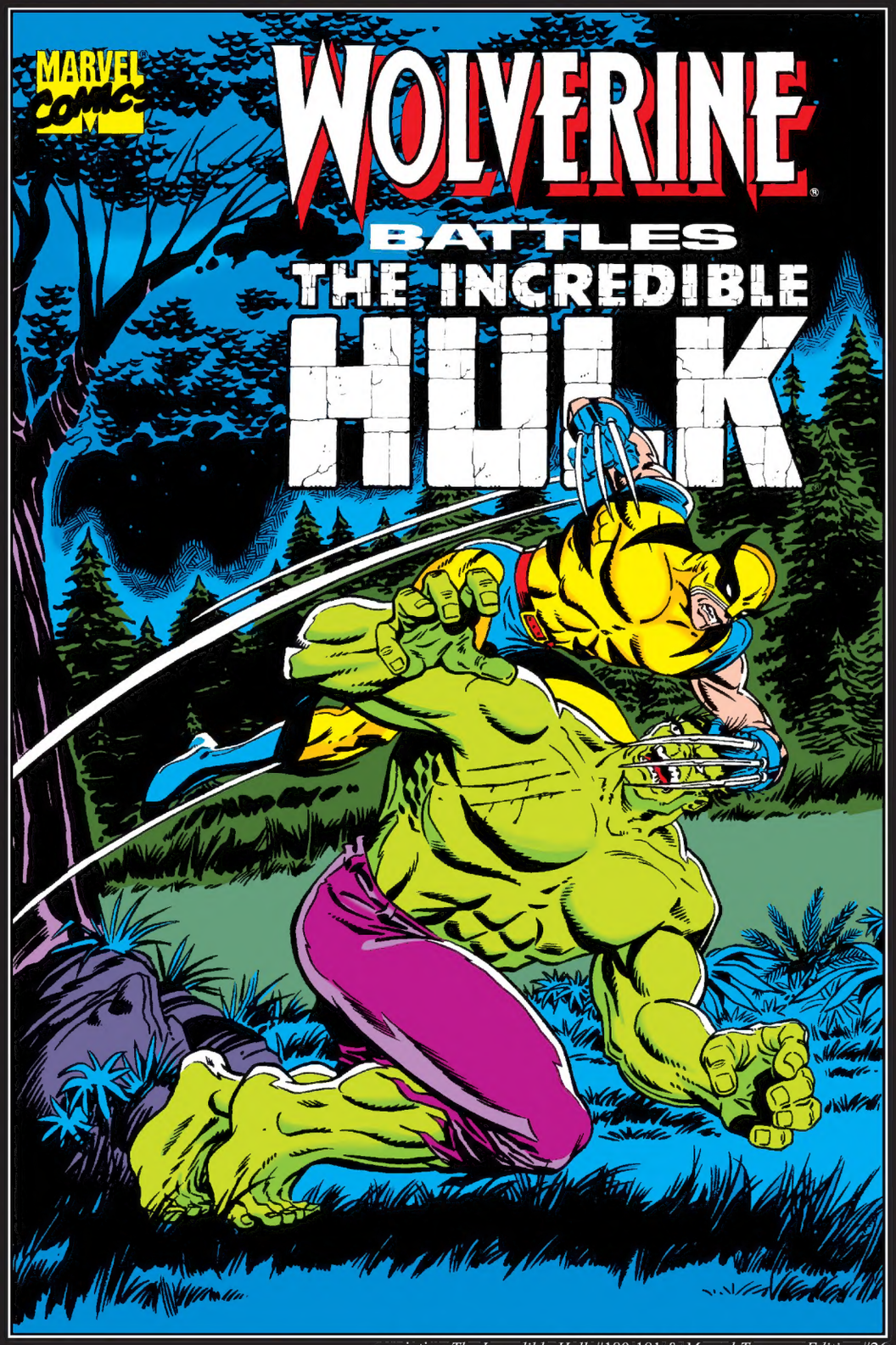
JOHN BYRNE and TOM ABEL

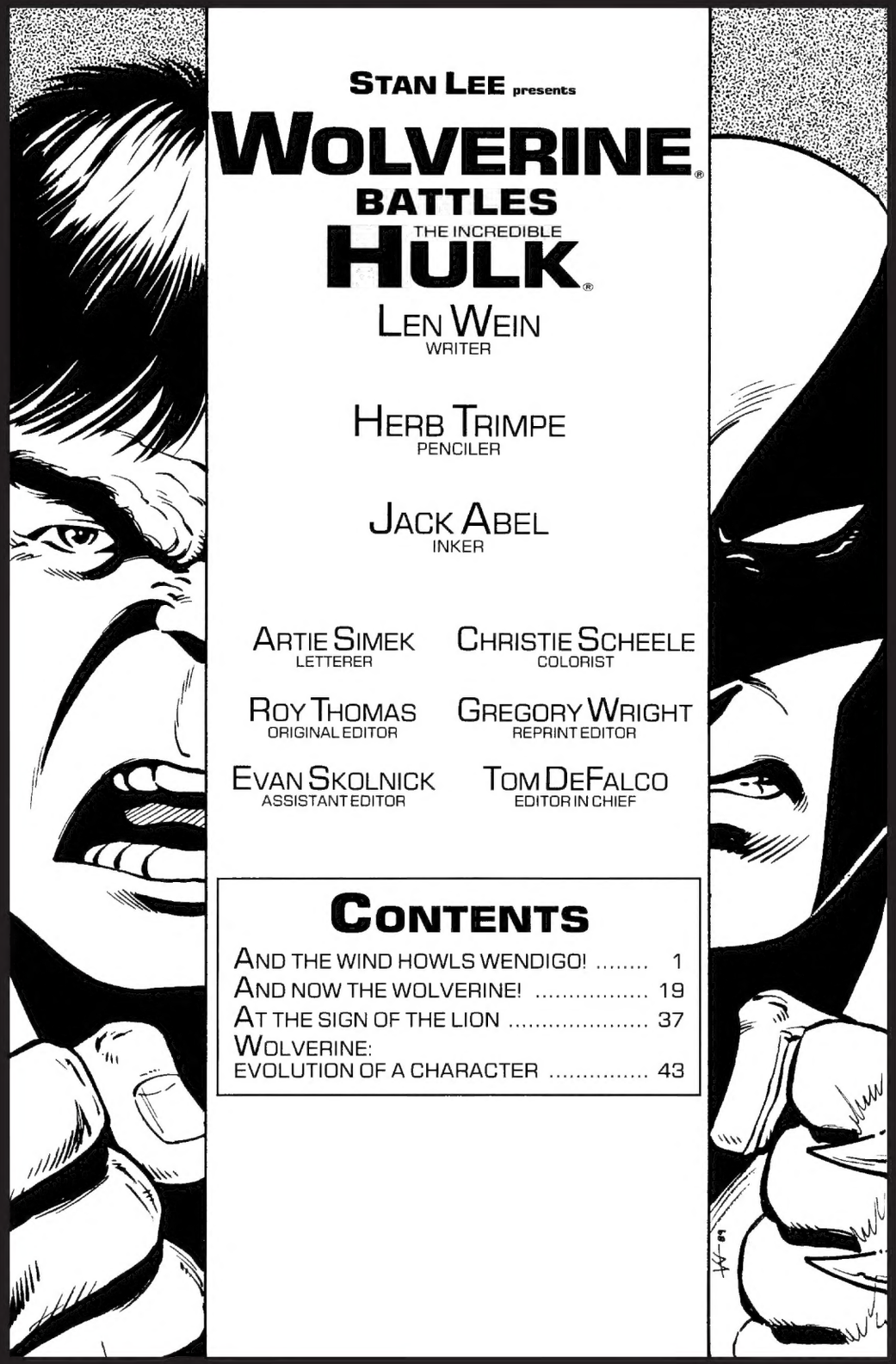
reprinting *The Incredible Hulk* #180-181 & *Marvel Treasury Edition* #26

Previous page: *Incredible Hulk and Wolverine* (1986) cover by John Byrne & Jack Abel
Below: *Wolverine Battles The Incredible Hulk* (1989) cover by Herb Trimpe



reprinting *The Incredible Hulk* #180-181 & *Marvel Treasury Edition* #26

Wolverine Battles The Incredible Hulk (1989) frontispiece



STAN LEE presents

WOLVERINE® BATTLES THE INCREDIBLE HULK®

LEN WEIN
WRITER

HERB TRIMPE
PENCILER

JACK ABEL
INKER

ARTIE SIMEK
LETTERER

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
ORIGINAL EDITOR

GREGORY WRIGHT
REPRINT EDITOR

EVAN SKOLNICK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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EVOLUTION OF A CHARACTER 43

BIOGRAPHIES

LEN WEIN

Len Wein's career is highlighted by successes from Swamp Thing to the "All-New, All-Different" X-Men, but few fans know that the award-winning writer and editor started out as a comic-book artist.

As a teenager, Wein was tied to the hip with fellow fanzine writer Marv Wolfman, regularly skipping school to tour the DC Comics offices. After building a rapport with artists and execs like Dick Giordano, Carmine Infantino and Joe Orlando, Wein was able to credibly pitch to the editors. Though his artwork was politely passed upon, a script for *House of Mystery* was accepted and a career as a writer was born. Len attacked his new occupation with gusto, writing for DC, Marvel, Gold Key and Skywald, on everything from Western to horror, and licensed properties from Hot Wheels to Star Trek.

Although his desired career as an artist didn't quite pan out, it did give Wein insight into his collaborator's creative process and helped him garner acclaim as a writer that was "easy to draw." After super-hero work in the early '70s (Daredevil, Superman, Flash), he and artist Bernie Wrightson launched horror mainstay Swamp Thing in the pages of *House of Secrets* #92. Other notable achievements from his tenure at DC include a run on *Justice League of America* and the debut of the Human Target.

Hopping over to Marvel in 1974, where he followed Roy Thomas as editor in chief, Wein scripted several series, including *Incredible Hulk*, where he and artist Herb Trimpe introduced one of comics' most famous characters—Wolverine. That wasn't the end of his mutant milestones, as with artist Dave Cockrum he revived the dormant X-Men property with a new international cast. Its cadre of characters, including Storm, Nightcrawler and Colossus would shortly turn into comics' biggest phenomenon.

Returning to DC, Wein helped spur a creative revival at the company, editing *New Teen Titans*, *Camelot 3000* and *Swamp Thing*, which gave writer Alan Moore his American debut; shortly thereafter, Wein would preside over Moore and Dave Gibbon's groundbreaking *Watchmen*. Since then, Wein's credits in comics, animation and television writing have been numerous and well received as witnessed by his 2008 induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

HERB TRIMPE

He may not have dreamed up as many characters as Kirby or Ditko, or had as groundbreaking a style as Steranko or Adams—and he'll be the first one to tell you that! But Herb Trimpe is easily one of the most recognizable comic artists of all time, owing to the incredible popularity of two titles (*Incredible Hulk*, *G.I. Joe*) he made successes.

Herb joined Marvel's production department fresh out of the armed forces, where he served in the Air Force as a weatherman from 1962-1966, providing weather telemetry to forces in Vietnam. In between his office duties, he landed fill-in work as a penciler and inker on books like *Kid Colt, Outlaw* and *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, featuring the Phantom Eagle, a collaboration with writer Gary Friedrich that played off Herb's well-known interest in drawing airplanes.

He also inked several books, most notably over Marie Severin's Hulk in *Tales to Astonish*. Several months later, Herb got the book as his own, and from 1968 to 1975, the Hulk's tales were drawn under his auspices. He combined an E.C.-influenced approach to layouts with Kirby-esque dynamics, a style that became even more pronounced when he began inking his own pencils with issue #117. Through it all, he never strayed from the elements of the character he felt had already been perfected: the pathos of a tragic figure's Jekyll/Hyde dual personality. During his tenure, he came up with the Hulkbusters, did character designs for the likes of Wendigo and Zzzax, and also drew the first appearance of Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk* #180-182.

After the Hulk, Trimpe drew *Godzilla*, *Shogun Warriors* and *The Defenders*. He also drew the first several issues of Marvel UK's *Captain Britain*. As the 1980s began, Trimpe drew a much-beloved run on *Marvel Team-Up*, but it was the launch of *G.I. Joe* that would make Trimpe's some of the most seen comic art of the decade. An instant hit, selling hundreds of thousands of copies over multiple printings, it was the start of an incredibly successful, long-running title. In addition to the early *G.I. Joe* issues, Trimpe drew its spinoff title, *G.I. Joe Special Missions.*

Another highlight in Trimpe's career was providing breakdown art in collaboration with Barry Windsor-Smith on the *Machine Man* limited series. Later in the decade, his workload scaled back to spot penciling and inking jobs. In 2002, he was awarded the Humanitarian of the Year Award at the San Diego Comic-Con for services rendered as a chaplain at Ground Zero after 9/11. In his retirement, he continued to delight fans with the occasional cover or short story. Trimpe passed away in 2015, leaving a legacy as one of Marvel's most accomplished storytellers.

ROY THOMAS

Along with fellow fan Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas developed the first known organized comic fandom in the pages of *Alter Ego*, a self-published fanzine. Leaving his teaching position in 1965, Roy took his deep knowledge of comics characters and their history and moved to New York City, accepting a job under DC Comics editor Mort Weisinger. His stay lasted little over a week before he opted for a position at Marvel, where under Stan Lee, his duties quickly matured from proofreading to more serious work as an editorial assistant and writer.

Titles as disparate as *Modeling With Millie*, *Kid Colt* and *Sgt. Fury* were written under his auspices before he was able to fulfill his desire to write super-hero stories on Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense* #73 and a pair of Dr. Strange stories for *Strange Tales.*

Stan must have liked what he was reading, because after this seeming trial period, Roy "The Boy" (as he was called in credits) was given both *Sgt. Fury* and *The X-Men.* Along with artist Werner Roth, Thomas took the X-Men on adventures around the world and told the characters' pre-X-Men origins. In addition to introducing Banshee, Sunfire and Havok, Thomas' X-Men credits also include his watershed collaboration with artist Neal Adams.

Proving his mettle on *X-Men* led him to *The Avengers*, and it was with this team that Roy really started crafting his legacy. Across 70 consecutive issues of Earth's Mightiest Heroes, he became perhaps the title's definitive writer, introducing characters such as the Vision and penning classic sagas including the "Kree/Skrull War." Before the '60s ended, Thomas chalked up noteworthy runs as writer of *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Captain Marvel* and more.

In the '70s, Thomas' influence at Marvel widened to include the first adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian,* a reinvention of Adam Warlock, and a new super-team, The Defenders. By 1972 Roy was selected to succeed Stan Lee as editor in chief. His tenure as EIC lasted for over two years before he returned to his writer/editor role on *Fantastic Four*, *Thor*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, *What If...?* and *The Invaders*.

In 1980, he left the House of Ideas for DC to pursue a lifelong dream by reviving the Justice Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Squadron.* He wrote many more comics for DC and Marvel over the next two decades and is still active today, writing comics, historical studies, adaptations of classic novels and publishing his award-winning *Alter Ego.* Thomas' career contributions were acknowledged with his induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame's 2011 class. He lives in South Carolina with his wife and collaborator, Dann, and an amazing menagerie of animals that must make the neighbors nervous.

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, 16-year-old Gerry Conway was shopping short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books. By 1976, Conway had worked his way up to Marvel's editor in chief. In between, he logged highlight after highlight as writer for both companies.

After establishing a pedigree with horror short stories, Conway quickly became the regular writer of *Daredevil*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Iron Man*. He also began runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor*, picking up both titles from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both for nearly 50 issues, writing controversial and classic tales including "The Death of Gwen Stacy," the first appearance of the Punisher, and the introduction of Harry Osborn as the Green Goblin. Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Conway took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning line of horror comics, launching *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing*, as well as writing the first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*.

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man.* Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy & The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman*. He also introduced Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman*, and continued his run on *Justice League of America*, a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the infamous JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three Spider-Man titles: *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man*.

During this period, Conway was asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer*. By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had expanded, and he left comics to pursue writing and producing for *Matlock*, *Father Dowling Mysteries*, *Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*.

Today, Conway continues writing and producing for television and has recently returned to script the occasional comic. He resides in California with his wife and their daughter.

STEVE ENGLEHART

He broke into the comic industry as an artist in the early '70s, but it was Steve Englehart's strengths as a writer that helped him chart a career in comics marked by the bravery with which he incorporated current political themes into his work.

One of Englehart's first principal titles was *The Avengers*, which he quickly made his own, introducing the character Mantis and exploring her exotic roots. He also took on *The Defenders*, Marvel's famed non-team, bringing Valkyrie into the mix. Only a year into his tenure as writer on these two books, he connected them for a three-month, six-issue crossover extravaganza—"The Avengers/Defenders War," one of comics' seminal crossover events. His run on *The Avengers* would extend for another four years, including the classic "Celestial Madonna" and "Serpent Crown" story lines.

Handed *Captain America* at the height of the anti-war '70s, Englehart turned the book on its head, tapping into current events like the Watergate scandal and creating a heady mix of adventure and politics. Stories like "The Secret Empire" and "Nomad," in which Steve Rogers abandoned Cap's costume and shield to explore what his identity really meant, were challenging takes on the time-tested character.

Other titles from his first tenure at Marvel included *Doctor Strange*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Hero for Hire*, and *Amazing Adventures* featuring the X-Men's Beast. He also introduced Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, with Jim Starlin in the pages of *Special Marvel Edition* #15.

In 1977, Englehart headed to DC, where his "Dark Detective" vision of Batman with artist Marshall Rogers would later inspire filmmaker Tim Burton's approach to the first Batman feature film. He also had a memorable run writing *Justice League of America* before moving to other creative pursuits, including writing novels and developing video game concepts.

In 1983, Englehart collaborated with artist Steve Leialoha on *Coyote*, a groundbreaking independent comic. He returned to Marvel to establish a new title, *West Coast Avengers*, wrote the 12-issue limited series *Vision & The Scarlet Witch*, and long runs on *Fantastic Four* and *Silver Surfer*. In the midst of all this, Englehart wrote *Green Lantern* for DC, further developing the ranks of the Green Lantern Corps.

During the early '90s, Englehart was pivotal in the debut of Malibu's popular Ultraverse characters and also lent his talents to the Claypool Comics line. He continued with video game development and also wrote animation features like *G.I. Joe*. Recent comics work includes *Hellcat*, *Avengers: Celestial Quest*, *JLA Classified* and a return to Batman in the *Dark Detective* limited series.

TONY ISABELLA

Like many writers who emerged in the early '70s, Tony Isabella's first "official" writing for Marvel was as a fan in its letter pages. His comprehensive knowledge of the Marvel Universe and its characters, combined with his gift for writing, made him a natural for a job as an editorial assistant in 1972. Eventually working his way up to a job as a staff writer, Isabella carved out a niche in Marvel's horror titles with "It! The Living Colossus" in the pages of *Astonishing Tales*, the Living Mummy in *Supernatural Thrillers* and scribing a variety of stories across the black-and-white magazines line, including *Dracula Lives!*, *Tales of the Zombie*, *Vampire Tales* and *Monsters Unleashed*.

Isabella's most familiar contributions to Marvel readers were in a long run of *Ghost Rider* stories and the introduction of Tigra to Marvel's stable of female heroines. His twelve-issue spin with the demonic alter ego of Johnny Blaze included a controversial tale featuring Ghost Rider's redemption with Jesus Christ, a milestone moment of the era. And after Tigra's first appearance, Isabella led her to a team-up with Thing in *Marvel Two-In-One*, and ongoing adventures in *Marvel Chillers*.

His other credits included Iron Fist in *Marvel Premiere*, *Hero for Hire/Power Man* and a fill-in story that ran over two issues of *Avengers*, featuring the Assassin's unrelenting pursuit of Earth's Mightiest Heroes. Isabella also wrote the first seven issues of *The Champions*, the '70s super-hero team featuring Hercules, Black Widow, Ghost Rider, Angel and Iceman.

At DC Isabella introduced Black Lightning and revamped Hawkman and Hawkgirl in the early '80s. Since then, Isabella has been writing for indie publishers, running his own comic store and writing an online column for *Comic Buyer's Guide* called Tony's Tips.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

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THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-15
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
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THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-7
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-9

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

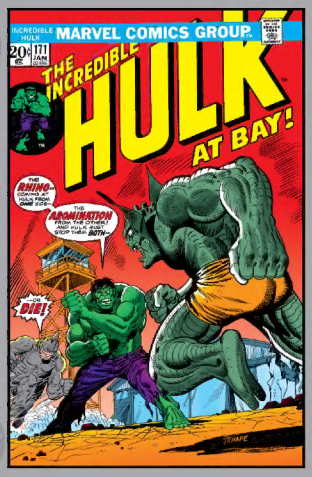
At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1



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